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SMITH'S

MAGAZINE



SMITH'S MAGAZINE, DECEMBER 1, 1905, NEW YORK

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In our recent Motto Contest we received many good mottoes. The judges, as has already been announced, selected

"No, thank you. I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

We heartily concur in this decision, and ask all our readers to give the above answer when a dealer offers a substitute.

It will interest our readers to see some of the other mottoes submitted, and we give below twenty-five good ones out of the thousands received.

AINSLIE'S MAGAZINE

1.—"I must have the real thing, as advertised, and no substitute, thank you."—JOHN E. BARRETT, 702 Clay Ave., Scranton, Pa.

2.—"I have tried what I requested and am satisfied with it."—FOSTER GILROY, 16 Rigby Ave., Lansdowne, Pa.

3.—"I had better get the genuine now than wish I had afterwards."—ARTHUR D. FERIS, 14-16 Park Place, City.

4.—"If the genuine is good enough to be copied, it is good enough for me."—MISS MABEL C. BROWN, 217 Walnut Ave., Wayne, Pa.

5.—"Thanks! I want exactly what I asked for."—F. E. FARRAR, 157½ 8th Ave., W. Nashville, Tenn.

6.—"I prefer the article asked for."—HARRY W. BARNARD, 300 W. Liberty St., Rome, N. Y.

7.—"Thanks! But I cannot accept any substitute. I want the original."—

8.—"The original is best, first, last and all the time."—M. B. ROUNDS, 18 Alvarado Row, Standford University, Calif.

9.—"No, thanks! I prefer the best. Give me ———."—L. A. PLETCHER, Columbia Station, Seattle, Wash.

10.—"Nothing's as good as the goods that have made good."—ETHEL M. KING, 69 West 94th St., N. Y. City.

11.—"I want nothing but the real thing, please."—MOSES J. GREIS, 2045 East 93d St., Cleveland, Ohio.

12.—"When I know by experience that what I ask for is all right, why experiment?" Mrs. EVA B. WHITEMORE, Lock Box 254, Adams, N. Y.

13.—"No, no substitutes for me, please." INA WICKWIRE, McCook, Nebr.

14.—"Thanks, I know the value of the article called for. Don't mention substitutions to me."—Miss ELLA SHRIVER, Hillsboro, Ohio.

15.—"No, I'll stand by the old stand-by." S. W. SCHNABEL, Warrensburg, Mo.

16.—"No substitute, thank you. Bad for you and bad for me."—MINNIE N. HINDS, 6 Glen Road, Winchester, Mass.

17.—"I must get what I ask for, because I would feel dissatisfied with anything else." L. J. DELANEY, 1113 Hoe Ave., Bronx, N. Y.

18.—"The other may be good, but it's not what I want."—C. P. SHOFFNER, 130 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

19.—"No substitute, thank you, will suit." JOHN A. BURGAN, Box 55, Hammononton, N. J.

20.—"No, thank you, nothing else will do."—ALBERT PRIGGE, 447 West 142d St., City.

21.—"No substitutes, please. If you do not keep it, I will look elsewhere."—Mrs. KATHERINE J. MURRAY, 412 W. 22d St., N. Y. City.

22.—"If you have not the goods which I called for, do not give me a substitute."—W. F. BROOM, Frierson, La.

23.—"I want just what I asked for; nothing else can take its place."—Mrs. M. F. MAUSER, 59 So. 4th St., Sunbury, Pa.

24.—"I want the kind that's advertised—no substitute."—R. V. WARMAN, care O. K. Mulford Adv. Co., 83 Fort St., West, Detroit, Mich.

25.—"I prefer the tried advertised to the untried unadvertised."—C. I. EARLE, Eagle Rock Ave., W. Orange, N. J.

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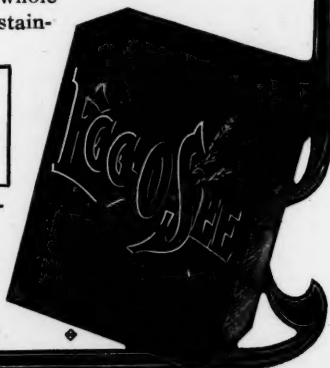
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Vol. V

No. 4

SMITH'S MAGAZINE

A PUBLICATION FOR THE HOME

JULY

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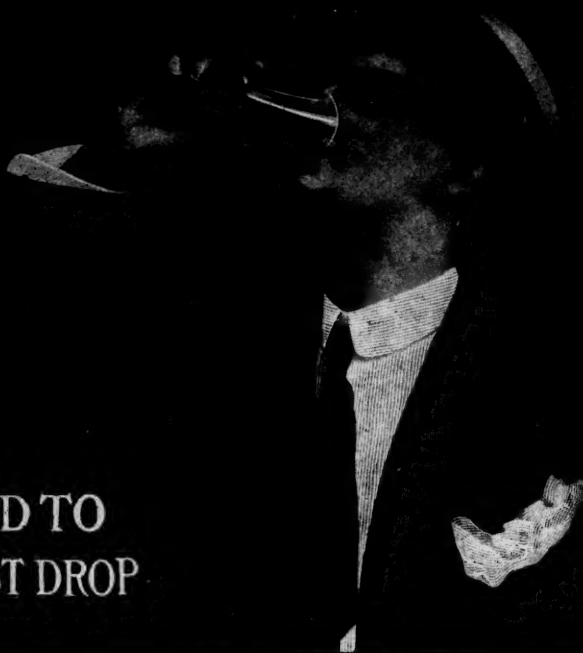
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SMITH'S MAGAZINE

VOLUME 5

JULY, 1907

NUMBER 4



Photo by Neuman Photo Co.

MISS JULIA MARLOWE

Now appearing in London with E. H. Sothorn



Photo by Otto Sarony Co., N. Y.

MISS VIDA MOHR
In "My Lady's Maid"



Photo by Sarony, N. Y.

MISS ETHEL BARRYMORE
In "His Excellency the Governor"

THE NEW YORK TIMES
JAN. 1, 1914



Photo by Otto Sarony Co.,
N. Y.

MISS CECILE BRETON
In "Brewster's Millions"



Photo by Otto Sarony Co.,
N. Y.

MISS KATHERYN LACON
In "50 Miles from Boston"



MISS LILLIAN RICE
In "The Social Whirl"



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MISS GEORGIA CAINE
In "The Rich Mr. Hoggheimer"



Photo by
Harris & Ewing,
Washington

MISS BLANCHE STODDARD
With William Morris' Stock Company,
Lincoln Square Theater, New York



Photo by Pach, N. Y.

MARGARET ILLINGTON
(MRS. DANIEL FROHMAN)
In "His House in Order"





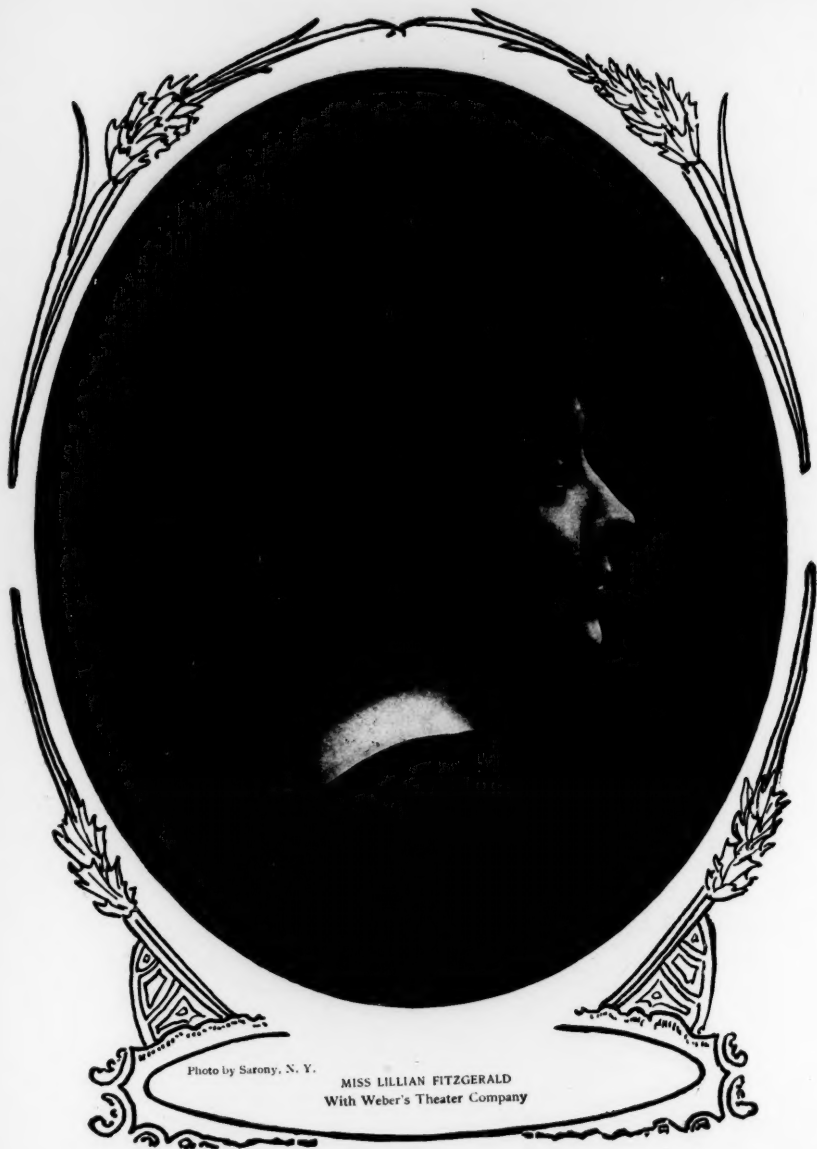
Photo by Sarony, N. Y.

MISS KEITH WAKEMAN
In "The Duel"





MISS MARY SHAW
In "Mrs. Warren's Profession"





MISS EDNA CHASE
With Weber's Theater Company



Photo by Marceau, Phila.

MISS MARY RYAN
In "Brewster's Millions"



THE FIGHTING EDGE

BY WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. G. LEARNED

CHAPTER I.

DEVVIE" BLAKE caught sight of Miss Marriott, and brought across to her his gay smile.

"What luck?" he sang out.

She referred to the card in her hand. "The nomination of the gentleman appears to be Jefferson B. Stoneman."

His smile held its own. "You *are* in luck."

She discovered an infinitesimal split in her driver, and was examining it as she lightly laughed her answer. "There are people, I suppose, who would wrap it up in a tissue-paper verbiage."

"But, you see, I'm honest—and I know the great Jefferson B. He does not condescend to an interest in the interesting sex. I didn't mention his luck, because it is more than conceivable that even the charming Miss Marriott may bore him."

She nodded gay, dubious thanks. "And why am I in luck—since I am? Because he is famous, or because he can play golf?"

"Because he is the guaranteed and only Stoneman."

"How many Marriotts are there?" she wanted to know, with a burlesque of demure innocence.

"I doubt if he ever heard of your existence," came back Devvie, with genial impudence.

"Oh, if he is as lost as that! But I don't believe it. His own newspapers have had pages and pages about me. I'll ask him if he doesn't know and admire me from across the foot-lights." Her face dimpled at the thought.

"Do," he chuckled. "And he'll tell you—if he tells the truth—that he has no room to admire anybody except Jefferson B. Stoneman."

Her eyebrows went up with a whimsical question. "Is this a challenge, sir?"

"If you like."

"Then on behalf of my sex I accept," she said, with a droll little assumption of responsibility.

"And so your dearest sin becomes a duty," he murmured.

"Mr. Blake!"

He met her eye, smiled, and continued to smile. Presently the corners of her lips went up to join his amusement.

"Just the same, it isn't so," she said, in perfunctory protest.

"No?"

"And, anyhow, I don't see any harm in letting people like me. I can't be a frump, can I?"

His eyes took in the slim, warm verve of her, so competently italicized by the jaunty golf-jacket and natty cap, took in and appreciated the vivid charm that seemed to bubble from an internal spring fed by a sweet ardor of the soul.

"No, you couldn't," he admitted.

"Well, then"—she pursued her advantage with gay scorn—"don't blame me because men are geese—some of them."

"Oh, I'm not blaming you. Wouldn't think of it. We don't blame a kitten for spilling the milk. That's merely kitten nature."

"You know very well you are making it worse," she informed him severely. "I don't see why you impute such things to me."

"We'll put it that I'm jealous of the other poor beggars."

"We'll invent no such fiction, sir." Then suddenly she relaxed swiftly. "But you do like me, don't you, Devvie?"

"Not at all; I dislike you extremely. You're merely a fluffy young animal with insinuating ways. I don't approve of you at all."

"It isn't important that you should, but it's quite important you should like the fluffy ways. Don't you like them a little, Devvie?" Her lips had an irresistible pout that seemed to be asking to be kissed.

"Of course not."

"You might reform me if you liked me. Can't a kitten be taught to leave the cream alone?"

"You're beyond hope, I'm afraid."

"Then why do you devote so much time to me?"

"Because I'm beyond hope, too, one may suppose."

A light laugh rippled from her soft throat. "Really, you seem quite in love with your fiction."

"With the heroine of it, let us say."

"But you don't think Mr. Stoneman cares for fiction?"

"He is a very Gradgrind, for fact."

"But he might be educated, don't you think?"

Blake, after another swift survey of her sylphlike effect of rapturous life, thought that he might. "We'll see," he said briefly.

"And pending developments I should like to know more about him. Does he golf well?"

"Yes, after an unbrilliant fashion. He makes himself do everything well."

"Makes himself?"

"He personifies the copy-book motto. He is an Industry-is-the-road-to-success sort of fellow. You can't lose him in the rough-and-tumble of the game. Jefferson B. is certainly on the spot."

"I'm trying to find out why you congratulated me on drawing him for the tournament. The picture you paint does not exactly fascinate."

"If you take him aright he'll amuse you no end."

"And how must I take him?"

"As a contribution to the diversion of Miss Marriott."

"I'm glad that is possible. Some men entirely refuse to be taken so, no matter how hard they and I try."

He smiled. "Stoneman won't try. You'll find him diverting, in spite of himself—unless you find him a sermon."

"A sermon?"

"Some young women do. But I think you'll escape. Your saving sense of humor, you know."

"But a sermon! That sounds appalling."

"Say, then, an illuminated text writ large; an autobiography on The Peerless Leader."

"Oh, is he like that?" she groaned. "I'd heaps rather he would be inter-

ested in the biography of the nearest rising young actress."

"He is very much like that."

"Tell me about him," she ordered, in her gay, peremptory way.

"I can't do justice to him. Nobody can, except Jefferson B. himself."

"I'm sure I sha'n't like him," she announced.

"I didn't promise you would like him. One doesn't like Julius Caesar or the statue of the Goddess of Liberty."

"Reverential awe is the correct attitude, I take it," she laughed.

"So the great Stoneman conceives the right point of view toward him. He is to be the political Moses to rescue us from the Egyptian darkness, and to restore democracy to a people robbed of their heritage. Incidentally, he is a multimillionaire exploiting the same people to his individual profit, though, to be quite fair, he does get along well with his employees, and pays them a higher wage than some of his kind."

"Do you know him well?"

The corners of his eyes crinkled in reminiscent mirth. "I ought to; we were at the same fresh-water college for a year. Stoneman has helped to keep me young." He interrupted himself to ask if he might smoke. "I'll tell you a story that illustrates him. He was a freshman at the time. I couldn't decide then, and I can't now, whether he was a great man or a mountebank. I suppose he is a blend of both."

She leaned back against the veranda railing, and gave him his time.

"The country was just then making an event over the unveiling of a statue to one of our martyred Presidents. It happened that we were close to the large city where the affair was to be pulled off, and so most of us ran up to see it. 'The President of these United States' was to make the address of the occasion, and his cabinet was present in full force, as well as the supreme court, and a good sprinkling of senators and other bigwigs. Seats were reserved for a few of the principal celebrities on the speakers' stand at the foot of the monument in the center of the big square. About a million

people seemed to be there when I edged into the crowd.

"But when I looked up at the speakers' stand, I got the surprise of my life. Just behind the President, snugly flanked by the chief justice of the supreme court and Senator Sherman, sat Jefferson B. Stoneman. He was talking affably to the Ohio senator—about his famous silver-purchasing bill, we discovered later—but he courteously included the chief justice occasionally. And I'll swear that just before the President rose to make his speech, Stoneman leaned forward and whispered something to him." Blake laughed quietly to himself, and the girl knew that he was seeing the scene again. "You see, Stoneman had noticed the vacant chair, and marched himself up to it. To him it was not important that the governor of Pennsylvania sat on the top step because his seat had been preempted. Now, mind you, this wasn't impudence at all—not as J. B. understands it. It simply seemed to him that his place was up there among the celebrities, and he went up so naturally that none of the marshals of the day stopped him. He's still going up to the seats of the mighty, but we don't laugh at him any more. He has taken himself seriously so long that we accept him now at his own valuation."

"You don't like him," she charged.

"Am I as obvious as that?" he answered ruefully. "I don't really dislike him, but I think him a dangerous man—all the more dangerous because he has no conception of the harm he does. As for liking him—he doesn't ask any man's liking. He is entirely self-sufficient. Since he approves himself and believes in himself, that is all that is needed; and he is as certain of himself as a compass is of the magnetic pole."

"You seem to have made rather an obsession of him, Devvie."

She smiled her frank amusement into his well-bred, indolent face, for Devreux Blake, despite his acknowledged talents, did not have the reputation of taking life very seriously. He was a

dilettante, unless current report did him injustice, playing the game for his own amusement rather than for any more serious reason. He had written a novel of some quality, and had followed it with a comic opera, just a bit too artistic for popular success. Latterly he had drifted into politics, and had been elected a few months before to the State senate. He had friends without number, and the more serious-minded of them were wont to deplore his easy-going aplomb. "If his father hadn't left him just enough to live on comfortably he would have been a distinguished man; as it is——" A shrug of the shoulders usually completed the prophecy.

The young man laughed. "I do seem to have him on my mind to-day. I don't want to seem to make too much of him, but the truth is he's such a puzzle that the interest attaching to him abides."

"Perhaps I'll read the riddle of the sphinx," she cried. "Perhaps I'll make clear the man of mystery."

"Why not, since your business is to interpret human character? Without presuming to advise, I'll offer the suggestion that the clue to him may be found along the line of his ambition. That young man is going to travel a long way, and every step of it in the interest of the career he has mapped out for himself. One may be amused at his pretensions, but he makes good—and that is the final test in this country."

"And what *are* his ambitions?"

There was a little humorous gleam in Blake's eyes. "Oh, he's modest just yet. He will be content with a seat in the United States Senate this year. Of course, he aims higher ultimately."

"And will he get his seat in the millionaire's club?"

"On my word, I believe he will. He gets whatever he sets his will on getting. If he should take a fancy to Miss Maisie Marriott——" His warm, impudent smile finished the sentence for him.

"Take care," she caught him up, but with a gleam of laughter in her eyes.

"It's on the knees of the gods," he continued, weighing her with a regard of humorous meditation. "If it happens to be his blind day, if he doesn't happen to take a notion that he would go farther and faster in the rôle of the head of a household—— But, as I mentioned, one can't make accurate forecasts about Jefferson B. He is the kind of a stormy petrel that one can never know where he will alight."

"Perhaps he will forget to alight at all. I'm not going to wait for him much longer," announced Miss Marriott.

"Very likely," assented Blake cheerfully. "I saw him here ten minutes ago, but he may have toolled back to town to order his managing editor to indite a red-hot editorial on the decadent sports of the unproductive rich. No, by Jove, here he comes!"

The young man approaching along the club-house veranda certainly looked the part he had sketched for himself, assuming Blake's analysis as fairly accurate. He was a large man, but did not show his height owing to his sturdy, square-built bulk. Of his force there could be no question. It stood forth saliently—in the cold, gray, masterful eye; in the resolute, square jaw; in the swing of his big shoulders and the spring of his sharp, heavy tread; and not less apparent than his power was his confident assertion of it. He claimed leadership by the grace of natural fitness, and every fighting inch of his thick-set six feet promised to back his contention. Room enough in plenty there was for criticism. One might judge those opaque, impassive eyes as cruel; might feel the strength relentless as a juggernaut. But whether he were appraised demagogue, plutocrat, or patriot, the sense of an indomitable will, a boundless patience, remained. He might go down to defeat fighting, and silently regather his forces for a renewal of the battle, but overthrow irretrievable was not on the cards of his destiny. His assurance flaunted him a born winner, not too nice or too scrupulous to forget the rules of the game when it suited to overstep them.

Blake hastened to make the proper introductions, during which formality Stoneman's impassive gaze rested on the young actress with an impersonal lack of interest that amused the introducer.

"If you're *quite* ready, Mr. Stoneman, we might go down to the links. I'm afraid we may be keeping our opponents waiting," suggested Miss Marriott sweetly.

Her sarcasm missed its object completely. "Yes, I'm in rather a hurry. I have an appointment down-town at five. Suppose we begin at once," he agreed.

"I shouldn't like to put you to any inconvenience, Mr. Stoneman. It's a pity the rules of the club forbid us running a car over the course. We might save several minutes," she ventured suavely.

"We'll make it if we hurry," was his good-humored answer.

"Yes, but you see I'm not going to hurry."

He looked at her in a sharp surprise. "I beg your pardon?"

The clear, fluty voice that came back to Blake was airily serene. "I make it a point never to hurry unless the matter is important."

"But it is important."

"I meant to me," she added, in further elucidation.

Blake smiled. His eyes lingered with pleasure on her slight, daring figure, so gallantly boyish in its lithe elasticity, so compact of delicate strength and joy in life.

"My impression is," he told himself whimsically, "that no woman out of heaven is so rich in charm as you, my dear, and that unless the great Jefferson B. is a born ass, he is due to receive the most delightful shake-up of his career."

CHAPTER II.

If the great Jefferson B. were on the verge of a "shake-up" he gave no evidence of being aware of it. He mentally catalogued his partner as being of the chorus-girl type, and pursued his

game with the least possible attention to her compatible with the grave courtesy he affected toward women. Not being accustomed to so scant an interest on the part of those whom she honored with her company, Miss Marriott might have chosen to resent his complacent satisfaction with himself. She might, but did not; for there was bubbling up in her an undercurrent of mirthful mischief. Since he had pigeon-holed her in his mind as of the chorus-girl order, it was only fair she should live up to his impression. Wherefore she proceeded to be for the time the pretty, petulant, and pert young irresponsible he imagined.

His game was a model of deliberate accuracy. A long drive, a steady approach, and a put as nerveless as clockwork had to be conceded him, but the extreme cautiousness of his play left an opening for attack. Miss Marriott decided to let this irritate her.

"Dear me, this isn't a life-and-death matter, is it, Mr. Stoneman? That's the third time you have teed your ball."

He gave her a full and lengthy stare of disapproval. "Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well, Miss—er—Merriam."

"In that case," she came back saucily, "you had better learn my name correctly. Not that it is important on its own account, and Merriam is a good enough name, I dare say, even if it doesn't happen to be mine."

"I beg your pardon, Miss——" He waited for her correction.

"I don't suppose you ever go to the theater?"

"Only to the very best. I haven't the time."

"Too busy saving the country, I suppose." She flung it jauntily across her shoulder.

His statuesque, immobile face slewed sharply round. "Really, Miss——" He broke off, with a sudden stiffening of his spine. "I think we'll not discuss that."

"Because if you weren't you must have heard of Maisie Marriott," she went on, in an assumed gush. "In my line, I'm about as famous as you are in

yours, though my stunt is a different one, and of course I can't advertise myself half as well."

"Stunt? Advertise?" he repeated, flushing with anger.

She smiled up at him with arch confidence. "Of course I only put it that way between ourselves, since we are in the same profession."

"If you mean to reflect upon——"

"But I don't—I don't," she misunderstood promptly. "It gives me a headache to think. Besides, it brings wrinkles. I absolutely refuse to reflect."

Mr. Stoneman set his teeth to endure this pert young person's brainless impertinence, and addressed himself to his ball. A dignified silence was evidently the best reproof. To that end he gave himself to golf. Unfortunately a ruffled temper does not conduce to success, and he fozzled badly.

Miss Marriott chuckled, and then permitted herself a diplomatic prevarication. "So sorry. I'm afraid it was my fault."

"It was," he told her grimly.

"It must be very annoying."

He had nothing to say, but he said it so eloquently that she laughed. "Say it if you want to. I know just how you feel. Sometimes I'm that way myself, and I always like to put my feelings into vocabulary. Of course, I'm a perfect lady"—she giggled behind her



"Good heavens! you are not going to dance HERE?"

hand, as a chorus girl might be supposed to do—"but sometimes one just can't help exploding. I do a little dance in the third act that always fetches the audience, and if the lights don't go right I'm screaming mad. It's a perfectly proper dance, but it's so cute. You must come to see it, Mr. Stoneman." She stopped, as with a pleasant and gracious afterthought, but there was a gleam of mischievous malice in her smile. "Shall I show you the step

now? It goes like this." And Miss Maisie, very much in the fashion of the young woman who for the moment she chose to be, began to hum the tune, and to gather her skirts for the step.

"Good heavens! you are not going to dance *here*?" He glanced round at the other golfers in a horror of apprehension. Already his imagination could see the gloat in the head-lines of hostile newspapers, distorting the folly of a chorus girl into a disgusting debauch that implicated him, and that, too, after he had walked the correct and blameless life before all men for lo! these many years.

"Not if you don't want me to. Most people are tickled to have me." And he was certain he read acute disappointment in her face.

"I certainly don't want you to."

She sighed. "I don't think you are very polite. Of course I shouldn't *think* of doing it if you don't care to see me. I was only trying to please you, but you're so cranky." Her sentences were full of emotional italics, and her manner of a happy-go-lucky little swagger that was a trial to him of the correct and blameless life.

His violently outraged sense of dignity reasserted itself. He was not the man to shirk the task of setting this young person in her place, and he immediately set about it.

"I may as well tell you at once, Miss Marriott, if that is your name, that I have no interest whatever in the stage or its habitués. You will, therefore, I fear, find me very dull, but I can promise you that I shall hasten to relieve you of my presence as soon as we have covered the course." He spoke down to her from a lofty height of superiority that ought to have crushed instead of amusing her.

"You poor man! I'm going to get you interested in the stage."

"I think not, Miss Marriott."

"And some of its lights," she persisted.

"Impossible!" He snapped it out with energy.

The mirth in her struggled for expression. "Don't be afraid. I'll find

you a pretty actress that will take those notions out of your head. A statesman has to have some fun, doesn't he?"

"I think we'll not discuss that, Miss Marriott," he said stiffly.

"All right. Anything goes that you say. We'll talk about what interests you. Tell me about how you mean to be President. It is President you are going to be, isn't it?"

He heard his sweet secret ambition—the hope he had not yet dared whisper to his closest ally—flung out carelessly, as if it were a matter of no moment, and he resented it none the less because her eyes were innocent, and her face empty of guile.

"I'll finish the course on one condition," he told her, striving to speak with perfect composure and without anger. "And that is that we confine our conversation to the necessary remarks called for by the game. I hope I'm not asking too much of you, Miss Marriott. We'll be through now in half an hour, and after that our ways will diverge entirely."

"Mayn't I talk at all?" she wanted to know.

"I'm sorry, but the fact is that I cannot talk and play, too."

"Oh, very well. Let's hurry, so that you can diverge quicker," she said aloud; but to herself she was saying: "I wouldn't be too sure about that diverging, if I were you, Mr. Stoneman."

Thenceforth they golfed in silence, or as near a silence as he could compass.

CHAPTER III.

"Well, Mr. Stoneman kept his five o'clock appointment, after all." Maisie Marriott had stopped her smart little trap and was smiling down whimsically at Devereux Blake, her eyes little sparkling pools of merriment.

Blake put a foot on a spoke of the nearest wheel, and prepared to be entertained. "How did it come off? Did he amuse you?"

"I didn't amuse *him*, I'm afraid."

"But you entertained him."

"I tried, but he wouldn't let me." Her face wrinkled softly to a reminiscent laugh. "No, he frowned on my poor attempts severely."

"Then you did find him a sermon? Is it fair to ask what form your attempts at entertainment took?"

"Oh, I criticized his golf and his politics. I'm afraid I rather impugned his motives, but then to make amends I offered to dance for him on the green at the eighth hole."

"That was good of you," he answered, much amused. "And what did you dance?"

"He told me he didn't care to see it—after I had taken so much trouble to be nice to him." Her eyes lit again with warm sparkles of fun. "I think he was afraid of a scandal. At any rate, he put me in the corner and told me not to talk."

"Until you could behave. Well?"

"It was all his fault, in the first place, you know."

He remembered her winsome little vagaries, and smiled.

"But it was. He insisted on putting a tag on me."

"And what did the tag say?"

"It said: 'Chorus Girl—Beware!'"

"You are not telling me, and in sober earnest, that he took you for— Oh, he can't be such a saphead as that."

"And I took such an interest in him, too—asked him when he expected to be President, and all that."

"My word! You did cut deep. He ought to have been thankful, but I suppose he wasn't."

"Not a bit of it, though I conscientiously tried, as you see, to do my best for him."

Their smiling eyes met, and each enjoyed a rare instant of happy intimacy over nothing.

"I hope you will never conscientiously try to do your best for me," he laughed.

"You're not that kind. Won't you jump in? I'm going to the dahlia-farm."

He took counsel of prudence, and remembered an engagement.

"Yes, with me." She swept up her skirts to make room for him beside her.

He looked at her again, fragrant and radiant as flower-scented spring itself, and he was lost, and wonderfully glad of it. Such sparkling eyes, such perfect, rosy lips, such warm brown, sunlit hair, and such intoxicating suggestions of sweet, impulsive graces! Let Stoneman be dolt enough to miss the charm of this creature of fire and dew. For him—he followed when that swift, frank, boyish smile invited. So he decided, and on the thought dropped into the vacant seat beside her.

"I knew you would come, but I was afraid you wouldn't," she told him whimsically.

"And I was afraid I would, but knew I shouldn't."

Under her long lashes she shot a swift side glance at him, but the dawn of a smile that accompanied it was neither boyish nor frank. "It is a very pressing engagement, then, you are giving up?"

"I am quite sure I ought to keep it," he said firmly. "You know Stoneman kept his."

"So he did, but I still hope to teach him to miss them as gracefully as you do."

"Thank you." He gave a moment's meditation to her hope, taking it from a lightly humorous point of view. "So Jefferson B. is yet to fall a victim to your bow and spear. I congratulate him. No man's education is complete until he has made a fool of himself hopelessly at least once. As for the great J. B., I may say I anticipate the spectacle with pleasure."

"But I haven't invited you to see it."

"I invite myself," he told her cordially. "One ought to find divertimento in watching him play the game. The odds are that he will break all the rules into smithereens, and never know it. Of course he'll take it very seriously. You ought in fairness to wear a placard defining the situation. Something like this, say: Flirtation is love, which endureth for never."

She compassed a very tolerable sigh. "I suppose you'll never do me justice,

no matter how much time I spend in the education of Mr. Stoneman."

"Oh, I have no doubt you'll educate him liberally."

"If he'll let me," she laughed. "Who is that man that bowed to you?"

"Name of Bulger, political henchman and *fidus Achates* to the great Jefferson B. He handles the barrel, I am told."

"Does Mr. Stoneman keep it filled?"

"More or less. I don't say he uses it illegitimately, but it takes money to be a power in politics."

"Mr. Bulger looks like a good advertisement of the barrel. I should judge he lived in a fat plethora of open barrels. Is it necessary to have quite so bull-necked a ruffian for one's political agent?" She forgot her question while it was still on her lips, to exclaim at the beauty of the morning. "This Indian summer of yours! Were there ever days so lovely? Were there ever hills so perfect? Was ever a warm sunshine so grateful?"

He agreed with her in entirety, but his eyes were not on the blue mountains, nor were they on the sunlit plain. In truth, she was worthy of the unreluctant admiration her presence caused. An impatient spirit of light, agog with life, boyishly bold and boyishly shy, her keen, ardent impulses were born often of a cardinal sympathy and a buoyant ardor of the soul. "More heart than head," a great critic had once said of her acting, and Blake judged it a shrewd appraisal. He knew her for a gallant comrade; the swift outrush of her friendship an asset unspeakably dear to him. How softly her eyes could glow; with what musical cadence the laugh ripple deep in her throat!

To be sure, it might be a folly to expose himself. He would pay in the end, no doubt, and pay handsomely. Well, why not? For a generous spirit, in folly might lie the highest wisdom. He was a coward who missed the rare moments of life because he feared their reaction; and whatever else he might be, Devereux Blake knew none of this frugality in his make-up. He never hesitated to pay the price for his great mo-

ments. And in the meantime he sat beside her. Surely that was enough for the present.

He laughed aloud, softly, with a touch of the sardonic humor of which in his moods he was capable. She was going East to-night to make final preparation for the new play she was to star in soon. Really, he could easily conceive their drive a parallel to Browning's "Last Ride."

Maisie Marriott turned, a question in her lifted brows.

"So, one more day am I deified."

Who knows but the world may end to-night?"

he quoted, with a little laugh.

Since he studiously avoided looking at her, he was defrauded of a knowledge of the faint glow of color that flushed for an observable instant her cheeks.

"You talk a good deal of nonsense," she told him lightly.

He met her in the same spirit. "And a good deal that isn't nonsense, my dear."

CHAPTER IV.

Before it had been many hours out of Denver most of the passengers in the foremost Pullman of the morning Eastbound Rock Island flyer were aware that the dignified, impassive gentleman in Section 6 was Jefferson B. Stoneman.

"Yes, sir, that's J. B.'s way—rich enough to own a dozen private cars if he wants them, but not a bit too good to ride with the rest of us; takes his chance of an upper berth just like you or me, sir," a Denver drummer was declaiming to an audience in the smoking-room. "Of course, he doesn't go around jollyng with the trainmen, but, just the same, he is democratic clear through. That's part of the reason I vote for him."

A magazine special-article writer, with an eye on the lookout for copy, wanted to know what the rest of his reason was.

"Because, sir, no corporation on

earth is big enough to control him. He's for the people. That's why this State ought to send him to the United States Senate."

"Aren't you afraid he would feel lonesome there?" the sardonic journalist asked.

"Maybe he would, but I'll bet he would make those corporation lawyers sit up," returned the loyal salesman.

His Denver admirer was right as to Stoneman's reason for not owning a private car, though perhaps the motive was more mixed than the one assigned. A part of his public creed was to exemplify the simple life, to show greatness with Jeffersonian plainness and wealth divorced from ostentation. There would come a time, probably during a period of depression, when the people would welcome such a modern Lincoln to the highest office within its gift. He proposed at that time to be very much in the public eye, and with an ear close enough to the ground to hear any call that might come his way. Meanwhile he builded indefatigably for the future.

His secretary, a slight, alert, keen-eyed young man, sat beside him, and took stenographic notes from his dictation all morning, except once or twice when he left the train at some stop to send or receive telegrams.

Near the Kansas line Stoneman was joined by Montagu Harlan, whose name was on the directorate of a dozen railroads and a score of large corporations. They had met by appointment to discuss their joint policy concerning their campaign for the control of a large Western railroad over which opposing interests were fighting. For an hour their heads were together in low-voiced conversation, and at the end of that time they had come to agreement. Stoneman's large block of stock in the road was to be voted by Harlan in furtherance of his policy. In return, the latter was to see that the railroad took an active financial part in securing the Westerner's return to the Senate.

"Of course you understand, Mr. Harlan, that if I go to the Senate it will be to represent the people, and not

special interests." The Westerner's pallid, square-cut face, with its strong, cleft chin and dark, serious eyes, offered to the New Yorker a little glow of cynical amusement he was not far from showing.

"Of course I know that you are a tribune of the people, Mr. Stoneman. Since I am a plutocratic robber, I shouldn't support you if special interests did not draw me your way. On the other hand, I don't suppose you would let me vote your proxies if you didn't see something in it for yourself. It's merely a business proposition, and I don't give a hang what you do when you are in the Senate—that is, if our combined pull can get you there." Thus frankly, Montagu Harlan, of Wall Street and Broadway, *viveur* and cynic in ordinary. An epicure he was, and for a generation had been, but anybody mistaking that lean, erect, gray-haired figure, with the aristocratic face and the indolent, ironic eyes, for less than a wolf of the wariest and strongest in a street of wolves, would be apt to pay heavily for his error if he invested financially in it.

"I can't look at it that way, Mr. Harlan," returned the younger man gravely. "I want you to support me because I am the best man for the Senate from my State—certainly a better man than Simon Schaffner. For the same reason I support you because I believe that you are more to be trusted, would look more to the interests of the small stockholders of the Three C line, than would Mr. Schaffner. If he gains control of the road, it will be in the interests of the smelting trust. That, at all hazards, is to be avoided. In my eyes our alliance is a defensive one against the encroachments of an insidious foe to the republic; a foe that steals upon us in our sleep to rob us of our political and industrial liberty."

Harlan gave him a queer, contemptuous, questioning glance. He understood that Stoneman was explaining his actions to himself, throwing together a vindication he might later be called upon to give of his conduct in the matter of the senatorship.

"Well, I didn't suppose I was performing a patriotic duty in beating Schaffner, but if you say so, I'm willing to let it go at that," laughed Harlan carelessly. "Wonder what we are stopping for now. Let's go out and try for a breath of fresh air. I hope when you get in the Senate you'll take action against this atrocity of turning a Pullman car into a Turkish bath."

Harlan, swinging from the car to the track, caught sight of a lithe, slim figure of grace walking lightly up and down beside the train with a young man in a gray sack suit. It occurred to him that his eyes were beginning to play him false. And yet—

"There certainly can't be two women in America with that walk. Come along, Stoneman. You're in luck to the limit. I'm going to introduce you to the most interesting creature in the country."

The most interesting creature in the country was eating peanuts out of a paper sack when she caught sight of the advancing financier. Instantly she flung aside the sack and ran forward with both hands extended to Harlan, the young man following more leisurely. Stoneman was for an instant alarmed lest she kiss the New Yorker publicly, but she contented herself with a double hand-grasp.

"What in the world are you doing out here, Montagu Harlan—the last man on earth I should have expected to find away from New York or London?"

"When I ask what you are doing here, Miss Marriott, I have a good retort ready."

"But I am on my way to New York."

"Oh, happy day! So am I," he laughed.

"You know Mr. Arundle, I think. He is my lover, you know." She laughed her gay enjoyment of life.

"Then I'm not glad to meet him, for, of course, I'm another," came back Harlan promptly, shaking hands with the young actor.

He introduced Stoneman, who had been listening with amazed eyes pried wide open. For to this side of life he

came out of a narrow experience, and with an imagination unfired.

Miss Marriott shook her head lugubriously. "Mr. Stoneman doesn't approve of me," she explained.

"Neither do I, but it does not keep me from adoring you," said Harlan. "Just what count in the indictment does Mr. Stoneman pin his disapproval to, may I ask?"

"He has a pin stuck in each of them."

"Is this a personal or a journalistic disapproval?"

"Oh, personal entirely. In his journalistic capacity he has been generous beyond my poor deserts." She dropped him a daring little curtsy of thanks.

"All aboard!" sang out the conductor, and Miss Marriott was assisted by Arundle to the vestibule of her private car. She turned, smiling an invitation to the New Yorker and Stoneman. "I want you to come in and see my aunt, Mr. Harlan. You, too, Mr. Stoneman." Her eyes bubbled over with sudden laughter. "My aunt disapproves of me, too. You'll be able to compare notes."

The train began to move, and Harlan pulled himself to the platform. Stoneman hesitated, caught the gay challenge in her eyes, and for a reason forever inexplicable to him, followed the rest of the little group into the car. He presently found himself sitting down beside a sweet old, silver-haired lady, who appeared to view the world cheerily as an entertainment especially devised for her amusement.

In one end of the car a miniature stage had been built. Catching Stoneman's curious gaze, she explained that her niece used it to rehearse scenes in her plays. She went on to add that Mr. Arundle had just joined them in Denver, in order to ride back with them and discuss the situations of their play with the star.

"I take it for granted that, like everybody else, you are one of Maisie's admirers," the old lady rattled on.

He could only murmur "Yes, indeed!" and hope that Miss Marriott did not hear. She was carrying on an ani-



Together they went through the part, first as he conceived it, and again as she interpreted the scene.

mated conversation with Arundle and Harlan, but apparently she did hear, for she sparkled swiftly at him a mocking appreciation of his predicament.

"Mr. Stoneman is the exception that proves the rule, auntie."

"Then he doesn't know you, my dear," answered the old lady so promptly that they all laughed.

The actress came over and kissed her. "You're a partial old goose," she said, caressing her affectionately.

"If I'm partial to you, I'm in the best of company, dearie," was the old lady's contented answer.

"If he got the same reward for being partial, perhaps Mr. Stoneman——"

"No, Mr. Harlan, his impartiality, like his disapproval, comes from principle," explained Maisie.

Stoneman flushed. It vexed him that he couldn't rise lightly to the situation. A fearless dignity seemed to be valued below par here, and his vanity resented it.

The conversation swept back into its old channel, Miss Marriott outlining her play, while Arundle served as commentary to her remarks. Her aunt, Miss Gray, explained to Stoneman in an undertone that Arundle was leading man, and took the part of her lover.

"Oh, in the play." He understood now what Harlan had caught in a flash.

"You didn't suppose I meant——" Mrs. Gray paused to smile meditatively at the young man. "But I don't know. I dare say he is, or will be. A good many of them are, you know."

No, he didn't know, but he was beginning to see how it might be possible, if one were that kind of man. Stoneman, however, prided himself on being a very different kind of man: He had a work to do in the world, and one traveled farther without the superfluous baggage of emotions. Still, he could admit to himself impartially that he certainly had judged her hastily on the Interlochen links. It was a fact impregnable that she had a growing charm, a radiant overflow of life that he did not, of course, approve at all. At their first meeting she had seemed only pert and fast. He began dimly to see that he must revise his standard of judgment before applying it to this rapturous child of light.

"Now Bobbie says the lines here should be done seriously, with a little, pathetic appeal for sympathy. That is your idea, isn't it, Bobbie?" She caught Arundle's nod on the run, as it were, pushing on eagerly to make her point. "But I think the house should be made to catch a gleam of fun. It should be done a little shyly, and yet a little boldly, so that folks will want both to laugh and cry."

She caught up her skirt and ran lightly to the stage, beckoning to Arundle as she went. Together they went through the part, first as he conceived it, and again as she interpreted the scene.

"What do you think?" she asked, when they had finished.

"I think you're right," agreed Harlan promptly.

She looked at Stoneman expectantly.

"Of course you are right," he chorused.

Her lambent eyes mocked him. "As if you knew anything about it. Why, you never go to the theater, except to see the very best plays."

"I didn't say the best plays. The best artists, I meant."

"That is very nice of him, Bobbie, don't you think?" She took Arundle's hand, and they bowed to Stoneman gravely, and then to each other, as if it had been a curtain-call. "But my vanity won't permit me to forget that you are the only man I ever offered to do a private dance for, and that you declined without thanks, and in deadly alarm."

She came down from the stage and took the seat beside the Westerner, smiling at him with friendly malice. "I'm not going to let you cry off and pretend an interest you don't feel. I have the best authority for believing that you have no interest whatever—none whatever, Mr. Stoneman—in the stage or its habitués."

"But you promised to interest me, and you have." He looked at her boldly, though he felt himself flushing. "You promised to find me a pretty actress to take all those notions out of my head. Well, I have made her acquaintance this afternoon. A statesman has to have some fun, doesn't he?"

"Somebody was on her bad behavior that day." She smiled reminiscently. "And she had to be stood in a corner and told to be still."

"I'm afraid I wasn't very——"

"You were a perfect Bayard. Chorus girls have to be taught their place."

"I suppose my—my lack of perception was unforgivable." It was the nearest to an apology he had ever come since he was a child.

"Not quite so bad as that. We'll both forgive and forget, and begin again, just as if we had not decided—or was it you decided that?—to go divergent ways." Impulsively she put out her little hand, and his large one buried it. She was given to a trick of sudden likings, and she was aware of one now for this awkward man, who set his flinty will to get things, and moved heaven and earth till he had succeeded. But her liking was blended with an amusement not untinted with contempt.

By very chance she thought of Devereux Blake—it was a dissipation to which she was rather given these

days—his graceful attitude toward life, his cool, leisurely good breeding; the occasional sallies of wit that flashed in his easy talk. She compared him with this man, and the comparison brought a smile. She knew what Devvie thought of Stoneman. She would find out how Stoneman looked at him.

So she asked him pointblank, and he told her with labored accuracy. It appeared that Mr. Blake was a frivolous trifler with life, which has to be taken hold of seriously with both hands. He regretfully admitted that the young man's undoubted talent would probably be frittered away because of the lack of a dominant purpose.

"And you think a dominant purpose essential?" she asked.

"Surely. One makes of life what he will—an idling, a game, a battle. I have no patience with those who do not recognize grimly Henley's 'unconquerable soul.'"

"But why grimly, so long as one may appreciate it with a smile?"

"Because life is a struggle. One becomes captain of his soul not easily. Such a one conquers incessantly; reaches up far above him for the something he has determined to achieve, and by sheer power drags himself to it. Failure lies in not reaching high enough, or in allowing oneself to be deflected from the one great purpose he has set himself."

The ambitious, restless soul of the man burned in his glowing eyes. Miss Marriott's quick glance swept round the little company, and saw that they were all grouped together in busy talk. Her histrionic temperament appreciated the fact that his conversational efforts always gravitated naturally toward the oratorical, but she was aware, too, that she was listening to a man's *credo*, and her instinct warned her that his confession was not for other ears than hers. Also, her good taste suggested a declension to a less intimate ground of meeting.

"Too low they build who build beneath the stars," she quoted, with a laugh. "But most of us poor mortals mistake for a star a penny rushlight.

I see mine in the gleaming roof of a theater."

He considered her gravely. "I'm afraid such a life cannot be a very sane one."

"Indeed, and it's the life of all lives I would choose for myself. Look to the beam in your own eye, Mr. Politician," she countered gaily.

"I don't call myself a politician," he explained. "The politician makes an end of the means. I hope I look beyond that."

Her fine eyes appraised him. "And that end you seek so arduously. Are you sure it is worth while?"

"I mean to make it worth while."

"To achieve it you would sacrifice your friends, I suppose."

"If it were necessary. I have often sacrificed myself. I expect to make continual sacrifices of myself and others."

"Mr. Blake wouldn't," she meditated. "Perhaps he is lacking in ambition. At any rate, he does not make a religion of it. Very decidedly he lives by the way. But I think he would give up a good deal for a point of honor."

"I have always considered him an honorable man," agreed Stoneman shortly.

The analysis of other men did not interest him except as it reflected glory upon himself. It irritated him a little that Miss Marriott had recurred to Blake. He could not see why such a dilettante might be expected to sacrifice more for honor than a steadfast leader of the people—such a one as he himself, for instance.

CHAPTER V.

Stoneman's genius for affairs was of the kind that takes infinite pains. In his political views he was radical beyond the verge of safety; in his methods, boldly drastic and indifferent to public opinion, as represented by established precedent. But, though he seemed to invite destruction, close observers noted that he neglected none of the usual precautions and ways of

operating employed by the political boss.

For years his papers, of which he had a string across the State at every good-sized town, had been stirring up class jealousy, and playing upon it to serve his private ends. This had gained him a large following among the social malcontents, and this following he had greatly increased by championing various much-needed reforms, and by opposing in season and out of season the aggressions of corporate wealth.

Ostensibly a Democrat, Stoneman wore his party fealty very lightly, almost as a badge that could be put on or off at will.

His fight for a seat in the United States Senate had, of course, its inception years before his actual candidacy was announced. The ramification of his organization extended throughout the State, and in every town and village he controlled as many of the leading men as he could. Early in the year, through these agents, he had made a fight at the primaries to control the legislative nominees of the Democratic party. In this he had succeeded very incompletely, and had the mortification of knowing that the majority of his party nominees were unpledged to him.

But a harder blow had struck him when the State went Republican, and elected a legislature of that party. To most men this would have meant defeat irrevocable. But not to Stoneman. His papers came out after the election announcing boldly his candidacy for the Senate. They took the position that no legislator was bound to support a member of his party for the Senate if an outsider were better fitted to represent the State. That outsider, his papers claimed, was Jefferson B. Stoneman.

Since Schaffner, the Republican candidate for the Senate, was president of the company representing the most important mining and smelting interests in the West, and was entrenched behind the fact that his party controlled both branches of the legislature, Stoneman's declared intention to continue the fight was at first regarded as mere vaporings

of a disappointed man. Beaten at his own party primaries, beaten later in the election, what chance had he against an opponent already flushed with victory and secure in possession of a friendly assembly!

But the majority of Schaffner's party in the legislature was only six, and Stoneman never forgot that the big smelting operator was thoroughly unpopular both on account of the odium of his connection with the trust, and by reason of a cold, unattractive personality. It would be hard, but he could shake seven votes from a candidate so handicapped. When Simon Schaffner returned from New York beaten in his struggle with Harlan for the control of the Three C's, his rival could regard it only as a promise of victory in the approaching battle.

The Three C's was a power in State politics, and even before the assembling of the legislature word had gone out that the company was lined up for Stoneman. Far and wide it had been flung on the wings of the wind that the session was to be a memorable one, and that no money would be spared by the Three C's to defeat Schaffner. On his side the smelter trust candidate was at first disposed to rely upon his party majority, but it became very soon apparent that the party whip would not hold them all against the tempting offers that were being made to seduce them. Bribery and charges of bribery were in the air. It was whispered that the Three C's had shipped out from New York nearly half a million dollars to defeat Harlan's rival for the control of the road, and, on the other hand, that the smelter trust would back as heavily its candidate. A debauched legislature was inevitable, no matter which side won.

It would have been impossible for any intelligent man to be in the heart of this vortex of struggling humanity without knowing what was occurring. Even before the session opened, Devereux Blake knew that legislators hitherto considered all their lives beyond reproach, were being tampered with, and were succumbing to the pressure.

The city seethed with a wave of corruption, the while Stoneman from his editorial pages denounced the disgraceful debauchery by which he intended to profit.

"Fudge" Connolly checked the last name with the stub of a lead-pencil held between fat, jeweled fingers not over-clean. "Makes seventy-six. We're still four shy," he announced.

Of that stubborn fact, Bulger was stolidly and Dalton irritably aware.

"Might as well be forty, for right there we stick," dogmatized the political factotum of Stoneman, taking a big black cigar from his mouth and examining the lighted end morosely.

"I don't see why you say that," snapped Dalton, local political agent for the Three C system. "We're two nearer a majority than the other fellows. Why can't we get the votes we need?"

"Suppose you tell us where. Legislative votes don't grow on blackberry bushes, I guess."

Dalton paced the room nervously, his forehead twisted into a field of wrinkles. This was his first essay into politics, and for the railroad he represented it had been an expensive one. The price of votes had been high, and he had bidden for them recklessly, and almost openly. His superiors had given him a free hand, and success was the only justification he could offer them for his prodigality. He *must* succeed. To fail now would be to beggar his future as a railroad official, to have forfeited his good name in vain.

He came back to the table and drove his fist down so hard that the glasses jingled. "It amounts to this, then. We have to get Blake to win. Get him. I don't care how you do it, but get his vote for Stoneman. Why, damn it, he's a Democrat. He *ought* to vote with us."

"He doesn't seem to see it that way," grinned Connolly.

"Make him see it, then. That's what you are being paid for," retorted Dalton sharply.

"I'm not all powerful," growled the lobbyist.

"If we could get Blake, I believe we would land Kirby and McCune. I don't know about Kreagh; of course, he's a Republican, but they have all four been voting together, first for a Republican, then for a Democrat. I notice they're mighty careful not to vote for either of the men that stands a chance of being elected," said Bulger sourly.

"Well, which one of you is going to see Blake?" demanded Dalton.

"Let Bulger," snapped Connolly viciously. "He knows so well how it ought to be done."

"Yes," decided Dalton. "Seek him out, Bulger. Approach him with a definite proposition."

It was over the telephone Bulger caught Blake in the end. He had made two attempts earlier, but had been unable to get a word with him alone. Having seen his man safely through the doors of the University Club, he hurried to the nearest telephone.

"University Club? Is Mr. Blake there? Will you please tell him a gentleman wants to talk with him? No, just say a gentleman. I'll hold the phone." Then, after a three minutes' wait:—"This Mr. Blake? I should like to make an appointment with you for this evening on very important business—Brackin my name is. I have a letter of introduction to you, Mr. Blake—eight-thirty, at your apartments at the Arlington, you say. Thank you, sir. Good-by." Mr. Bulger hung up the receiver and executed a war-dance in pantomime before he left the booth. It would be hard lines, but that evening he would land the State senator from San Pedro County, and secure for himself the substantial bonus that went with the accomplishment of this feat.

The room at the Arlington into which Mr. Bulger found himself invited to "Come in" a few hours later did not present to his prominent, fishy eyes the display of luxury he had expected of Devereux Blake. The politician did not deny a certain subdued cheerfulness to the apartment, but for his part he preferred something brighter and more

ornate. Dark leather furnishing was all right, and the green-shaded lamps threw, no doubt, a soft, pleasant glow that harmonized with the wall tints, but he could not see the use of whole walls of books, many of them rather shabbily bound. Neither good tooling nor old morocco was absent, and some of the shabbiest covers held first editions, but Mr. Bulger could not be expected to know that any more than he could be expected to appreciate the somewhat worn Turkish rugs that would have delighted an expert.

His first impression was, "What a rummy room!" and his second, "Guess he does need that wad he's holding out for."

Blake had apparently been taking his ease in a Morris chair before the open fire, but he at once got up and came forward easily to meet his visitor. As he passed the desk he tossed down the book he had been reading and shook hands with a reluctance he did not allow to reach the surface.

"Good evening, Mr.—Brackin. I've been expecting you," he smiled.

"Got onto my little game, did you?" laughed the politician.

"Well, I thought I recognized the voice. Try that big chair."

"A fellow can't be too careful in an affair of this kind," puffed Bulger complacently. "You can't ever tell when the other fellow has his eye on you."

"Just so. And the other fellow in this instance?"

Bulger leered confidentially at him. "Well, say Higgins."

"Then I take it your business with me is political?"

"Center shot, Mr. Blake. I want to get you to vote for Stoneman."

"Oh, you came to convert me. I hope you have brought more potent arguments than those I have heard up to date."

The man's narrowed eyes rested on the State senator. "I guess you'll find my arguments all right." From his vest pocket he abstracted a fat, black cigar, and was about to light it, when Blake interposed.

"One moment, Mr. Bulger." He

stretched a hand to the revolving, liquor table, swung it round, and took a box of havanas from a shelf. "I think you'll like one of these."

The black cigar went back into Bulger's pocket, and his host gave a faint sigh of relief.

"Yes, sir, I've got good arguments. Uncle Sam guarantees them, and puts his stamp on them." He struck a match on the oak chair beside him, and puffed his cigar to a heat. "Do you reckon, Blake, you could get Kirby and those other guys to swing round to Stoneman?"

Blake looked at him in surprise. The change in the man, his cheap, insolent attempt at familiarity, the relapse into the ward-heeler's patter, caught Devvie almost like a blow. He knew that the fellow thought he had bought him, and was revenging himself for the almost servile deference of the past few weeks he had felt it politic to maintain.

"If this interview is to continue, Mr. Bulger, I would suggest that it be carried on in another manner," he suggested, with icy gentleness.

Bulger sulked. "Just as you say. I'm a plain man, I am. I call a spade a spade." He gulped down his chagrin and tried again. "I was wondering whether you had any influence with your friends about their votes. If you could deliver all four of them to us it would elect Stoneman. Mr. Blake, you're ambitious. What's the matter with a trade? Make Stoneman senator, and we'll make you governor next year."

"But then I don't want to be governor, Mr. Bulger," laughed the other.

"Try again."

"What do you want?" he demanded.

"Oh, you're doing the guessing."

"If you say so. Mr. Blake, the Three C's needs that coal-yard property of yours for its switch tracks. What's it worth?"

"I offered it to the railroad for fifteen thousand, but their appraiser thought it too much."

"Well, property down there is going to boom. That's a cinch. We think it worth sixty-five thousand."

"Am I being offered sixty-five thousand dollars for my coal-yards?" asked Blake quietly.

"Bet your life you are."

"For my coal-yards alone?" He permitted himself a little smile. "The railroad seems to want that property a good deal more than it did last month."

"Of course, that is a fancy price, but I expect it won't bankrupt the Three C system to do that much for a friend," said Bulger largely. "Point is, what is that friend going to do for us?"

"Do you know it had crossed my mind that was in point," said the other naively.

Mr. Bulger swore softly. "What the blazes——" He interrupted himself to begin in a more moderate tone: "Are you going to do business with us or are you not, Mr. Blake? I didn't come here to have you make a fool of me."

The legislator rose and crossed to the mantel. He looked down keenly into the coarse, heavy-jowled face that looked sourly up at him. "Just run over the agreement in plain words, Mr. Bulger. Tell me exactly what you want me to do, and what you will pay me for it." His voice was crisp and sharp, without a trace of its native languor in it.

"That's the way I like to hear a man talk. If you and your three friends will vote for Stoneman on Monday, and continue to vote for him until he is elected, the Three C's will give you sixty-five thousand for your wood-yard."

"It's not enough."

"Say seventy thousand, then."

"And if I can't deliver my friends' votes?"

"We take off fifteen thousand from the purchase price for each vote you fail to deliver."

"Make it seventy-five thousand."

"That's a heap more than votes are worth just now, but I'm willing to strain a point and call it seventy-five."

"Done. Make out the papers, and bring them to me Monday before the joint session meets."

"I'll have Dalton make out a pre-

liminary agreement. None of us want the real purchase price to go on sale. I'll just bring a note from Dalton O. K.'ing the deal, and you can show it to your friends."

"That won't do," reflected Blake aloud. "Dalton isn't fool enough to sign his name to any such note. You'll have to leave the cash in escrow somewhere."

"In one of the banks, mebbe," suggested Bulger sarcastically.

"With one of us."

"That *would* be a business way of doing it."

"Oh, come. You paid the other fellows down."

"Guess again, Mr. Blake. We paid them half-down. The other half is to be paid when the election is determined."

"Very well. I'll meet you here on Monday morning at ten-thirty. Mr. McCune will also be present, and the others if I can get them. You will then turn over to each of us ten thousand dollars in cash. Is that satisfactory?"

"Suits me all right."

"In that case, Mr. Bulger, I'll not take any more of your time. I know how very busy you are these days," said Blake suavely, helping the politician to his hat and stick.

Stoneman's henchman reddened to a purpler tint. There were some things that wanted to come out very badly, but he decided to repress them till he had this insolent club-man where he wanted him. In a day or two he would have the whip-hand, and he promised himself to draw blood.

As Bulger strode irefully out he caromed on a messenger boy with a telegram for Blake, who promptly forgot the existence of the politician. He ripped open the yellow envelope and ran his eyes quickly over the message.

Reach there 6 P. M. Sunday on the Rocky Mountain Limited. Expect you to eat dinner with us. Why are you not voting for our friend?

It was signed "Maisie," and that signature brought a warm smile to the young man's eyes. She was coming to play a week's engagement on her way

to the coast, and he promised himself to make the most of that week.

He carried his pleasure back with him absently into his living-room, and was about to sit down again in his chair when the door of the bedroom opened to let out two men. One of them was a smooth-shaven young fel-

Blake brought himself back to the distasteful present. "It's a nasty business, Kreagh. I feel like a scoundrel and a traitor."

"I don't. It's the only way to stop this wholesale bribery," the cattleman answered promptly.

"I suppose so," sighed his friend.



"Tell me exactly what you want me to do, and what you will pay me for it."

low with a stenographer's note-book. The other was a broad-shouldered man of the plains, a good type of the outdoor Westerner usually associated with the cattle business.

"We've got both of them on record now. I reckon when we fire our little bomb Monday, something's going up in the air. Eh, Devvie?"

"But it's dirty work for a man that tries to believe himself a gentleman."

CHAPTER VI.

It had been a rapturous hour, from the moment swift pulses had heralded her approach to that other precious moment when Miss Gray had excused her-

self over the walnuts to finish a letter that must be sent that evening. Maisie had been at her incomparable best, vivid as a flame, sparkling with the sweet gaiety that always went to his head and his heart. Now he was alone with her, smoking the cigar she had insisted upon, ready for any of the dear little confidences her comradeship with him made possible.

"Well, I'm ready for the confessions," he presently smiled.

"I call them adventures," she dissented.

"Adventures in Wonderland. That is a good title for it."

"For what?" she wanted to know, with gay mockery in her eyes.

"For the privilege of being allowed to fall in love with Miss Marriott."

"How nicely you put it!" she sighed. "If everybody were as reasonable."

"One reasons from the general to the particular. Am I being told that one of us has been disturbing you lately by not being so reasonable as to show a proper content?"

She nodded blithely. "He considers me responsible."

"Some fellows are so ill-conditioned they would abuse any privilege, but I supposed it was understood that your part was to be lovely, and ours to fall in love with you unencumbered with the baggage of hope."

"You have the loveliest appreciation of me, Devvie. I'll never marry so long as I can have you to cheer my bachelor maidhood. I hope you will never leave me to fall in love with a girl." She dimpled into a smile. "You mentioned hope, I think. Bless you, he doesn't waste any time in hoping. He takes me for granted. I'm left to do the hoping."

"I can think of only one nerve so unflawed as that," he mused aloud.

"You don't ask me what my hope is."

"Oh, you're hoping he will not win you, in spite of yourself," he told her coolly.

"Dear me! What an uncanny divination you have! Are you ready with his name, too?"

He risked a guess. "The nomination

of the gentleman is Jefferson B. Stoneman."

She smiled. "He has gone a long way since you heard me say that the day of the tournament. But how did you know?"

"I didn't know, but what you hinted of his manner of wooing seemed to suggest Jefferson B."

"I have seen him only four times since that first day, but he is an obsession with me already. He thinks nothing of running across the continent for an hour with me. What can you do with a man like that?"

"You might marry him," he ventured tentatively.

Her return caught him swiftly. "I probably shall, but I don't contemplate the prospect with joy."

"Then you don't want to."

"Want to? Of course I don't want to do anything of the sort." A flicker of fun played in her eyes. "But I would like to go to Washington and wake up things. Can you see me influencing foreign policies, Devvie?"

"I can see you bored to death. It's a horribly conventional life. Besides, Stoneman is not going to the Senate if I can prevent it."

"That's another thing I want to speak with you about, Devvie. Why are you not voting for him? I want to see him elected. He's a big man, and ought to be in the Senate. You must have your reasons for opposing him. Now, what are they?"

His mind covered the ground swiftly. "I'm sorry, but I can't give you my reasons."

"He is a Democrat, is he not?"

"I believe he calls himself one."

"And you belong to that party?"

"Yes."

"Well?"

"We really have come to an *impasse*," he smiled.

"He'll be elected in spite of you," she flung out.

"Perhaps, but I think not."

A gleam of excitement flickered in her eyes. "He's a bigger man than you, Devvie. You'll grant me that."

"Yes, he's a bigger man than I am," answered Blake quietly.

"If he does not win this time he will next chance he gets."

Blake shrugged. "I think it altogether likely. I'm not interested in futurities not immediate."

She looked straight across at him, her chin resting lightly on little doubled fists. "I'm dreadfully interested, Devvie. How are you going to beat him? By voting for What's-his-name—the smelter man?"

"No, we hope to beat him, too, and elect a compromise candidate. Governor Miller would suit me very well."

"Dear me, you're going to be a very Warwick," she mocked.

Unless a smile could be so construed, he had no answer for that.

"But I think I'll continue to back Mr. Stoneman, nevertheless," she derided.

"He ought to be glad he is going to have your sympathy."

"Did I mention sympathy?"

"Not expressly, but I can see there may be a need for it."

"You're very confident, sir."

To her surprise, a kind of haggard misery filmed his face for an instant. She leaned forward impulsively. "What's the matter, Devvie?"

"Nothing." Then, after a little silence, he added bitterly: "For God's sake, Maisie, don't think I want to do what I must do. Don't think that it's anything but a torment to me. I'd give a good deal to shirk it, but the thing seems to have fallen on me. You may be sure I hate myself as much as Stoneman will hate me."

She was startled. "You're not going to do anything—anything——"

"I'm going to try to save this State from the deep pit into which it is being dragged. I'm going to be a man accursed, but I can't help that."

She leaned forward and touched his hand. "Tell me, Devvie."

He shook his head. "I'm under pledge to keep the secret."

"Excuse me. I did not know that."

"Of course not." Shaking off his gloom, he achieved a smile. "We seem

to have drifted from your troubles to mine. I move we return to the head of unfinished business."

"Carried," she ruled swiftly. "The question before the house is: To wed or not to wed? Are you ready for the question?"

"Madam President, I don't think you have stated the question quite accurately," he protested. "I understand the issue to be particular rather than general. May we not limit the discussion to the one name under consideration?"

"Amendment accepted," she laughed, with a swift, amused look at him from under her long, dark lashes. "Are there any remarks?"

"Rather. I should like to know, if it is a fair question, whether the gentleman has yet announced his intentions."

"Announced his intentions is very pat. The third time he saw me he told me he expected to marry me some day."

"And you?"

"Demurred, but it wasn't of the slightest use; explained that I really could not marry every man I liked, and found him in perfect agreement; added that I was not at all sure that I liked him if it came to that, and learned that I would have plenty of time to do that after the marriage. I found that he considered the stage offered an unreal, feverish existence to its followers, and on the heel of this that he would expect me to retire to private life and the reflected glory of a senator's wife."

His smile met hers in full comprehension. "He can't be said to have wooed under false pretenses."

"Not he. I tried feebly to intimate to him that I was devoted to art, which is the way we put it when we are talking for publication, you know. Devvie, you should have heard the beautiful oration on the sphere of woman I listened to with my best ingénue manner."

"He can't help seeing, of course, how you could help his career a great deal."

"So he was good enough to tell me. I think I scored there, for I told him innocently that I would be glad to marry him if he would give up politics and

become my business-manager, since I was sure his talent for advertising would help me immensely."

"If she would only make me a proposition like that," suggested Blake audibly to the chandelier.

"He told me that was flippant," she continued, ignoring his aside. "There, for the time, the subject dropped, owing to the arrival of a third person, but it has been renewed since. Now it's up to you to help me, Devvie," she finished languily.

"I don't think you are in much danger," he told her, with amusement.

"But I am—I am. Don't you see that it is the very audacity of his claim that fascinates me? The thing haunts me. I want to see what he is going to say and do next. Before I know it I shall be in deep water."

"And just where do I come into this delightful game?" he wanted to know.

"You're the life-guard. When I am in danger of drowning, you jump in and rescue me."

"Delighted to be cast for so heroic a rôle. Have you planned the details of the rescue, may I ask?"

She waved a hand airily. "Oh, I leave all that to you. I have implicit trust in your skill and courage."

"That is very like you," he admitted cheerfully. "Reminds me of when we were kiddies. You stole the apples and I protected you from the consequences."

"You don't mean quite that, Devvie," she protested, with a pained, angelic expression that immediately melted into a gurgle of mirth. "Anyhow, after the swishing, you helped me eat the apples behind the barn."

"She gave me of the tree, and I did eat," he murmured.

"And you were never sorry, Devvie?" she asked softly.

"No, for I was cast out into paradise," he answered, with a little laugh that did not wholly belie his words.

"And you are going to help me now if I need you?"

"Since I am a mere man, I can't insure you against being burnt when you play with fire, but I can promise to kiss

the little burnt fingers when you come running to me."

She canted her head at him in whimsical challenge. "Wouldn't you like to kiss them now, sir?"

The wafted charm of her personality smote him. He got up with a fast-pumping heart, circled the table, and stood at her elbow.

She tilted a look up at him with the shy gaiety she held at command. "I think we'll wait until the fingers are burnt, if it is the same to you."

"But it isn't the same to me. I take the goods the gods provide.

"He who will not when he may,
When he will he shall have nay."

And he capped his quotation by bowing low to kiss the little hand he had by this time secured.

"Sir, you are very bold," she said, and blushed divinely.

"Yet my heart is of water, madam," he assured her, still in the eighteenth century manner into which they had fallen.

"Alackaday! Then pray be seated ere you faint," she mocked, and indicated with her hand the chair from which he had risen.

Back he went, treading on air, and his blood tingled to still another rare moment, when his glance met hers again, and found the eyes that looked into his shy and timid. The world was going so exquisitely well with him he dared not tempt fortune further, lest he invite a fall. Wherefore he welcomed the return of Miss Gray at this opportune moment as a refuge from the rebuff Miss Marriott's unexpected moment of weakness might reasonably lead her to inflict as a corrective to wrong impressions in his mind.

CHAPTER VII.

Blake's elation was not destined to endure long after he left the presence of Miss Marriott. He wrapped himself in it as he stepped out briskly into the crisp, frosty night air, and he swung along unconscious of the retrospective smile that lingered in his eyes

as he relived the hour and dwelt upon her winsome *camaraderie*.

But he had not gone far before he became aware that he was followed. Several times during the past two days he had been conscious of this annoyance, and had accepted it as an inevitable consequence of the course he had set himself to pursue. Something in his mood to-night revolted, and he determined to make an end of the surveillance. Turning the corner of a business block, he waited till he heard approaching footsteps, and then met the man face to face.

"Have you any business with me, my man?" he demanded sharply.

The spy pushed back his slouch-hat with a little laugh. To Blake's surprise, he looked into the face of Samuel Higgins, chief legislative lobbyist on behalf of Simon Schaffner.

The man glanced around furtively. "Yes, Mr. Blake, I've got some business with you, all right. But we can't talk it over here. Can you give me half an hour in my office right away?"

A surge of disgust swept through the young man; a sudden nausea of the dirty game of politics. "What do you want with me? What business have you with me that can't be transacted here?" he cried sharply.

"Don't go off half-cocked, Mr. Blake," implored the man, lowering his voice almost to a whisper. "And for Heaven's sake don't talk so loud."

Devereux subdued his contempt, succeeded at least in keeping it from his manner. "Well, I'll meet you there if you like," he conceded, not very graciously.

"All right; say at my office in ten minutes. Slip in by the alley way, and give three knocks on the back window."

"I'll be hanged if I do! I go in by the front door or not at all."

"Oh, that's all right," agreed Higgins hastily. "Most of the members don't like to be seen coming in, but if you don't care, I don't."

Fifteen minutes later the State senator was offered a bribe for the second time in his life. It was wrapped up in

the form of a contract to purchase timber-land he owned in Oregon, but Blake recognized it as a bribe pure and simple.

"What's the use of buying my vote while you still lack so many?" he asked bluntly, in reply to Higgins' statement that his support was vital to the election of the mining magnate.

The lobbyist sawed the air with a fat forefinger. "Mr. Blake, last night Bulger was in your rooms. He made you some kind of a proposition. That's a cinch. You get up and tell the joint assembly what it was, and Stoneman will be down and out inside of fifteen minutes. We'll have a lot of his followers on the run to save themselves from suspicion. See? They'd have to throw him over to save their own bacon."

"How do you know I didn't agree to vote for Stoneman?"

"If you did, we can show you good reasons why it won't pay you to do it—good business reasons. That offer I made on your timber-lands ain't an outside price, if you think it too low."

Higgins watched his victim like a hawk while the young man considered his offer. "The beauty of this proposition, Mr. Blake, is that you can swing to us without being suspected at all. Bulger tries to bribe you, and the result is that you are driven to vote with us to defeat his man. You get the credit with the people of doing the square thing. I don't mind telling you that we have two other votes promised us conditionally on our getting yours."

"Whose?"

"I don't know as I ought to tell you that," hesitated Higgins. "Still, if you're going in with us it doesn't matter. Kreaigh and Kirby have promised to line up with us whenever you do."

After a long discussion, carried on solely to save appearances, Blake came to an agreement with him to expose Bulger on the morrow, and to vote for Schaffner. He went to his rooms thoroughly sick at heart of the sordid conflict, of the series of desperate battles that were being daily waged for the honor of the men who had sworn to

serve only the interests of the people they were supposed to represent. In this fierce duel of the soul to which each of them had been subjected no temptation had been left untried. Neither the love of kin, of friendship, of good-fellowship, nor the secret weaknesses of the heart, had been spared to drag down the wretched victims. So fierce had been the battle that, unless a man were anchored by sure strands to honor, he was lost of a certainty.

A hundred times Blake had gone over the ground, had considered this man and that, citizens hitherto of good repute—honorable, kindly, unsmirched. He had seen them swept from their moorings one by one; had read in their furtive, haggard faces the inner strife that wrung their hearts, and would stamp them for life in their own minds as men bought for a price. He knew how searchingly they had been tried; this one by the knowledge of impending ruin, that other by the grinding poverty which was making his wife an old woman before her time. He knew, too, the specious arguments they used to justify their surrender—that everybody was tarred with the same brush, and to decline would be Quixotic; that a refusal to yield could in no way affect the result; that after this one lapse they would be in a financial position to keep clear of all dubious transactions. The knowledge of all this had decided him in his course. The honor of the State should remain intact, at least, and those who were debauching its representatives should not profit by their shameful seductions. He had sought out the three men of whom he was absolutely sure—there were others in the legislature beyond the lure of the dollar, but he could not trust their secrecy—and they had agreed to stand together in exposing the corruption all about them. Blake knew that he took his life in his hands, and this was the one compensation, the one exhilarating aspect of the whole dismal business.

Since the formation of their alliance political, it had been Blake's custom to meet occasionally with Kreagh, Kirby,

and McCune to outline their policy of action. He got them now on the telephone, and arranged for an immediate consultation. McCune arrived within a few minutes, and at his heels the other two.

In the midst of deep discussion of their plans came a knock at the door. The four men glanced at each other in silence before Devereux spoke his "Come in."

It was Mr. Timothy Bulger that presented himself in answer to the invitation.

His greeting was cavalier. "What the hell youse think you are doing?" he growled, and faced them with his head thrust forward on the bull-neck.

"Entertaining uninvited guests," suggested Blake suavely.

"Don't get gay, young fellow," surlyly cautioned the politician.

"May I ask to what good luck we are indebted for the pleasure of your company?" asked his host ironically.

"Cut it out, Blake. I don't stand for none of your high and mighty airs." He glared round at the assembled company in a purple rage. "What I want to know is what youse fellows mean by holding meetings with Higgins and his bunch. Ain't youse lined up with us? Or are youse selling out for a bigger price? Now youse have got it straight."

"Your frankness is commendable, and I'm going to emulate it," hit back Blake sharply. "I have had quite enough of you, Mr. Bulger. I'm not going to throw you down-stairs, because I don't want to make a hole in the wall plaster. But I give you my word on one thing; if you do not leave this room inside of three minutes I shall not under any consideration vote for Stoneman."

Kreagh, the big cattleman, rose up and took Bulger by the fat throat. Despite his struggles, he swept the briber back to the wall, and pinned him there with a grip of steel.

"Now listen to me, Tim Bulger. I reckon you're born a fool, and can't help it. That's your misfortune. If you had the sense of a locoed two-

year-old, you would know we weren't going to vote for Simon Schaffner. But you let one thing soak into your coconut, my friend. We want to see you just once more before the election, and that is at ten-thirty to-morrow morning, with the mazuma. Now get busy minding your own business, or we'll chuck the whole affair. *Vamos!*"

Bulger flashed one venomous look at Kreach, another at Blake, and stayed not on the order of his going.

CHAPTER VIII.

The lobbies of both the Senate and the House were buzzing with excitement, for hints had been on the wind for hours that this morning a United States senator would be elected. The leaders of both parties were moving quietly about, strengthening doubtful adherents and consulting prominent members. To the veriest novice it was plain that the fight had reached a climax, and would be decided before the day was over. Both sides were claiming the victory, and apparently with confidence. Yet in their secret hearts all those most vitally interested breathed haggard suspense.

By the time the presiding officer had called the joint assembly to order, the tension had reached a point where every minute's delay had its effect on the feverish members. The strain had communicated itself, likewise, to the gallery, which was filled with interested spectators. Among these was a slight, trim young woman in a gray street suit, who manifested a frank interest she did not attempt to conceal. She came in with an older lady, and found a seat quietly in an unobtrusive corner that, nevertheless, commanded a view of the floor. Many curious glances were cast her way, for Miss Marriott paid the usual penalty of a celebrity that met the public eye from billboards, magazine pages, and across the footlights.

She picked out Blake in a few moments, took rapid stock of the other members and the lobbyists, and by the time the clerk began calling the roll was settled into an attentive study of

the proceedings. Three men voted before Devereux, two of them for Stoneman, the third for his opponent. At the announcement of each vote a little ripple of subdued applause ran over the hall, which the perfunctory fall of the presiding officer's gavel could not wholly still.

When the clerk read "Blake," all eyes swung as on a pivot to the man named, for many knew and others felt subtly that the person for whom he was about to vote would be the next senator. He was seated close to the wall, at a desk well forward and to the right of the lieutenant-governor. Very pale, but quite resolute, he swept the room with his eyes, and gathered to a stillness the very breathing of his fellow members during that interminable moment before he began. He spoke in a low voice so clearly pitched that no syllable was lost in the remotest corner of the hall, and before he had finished his first sentence, men's eyes sought each other furtively in a terror of guilt that was excruciating.

"We have been living, gentlemen, for many weeks in a carnival of bribery, in a debauched hysteria of money madness. Worse than a disease, worse than a fever, the lust of gold has searched this body and stolen its health. This sixteenth general assembly is sick unto death with a moral cancer that demands the knife."

He stopped in a dead hush, fastened the lower button of his sack coat, and again quietly went forward to his task. There were men there who had known him only as an easy, debonair club-man, but they recognized him now with sinking hearts hard as tempered steel and as unpliable. None could look into those steady gray eyes and miss the fighting edge.

"One word of myself and of my friends. We have seen the honor of this body dragged in the dust. Day by day certain men have moved among us buying and selling votes like merchandise. Members of this body, with long and honorable public careers behind them, have become infected by the poison which these go-betweens have

whispered. We have seen old friends fall by the wayside, and we have known with sadness that in the long years to come the finger of shame will be forever pointed at them. We have known that the name of our fair State would be a by-word in the sisterhood of States. And, knowing all this, we resolved—

their will. From such tame surrender God save the honest men of this assembly!"

A low groan seemed to shiver through the hall. In the gallery above a woman's sob broke. For the rest, a fascinated silence eloquent of pent fear and rage and sick alarm.



Men rose in their seats and shook their fists at Blake, screaming epithets and curses.

with what reluctance only God knows—to save our commonwealth from the false servants who would betray her; to save these poor weaklings from themselves if it might be. To remain silent would have been to condone the crime, to have handed over our State to the corruptionists, that they might work

"And to the honest men of this assembly I make my appeal, in the full knowledge that there are many of them. Let us band together and forget politics. Let us rise in our might and stamp down this outrage of bribery that stalks rampant and unashamed in our midst. Let us——"

"Prove it!" cried a voice in the back of the hall, and others, some quavering with fear, some hoarse with rage, echoed the cry.

He had compelled the demand for proof, and instantly he walked forward to the clerk of the House and handed him a package. Kreagh, McCune, and Kirby each in turn rose from his seat and stepped forward with a neatly tied roll of bills. While the clerk untied them and members craned forward, Blake went on to tell the story of how the seventy thousand dollars, in bills of large denomination, now in the hands of the clerk of the House, had been given him and his friends by representatives of Simon Schaffner and the Three C system to vote for the candidates for whom they were working. In each package, he explained, were two smaller ones, in exactly the condition they had been received from Higgins and Bulger by the person whose initials were on the back. In substantiation, he urged that a responsible committee be appointed to see that bills to the amount he claimed were in each parcel.

Over his devoted head the storm broke with a fury inconceivable when Blake charged directly that before him sat fifty members of the Senate and the House, a prey to dreadful foreboding because they knew they had sold themselves for gold. Such an unrestrained welter of humanity, such a blind rage of hatred, Miss Marriott had never before seen. Men rose in their seats and shook their fists at Blake, screaming epithets and curses. For an instant it looked as if the accused men would fling themselves upon him and tear him to pieces. Charges and counter-charges swept back and forth, while pallid, white-lipped men screamed defiance at Blake and at each other. Through it all Devereux faced the hurricane of mad humanity without wincing. The waves of their passion beat upon him, and left him unmoved. He stood with his back to the wall, his hands resting on the desk in front of him, a curious little smile on his face.

When the storm quieted, the lieutenant-governor appointed a committee to

open the packages, and their investigation showed that each contained the sum named by Devereux. After the assembly was satisfied of this, the clerk proceeded again with the roll-call.

"Blake."

Again the young man rose, and in a storm of hoots and hisses voted for Miller. There was a general defection in the Stoneman and the Schaffner ranks. Each man felt that it was a case of saving himself, and even those who had been the readiest to accept a bribe deserted at this juncture. The result of the count showed no election, but Governor Miller was so greatly in the lead that his followers forced a second vote, and elected him by a majority of seventeen before adjournment. So unprepared were caught the leaders of the Stoneman and the Schaffner factions that they could not rally a sufficient following to prevent this. Republicans and Democrats alike had voted for the governor, and a jubilant triumphant reception was held on the spot. The band that had been ordered by Bulger to sound the victory of his leader, instead played "Hail to the Chief" when Miller was escorted down the aisle to the platform. It was a tremendous victory for Blake, but he knew he might pay for it with his life.

It was long before he could get away from the congratulations of his friends and the bitter denunciations of the men whose schemes he had confounded. When at last he was leaving the House with Kreagh, a page slipped a penciled note into his hand.

Come as soon as you can, Devvie.

There was no signature, but it needed none. He wondered how she had learned so soon of what had occurred.

"You'll come to lunch with me, Devvie," he heard Kreagh say.

"Sorry, Jim, but I have an engagement."

"That's all right, but don't make any evening engagements for a few days. You're not the most universally popular man in town just now, you know. My opinion is that you had better hunt

in couples for a time. The feeling is very bitter."

"Oh, they'll take it out in cursing me," returned Blake jubilantly.

"That's one of those things you never can tell," answered Kreagh, and he added, as he shook hands: "It's been a bully fight, Devvie. I want to take off my hat to you, my boy. We never could have made it without Devereux Blake. You're the biggest man in the State to-day, even if Miller was elected to the Senate."

"Oh, that's nonsense," flushed the other, with a boyish laugh. "You did as much as I did, Jim."

"You can't make me believe that. Well, so-long. I'm off to the chuck-wagon."

CHAPTER IX.

Stoneman had an engagement to lunch with Miss Marriott on the day of Miller's election. He had arranged the time himself of set purpose, for he had expected that morning's joint session to end in his own election, and it had seemed to him a fitting climax of his good fortune that he should, in his hour of hours, listen to the congratulations of Maisie Marriott. Surely, then, with such an achievement to lay at her feet, the resistance of this charming creature would vanish before his attack. No more propitious moment could he choose to demand that she make his cup of triumph full.

It was characteristic of Stoneman that his defeat, exceedingly bitter though he found it, did not change his plans as regards her. He was a good fighter, and was the last man to ask her to excuse him because the cards had turned against him. Perhaps, too, there was in him a secret, unrecognized longing to listen to her warm, sweet sympathy.

If so, his hope was not vain.

She came toward him with that wonderful, famous walk of hers, both hands outstretched to meet him. How sweetly she glowed sympathy! How her fine eyes told their kind, tender message to him! It made him sorrier for

himself to see with what maternal tenderness she expressed her sorrow for him.

While he held her hands in his and searched her face for all the sweetness it might offer, there came to him a new realization of what such a woman might bring a man. Might bring; nay, should bring. Her weakness would be the complement of his strength, he resolved, and never suspected that in her lay a strength more sufficient to itself than his own.

She led him gently to a Morris chair, and hovered over him with a solicitude which warmed as sunshine does a basking invalid.

"You're very good to me. It's almost worth the price," he smiled.

"You poor boy," she murmured. "It must have been a dreadful blow, and you so confident." She was sitting on the arm of his chair, and quite simply her cool hand brushed his hot temples.

He had none of Devvie Blake's sure instinct about Maisie Marriott. Now he misjudged the impulsive play of her sweet pity, and his vanity urged him to dare. He did greatly. With a swift sweep, his arm went round her shoulders and pulled her toward him. With surprising strength she pushed back from him while the first kiss burnt her cheek.

"How dare you!" she cried hotly. "And I thought you understood. I would have let you kiss me if you had asked me in the right way, but— Oh, it's horrid! It spoils our friendship. Go away. I don't want you here," she flamed, and swept with supple liteness down the room and back in hot disgust at his stupidity.

"I don't know what you mean," he said doggedly, ready to fall into a sulen temper. "You're all moods. How is a man to please you? If I had asked I might have kissed you, but you fly into a rage because I didn't ask. I don't see the distinction."

"Of course you don't," came with fine contempt her retort. "I mean that I'm no prude. You were down, and we were friends. Why shouldn't I let you kiss me if it would have made

you happier? But not this way. You've taken advantage of my sympathy—betrayed our friendship. If you don't understand, I can't tell you. What's more, I'm not going to try."

She wheeled and went down the room again, this time to stand frowning at the window with her back to him. It was too bad one could not be nice to a man without inducing such blundering idiocy. Vexatious tears came to her eyes.

Stoneman followed her to the window. He had decided on an apology, which was not at all in accord with his habit of mind toward others.

"I'm a child with women. I don't know anything about them—least of all, about you," he explained humbly. "You must forgive me, and be friends again."

"Oh, must I?"

"Yes, you must. I'm a social barbarian, it seems. Well, I'll learn better in time, but you must bear with me till I do."

"The unwonted note of humility in a man given to self-satisfaction touched her. It was characteristic that she forgave swiftly with no more ado.

"Will you be good, Jeff?" she dared, whirling on him with laughter in her tears.

"I'll be good," he promised boyishly.

She exulted in her sense of power over this stiff, unbending ambition-machine. She alone could strike the human note in him, and dared to shake him from the pedestal upon which he had set himself.

"Very well. Go and sit in that chair, sir, while I tell you a few things for your good." She perched herself on the edge of a table in front of him. "In the first place, I'm sorry you were not elected, and very glad of it."

"I beg your pardon?"

"No, I'm not in the least mixed. That's exactly what I mean. I *did* want you to be senator. But I think you got just what you deserved," she told him coolly.

"Just what I deserved!" He colored

darkly. "Will you please explain, Miss Marriott?"

"With pleasure. I had supposed you were conducting an honorable campaign, and I find——"

"Go on. What did you find?" he demanded coldly.

"I find that the whole thing had been outrageous, both on your part and on the part of your opponent."

"Please specify in detail just what you mean."

"Is it necessary? But I shall, if you like. Don't think I'm afraid because you look at me like that."

"I am waiting, Miss Marriott."

"Well, you needn't wait any longer. It is very plain that there has been an enormous amount of bribery, and that Jefferson B. Stoneman is not guiltless."

"Who says so?" he asked sharply.

"I do."

"You don't know what you are talking about," he rapped out brusquely.

"Do you mean to tell me that you were ignorant of what was being done on your behalf?"

He met her indignant, accusing eyes without flinching. "I mean to say that I have not spent one cent dishonorably to further my election—not one cent. My hands are absolutely clean—absolutely." His most impressive, statesman voice was in requisition to convey this information.

She was staggered. "You mean that?"

"I most certainly do."

"But—all that bribe-money?"

"Suppose it were offered—and I don't know whether it was or not—does it follow that the guilt is mine?"

"Mr. Bulger," she voiced.

"Has not been in my employ for months," he assured her virtuously.

"Still—oh, it's all blind to me. Who could have done it?"

"Assuming that it was done at all, and that the whole thing was not a plot to steal the senatorship," he suggested pointedly.

"What you suggest is entirely ridiculous, Mr. Stoneman," said Miss Marriott promptly.

"I think such an explanation very

reasonable; but admitting the bribery for the sake of argument——"

"Quite so. For the sake of argument," she smiled.

"One can very easily put one's finger on the guilty parties. There has for a long time been a bitter fight for the control of the Three C system between Schaffner and Harlan. The fight was carried into this senatorship contest. If Harlan threw his influence in my favor am I to blame?"

"Did you know that he was bribing members of the legislature to vote for you?"

"No, I did not know it," he answered emphatically.

"But you suspected," she guessed shrewdly.

"If you had read the editorials in my papers, you would see that I also deplored the fact."

"Yet expected to benefit by it."

"Why not? My country needs my services. Personally, I would rather die than stoop to bribery. But am I responsible if Schaffner is halted by another unscrupulous robber baron while he is stealing the senatorship? Surely you go too far when you say that I should have called off Harlan and told him to let his enemy, and for that matter the enemy of the people, too, steal in peace without opposition."

Her smile mocked his ponderous self-esteem. "It is very plain that the other man is the sinner. It would be *lèse-majesté* to suggest that Mr. Stoneman, 'the rising young Jefferson of the Rockies,' would

"Compound for sins that he's inclined to
By damning those he has no mind to."

"I am accustomed to ask of my friends a more generous faith than you appear able to give me, Miss Marriott," he retorted, with large dignity. "May I ask why, since you held this poor opinion of me, you offered me so friendly a greeting this afternoon."

Her instant warm smile was something to cherish. "Because, sir, I am a flesh-and-blood woman, and not a creature of logic. I discriminate between the sinner, who is my friend"—

she reached out a swift, impulsive hand to him—"and his sin, which I find hateful to look on. Please don't defend the wrong you did. Surely you recognize it as wrong."

"I have done nothing wrong," he doggedly insisted. "Nor can I remain friends with anybody who so judges my actions in this matter."

"I am to refuse the evidence of my reason or forfeit your friendship?"

"If you care to put it so. I will have no friends who do not render me implicit belief," he told her, with proud gravity.

"But I want to be your friend. I like you," she cried, her lip trembling.

He folded his arms and looked at her, frowning like a hanging judge. "Choose."

"You offer me no choice. Reason is not a matter of will with me."

"In that case, Miss Marriott, there is nothing left for us to say but goodbye."

"Remember, you force the issue, not I," she sighed.

"If it relieves your conscience to think so, far be it from me to enter a denial," he magnanimously conceded.

There came a knock on the door, and Miss Marriott read on the card which the bell-hop brought in the words: "Mr. Devereux Blake."

Maisie reflected swiftly for a moment, glanced under her long lashes at Stoneman, and told the boy to send the gentleman up.

CHAPTER X.

Stoneman found his silk hat and his gloves.

"Don't be so stupid," she coaxed, with a hint of sweet tenderness.

"I think there is nothing more to be said," he stiffly answered.

"You won't have me for a friend, then?"

"My friends must be worthy of me." He bowed deep, with an air that implied she had been weighed and sorrowfully found wanting.

She was between laughter and tears. It was ridiculously depressing that he

insisted on the pedestal when he did not fit one at all.

"I must have whole-hearted trust or nothing. I accept no compromise in friendship," he continued fatuously.

Then she let him have it. "You mean you don't want friends, but sycophants. The king can do no wrong. That is the attitude you want them to take. I must regretfully decline. I'm only an American, you know, and I'm embarrassed with the surplusage of humor and common sense. The trouble with you is that you exaggerate yourself so extraordinarily. You need not look so savagely pained at my indecorum, Mr. Stoneman. I'm telling you this for your good."

He achieved a smile of forgiveness as he backed toward the door.

"Yes, sir, for your good. You should tender me a unanimous vote of thanks for telling you. Your toadies dare not, and nobody else would take the trouble. Oh, I know it hurts; but after you have had time to digest it, there is no doubt it will do you good. Come in." This last in answer to a knock at the door.

If Devereux Blake was embarrassed at meeting the man whose ambition he had just defeated, that fact was apparent only for the flicker of an eyelid. His hand fell from Maisie's to offer itself promptly to his fellow guest. But



*He folded his arms and looked at her, frowning like a hanging judge.
"Choose."*

Stoneman, his face frozen in hostility, deliberately put his hands behind him. So swiftly did Blake catch the other man's refusal, that the rejected hand in a continuation of the movement of offering itself went up to brush back a lock of waving hair from his forehead.

Stoneman bowed again coldly to Miss Marriott, and passed at the same time out of the door and out of her life.

"He has given me up, Devvie," she told Blake swiftly.

"Given you up?"

"For my unworthiness," she explained, with a choked little laugh.

"He must have been having an aggravated attack of Stonemanitis."

"I thought I was being rather nice to him under the circumstances, but I made the mistake of venturing on a criticism. That made it immediately apparent to him that I was not worthy of his friendship."

Blake laughed. "It is really impossible to exaggerate Jefferson B. Stoneman. He exaggerates himself so."

"That is one of the pleasant little personalities I ended up by disclosing to him," she admitted, joining in his laugh.

"I shall not have to save you, after all—and I had the rescue all planned," he deplored.

She smiled in appreciation of the joke on herself. "No, Mr. Stoneman rescued me from the danger of marrying him by saying, 'No, thank you.' In a manner of speaking, I suppose I have been jilted."

"If one can be said to be jilted by a man one never intended to marry."

"But to be told that one does not measure up to the necessary specifications, to be dismissed as not strong enough to play the part. It certainly is not flattering to one's vanity."

"He can't be expected to flatter both his and yours."

"And what was your plan of rescue, sir?"

"Elimination by substitution. You were to have found a refuge in marriage."

"And had you found a man willing to encumber himself with Maisie Marriott and her career?"

"He jumped at the chance when I suggested it to him."

"Is he a nice man? Can you recommend him?" she asked, with innocent daring.

"As I could myself."

"Old or young?"

"Just the right age." Then—"Same age as myself," he added complacently.

"Well, it will not be necessary for him to sacrifice himself now."

"I don't think he looked at it at all in the light of a sacrifice," he assured her, after consideration. "I'm quite sure he would esteem it a privilege to oblige you in any way he could."

"Even to the half of his name," she said, with a soft little laugh. "No, Devvie, we'll let him keep it for some other girl—some nice, dear girl, that could make him a home more endurable than the dressing-room of a stuffy theater."

"Home is where the heart is," suggested Devvie.

"My heart is in my work."

"So is his."

Her soft loveliness was warmed by the tenderest smile imaginable. "I think I know that young man, Devvie. Tell him for me that I have no dearer friend than he is; that I do love him in a way."

He smiled a little wistfully. "I'll tell him, and I know what he will say."

"After he has had time to think it over he will say it is best."

"Not he. If I know him, he will hang onto his chance, no matter how small it seems to him. He will probably misquote old Geoff Chaucer to me when I let him know your present decision:

"And good it is so far it goeth,

But goeth not far enough, God knoweth."

She felt herself flush an answer to the eyes that went questing for the divine fire in hers, and she turned away to give herself a chance to get a better hold on her emotions while she carelessly waved him to a chair. He watched her graceful, supple body as she moved aimlessly about the room, apparently intent on adjusting photographs and magazines to better order. The mobile play of her face, the long, lissom curves he exulted in, the fragrance of sweetness she diffused—surely she was the one woman on earth for him.

Back she came to him presently, her face aglow. "It was splendid, Devvie; the finest thing I ever saw."

"I'm sure it must have been," he laughed gaily. "Are you referring to

last night's performance, when Miss Marriott appeared as *Jeanne D'Arc*?"

"No, sir. I am referring to this morning's performance in which Mr. Devereux Blake starred as *The Patriot*."

He looked at her in swift surprise. "You don't mean that you were in the gallery this morning?"

"I wouldn't have missed it for anything. You were superb. I didn't know you had it in you. Oh, Devvie, I did want to run down and stand beside you when they were acting so outrageously."

"That would have been melodrama worth while. Jeers of the populace, in the midst of which the heroine to the rescue. Mob at bay, quailing before her scathing glance of scorn. Curtain."

"It did not look so much like farce when it was in the doing. Oh, you needn't say a word. I saw it all, and for a minute I was dreadfully afraid for fear they would harm you."

"I could have told you they were quite harmless. That was merely the politician's method of expressing disapproval of my action."

"They weren't politicians just then. They were trapped wild beasts—some of them. I never saw more malignant fury, more eloquent despair. And the way you faced them—Dewie, if you had seen me in the gallery and asked me to marry you then, I should have scrambled over the seats to get to you before you changed your mind."

"I expect I have missed the only chance I shall ever have," he smiled. "But I'm glad you approve of my stage bearing, because I shall expect to get a place in your company as a super if I find I can't live away from you."

"I'm supposed to have just a touch of temper. It's conceivable that you couldn't live with me, either."

"There is usually a breeze in your neighborhood, but that is merely the artistic temperament in action," he explained.

"You're trying to drift the conversation, sir. That is not permitted. We are always to talk about what I find in-

teresting. Just now, strange as it may appear, I want to discuss you rather than myself. You remember last night I said that Mr. Stoneman was a bigger man than you. I'm taking it back, sir, with humblest apologies. I think that what you did was a bigger thing than he can ever do."

He found himself blushing. "Oh, come, Maisie. I'm not unduly modest, you know. But I don't want to exaggerate myself as much as Stoneman does. He is full of possibilities, and will go a long way yet. As for me—" He shrugged and waved himself aside as a candidate for greatness. "I don't seem to be particularly ambitious. It takes a good many kinds to make a world. My kind does not care much for the lime-light."

"I don't care anything about that. You can't persuade me, sir, that it was not a man's work to expose the dishonest or that was spreading so disastrously over the State-house." She gave way to an impulsive flame of admiration. "It was a fine thing. I'm proud to know any man that could do what you did, and I'm all the prouder of you because I know how a man of your temperament must have shrunk from it. You like to get along easily with people, Dewie. You're my idea of a sublimated popularity. It isn't that you seek for popular approval; rather that you inevitably like most decent people, and are liked by them. You're not naturally a crusader, but I'd go a good way to meet a better fighter when you get started. We were speaking of Mr. Stoneman. He is going to be woefully hampered, because he can't get away from himself long enough to do an unselfish thing like this. I don't say he will never do anything big, but I do say"—she broke into a gay little laugh—"that the ego in his cosmos will make him do it primarily for Jefferson B. Stoneman."

"He is as God made him, I suppose," said Devereux good-naturedly.

"That is a most immoral excuse. On that reasoning you might have shirked your unpleasant duty this morning. Mr. Stoneman must stand responsibil-

ity for the finished product he is, just as you and I must."

"Oh, are you responsible for yourself?"

She looked at him suspiciously. "Certainly I am."

"Then that makes you responsible for me, since it is because you are what you are that I am where I am."

She declined responsibility with an adorable smile. It was unfortunate that she could not keep the challenge out of it, that provocation most alluring wooed him unconsciously in the sparkle of limpid eye, in the warm, soft curve of cheek and chin, in the slim reach of lines perfect in their flow and sweep.

He divined more than she herself knew, and attacked with the courage of his intuition. He walked across to her, his hands in the pockets of his sack coat in characteristic fashion. Gravely he looked down at her, with a searching insistence that made her fear for her secret.

"Pray, sir, would you have aught of me?" she asked lightly enough, and made him a little mock curtsy.

But presently her eyes fell, and he took one hand from his pocket, and tilted her chin so that his gaze held her again.

"You're very masterful, sir."

"I wish I were. But that is the question in my mind. How far am I master?"

"I did not say master. I said masterful. It's a synonym for impertinent."

"You school your eyes, dear, to make them say anything—to sweetly mock, to pity divinely, to run the gamut of all emotions. It is part of your charm that you are so pulsingly alive, that you see 'naught common on Thy earth.' But back of those lovely windows, what passes in your heart, I wonder."

"Sir, when you are through with my chin, may I borrow it again?" she asked humbly.

"In a minute. Just now I want it. I can't read what passes behind your eyes. If they are windows of the soul, they are stained glass."

She was conscious of a sudden

clamor of the blood, a pounding of the pulses. "Please let me go."

"Never again, for on my soul I believe I *am* master of the citadel within you. Maisie Marriott, do you love me?"

The sweetness of his demand flowed through and through her. She shut her eyes and swayed dizzily, scarce knowing that his arm stayed her in close embrace. It was his kiss, the touch of his warm, passionate lips, that brought her quivering back to happy earth. A tiny electric battery seemed to be shocking her with bliss at every meeting of the lips.

She heard him murmur lowly to himself: "My love! My love!" And then, summoning all her strength of slipping will, she pressed back her supple body from his eager embrace.

"No—no—no," she cried. "What are we doing? This is madness."

"If this be madness, then sanity is well lost, my sweet."

"But it is impossible. You don't understand. I have to go my way and you yours."

"My way is yours." The lilt of his buoyancy sang in his voice.

"It can't be. Oh, Devvie, why do you make it so hard for us?"

"You love me?"

"What does that matter? Love is not all of life."

"But you love me," triumphantly he insisted.

"And if I do——"

"No ifs, my sweetheart. You do."

"Oh, my boy, I do," her voice sang back, and she gave herself again in impetuous surrender of the lips and heart.

The fragrance of her, the intoxicating perfume of her sweetness, went to his head. His pulses hammered, his racing blood was champagne.

She was the first to recover herself. "It won't do, Devvie. Let us be sane, boy. Let us take facts as they are."

"I shall take you as you are."

"No, I should spoil your life. I can't give up the stage. It is a part of me, bred and born in my being. Perhaps I am selfish, but even for love I can't give up my destiny."

"And why should you? I accept you with your career, recognize it as inevitable, rejoice in your triumphs more than you can."

"Don't you see, dear, that would be the trouble? You would have to give so much, and I could give so little. Always you would be sacrificing for my career. A woman's life should be merged in her husband's, but it would come that yours would lose itself in mine. What I have seen to-day makes it more impossible. You are strong and brave, a man out of a thousand. Oh, my darling, I was proud of you, standing up alone before them all to denounce the wrong you hated. I looked into the future, and saw how far you might go, what a service you might do your country. But if we married—we should have to find the same interests, come closer together, or we should drift apart. I *can't* give up my career for you, Devvie, and you are too big to be a tail to my kite, no matter how high it soars. I could not permit you to do that. In time you would chafe, and, though you would say nothing, I should know it."

"Wrong premises, my dear. You have assumed that my career—and that's a big word for *my* kite-flights—is to be political. I'm done with politics except so far as every public-spirited citizen must be interested in them. After this, I stick to my last, which is writing. Now, the trouble with most writers is that they do not mix enough with the world. They live by themselves, and write out of their inner consciousness. So they miss life. You are going to rescue me from that, dear. If I am going to write plays, I must know my medium and its technique more intimately. If I am going to write novels, I must touch realities more nearly than I can do from the easy chair in my club. Marriage with you offers me the very chance I need."

She shook her head, a sweet, clouded smile in her eyes. "I think you might have a career as a lawyer, too, you versatile boy. You make a very pretty argument out of nothing. I'd just love to have been convinced. But I'm not.

This happiness is not meant for us, dear. We must look at it wisely. We shall always be friends, but you must find your 'superlative joy' with another woman, one that would ask no more than to make you a happy home. You'll find her some day. Almost any woman would love you. How could she help it?" She smiled again wanly.

"And do you think that 'almost any woman' would satisfy me—or, indeed, any other woman under heaven—after I have known and loved you, the one woman?"

Swiftly she leaned forward and kissed him. "I love to hear you say that. All my longing is tugging me one way. I want you dreadfully—to have you always near; to feel your love about me. But, dear, it isn't best—not best for you. I know it is not. You must help me to do what I think best. You are so much braver than I. Don't take advantage of my weakness—of my love for you."

Her hands went out and met his. He looked at her for a long breath of surrender to her will, his face working with emotion.

"Very well, dear. For the present it shall be as you say."

"That's like you, my chivalrous lover."

"But I'm not your lover now, you know. Isn't that the decree?"

She followed him to the lower ground of the lighter mood he had summoned to help her resolution. "That's the supreme court decision, sir. And now you must go. I have a rehearsal this afternoon."

"You can have a rehearsal any day, but you can't every day do the impossible thing that you have just accomplished," he smiled.

"Convert a lover to a friend? You're right. It's a feat not accomplished once in a lifetime. Most men fall out of love into a secret hostility."

"Half a loaf is better than no bread."

"But the lover's wounded vanity. It takes a rare man to forget that."

He shook hands with her smilingly. "Mine has been fed to-day above all

days in my life. There is no room for wounds."

"I'm glad to hear you say so."

"Besides, I'll tell you a secret. There's a certain luxury in final renunciation when one has a conviction that it is not final, after all."

"Devvie, do you mean——?"

"Only that our relapse to friendship is a merely temporary concession."

She looked at him reproachfully.

"Oh, Devvie!"

"Don't look at me like that, or I'll kiss you," he warned.

Maisie's laugh wimpled out. "You're not half so chivalrous as I thought you were."

"Certainly I'm not. I take what I can get, and I hold what I have won."

"Then you're nothing but a buccaneer of love?"

"Yes, for I sail under only one flag, and carry papers of clearance open to all."

She found a difficulty in letting go his hand. "You'll come again soon?"

"As soon as you'll let me. May I eat supper with you after the play?"

"For this once only. Good-by, friend."

"Good-by, temporary friend."

CHAPTER XI.

It was an hour past midnight when Blake left Maisie at her hotel and started to walk across to his rooms at the Arlington. He walked briskly, from habit, but his mind loitered in retrospect on his delightful evening.

The critics could and did find fault with Maisie's acting. Even to him it was not always convincing, but it was always a thing of joy to see. She seemed to take her audience into her confidence, and give them a charmingly intimate glimpse of Maisie Marriott, as well as the character she was representing. She had a wonderful gift of putting herself and her audience into perfect accord; of subduing them to the purpose she was attempting. Her acting might be uneven, her interpretation sometimes faulty, but she always fascinated with that some-

thing which, for want of a better word, we call magnetism.

Thinking of his own intimate relation to her, it pleased him to share her so generously with the public. Stoneman would have resented the naïveté and abandon with which she threw herself into friendliness with her audience, but Devereux, no niggard by nature, rejoiced in the affection lavished so prodigally on her. As he swung the corner of the street to the entrance of the Arlington, a boyish smile touched his lips.

Crack! Crack! Twice a spurt of flame spat from the adjoining alley, and Devereux, turning into the entrance of his hotel, reeled against the wall. Again the revolver sounded, and he slid down in a huddled heap to the ground. Somebody on the opposite side of the street cried out. The assassin, crouching in the shadows, ran back down the alley and disappeared.

Almost instantly the deserted street became alive. From saloons supposed to be closed long since, from rooming houses, from owl drug-stores and restaurants, people poured to the spot. Presently a clanging patrol-wagon came hurrying down the silent street, and drew up at the Arlington.

But Devereux had already been carried to his rooms, and a surgeon was in attendance. An acquaintance in the adjoining apartment kept the telephone busy, and soon the friends of Blake began to arrive. The first of these was big Kreagh, the cattleman.

"Is it bad?" he asked anxiously, as he tiptoed up the stairs.

"He's hard hit. Doctors are working over him now. When I found him, he lay crumpled up without an ounce of life in him," explained the man he had asked.

Kreagh set his teeth grimly. "Some hound will hang for this if Blake dies. I told him not to go out at night. I wish to God I had stayed with him. He wouldn't believe there was any danger."

"That's like Blake, you know, to think everybody as white as himself; or, at least, to act as if he thought so.

Besides, he's game. Wouldn't give an inch to them. Shoot and be damned, you cowards; that's Devvie."

It was a shrewd judgment of the man lying in the next room at the point of death. He possessed a gay-hearted intrepidity that rose warmly to face danger like a soldier. Had it been to do over again, with his knowledge of what was to happen certified, it is not certain that he would have modified his course.

All through the long night the doctors fought for his life, and when light came the issue still hung in doubt.

CHAPTER XII.

Maisie closed the book softly, and let her hands fall into her lap. She had been reading to him from a volume of old English ballads and lyrics. This was another taste they had in common, the love of choice old verse; and Devvieux had fallen into eager, appreciative criticism. Indeed, she had found it necessary to exert her authority as nurse to restrain him, for he was still weak as a child.

She had continued to read to him, under a prohibition of silence on his part; and he had listened in sheer content of happiness to the melody of her voice. Her reading touched to life so exquisitely the old lyrics that he fitted to it instinctively Dobson's

—clear as after rain-drops
The music of the birds.

But he had been silent so long she judged him asleep, and her voice had gradually died away. She leaned back in a corner of the big armchair and watched him to her heart's content. He had had a hard fight for life, and the struggle had left its marks upon him. There were weary shadows under the eyes, and the gay, responsive face had grown thin and sharper in contour. But the loss in good looks had but emphasized the quality of the man; had accented his charm for her by defining more clearly the spiritual in him. He was the farthest in the world from a

prig; had always been inclined to laugh at himself and his failures. And this self-depreciation, the hatred of appearing a *poseur*, had obscured measurably his high purposes. She had always been sure that he was not of those that lived by bread alone, and it pleased her now that the city had awakened to a sudden pride and admiration of him.

Perhaps it pleased him, too, but it amused him a good deal more, and very considerably embarrassed him. For he had become in a day the hero of his State, and had made a narrow shave of being its martyr. One of those manias for hero-worship that obsess the American people had swept the Rockies and made him its victim. The papers exaggerated his services, and endowed him with virtues he never had possessed. He had saved the State. He was a twentieth century leader, a captain of the Common Good. Magazine writers were already in the field to tell to the world dramatically the story of his fight against graft.

All of this she had read to him with a good deal of manifest humor and not a little secret pleasure. One of the nice things about Devvie, she had discovered, was that you could spoil him without turning his head. His sense of humor was too robust to leave much room for heroics.

She thought of this now as she watched him lying there with his eyes shut, very worn and pallid with the struggle. All of the sweet charm and fascination of him still drew her. At a chance meeting of the eyes that little shock of pleasure never failed. But his helplessness had called out the divine maternity that lies dormant in every good woman, ready to leap to life in behalf of those she loves.

She rose softly and straightened the bed-covering, not so much because it was necessary as because she loved to be doing something for him. He opened his eyes and smiled.

"Did I awaken you?" she reproached herself.

"I have not been asleep."

"Thinking?"

"Letting thoughts happen."

"Happy ones?"

"Very."

"And am I not to share them?"

"I was thinking how good it is to have you here, dear, and how I shall miss you when you are gone."

"Is that all?" she sweetly scoffed.

"I can think that myself."

"And do you?" he asked shyly, for, since his sickness, there had been between them no direct reference to their love, though it had seldom been out of their thoughts.

"You silly boy! Of course I do."

should be if I were filling my engagements."

"Still, I can't keep you here forever. You must go this week. It isn't fair."

"I have been needing the rest. Why are you in such a hurry to get rid of me?"

"Am I in a hurry?" he smiled ruefully. "I suppose that is because I would like you to stay. I'm a disciple of Herrick:

"By Love's religion, I must here confess it,
The most I love when I the least express it."



"And a lifetime isn't long enough, my boy."

"That's good hearing." He presently added: "But you must go this week. I can't have you sacrificing your tour this way. If I continue to keep you from your audiences, I shall become the most unpopular man in the country."

"So you are up to your old Irish blarney again. You're getting well fast, sir. The trouble is that I hear such glowing reports from my understudy there seems no need of haste. Besides, think of the advertising I am getting by staying with you. I am more in the public eye here than I

"That's a verse would cloak many a lover's sin of omission," she laughed. "You are like the little boy who wrote out a copy of his prayer and pinned it over the head of his bed. When he was tired and in a hurry to deliver himself to the sand-man, he just nodded toward his prayer and said: 'You know my sentiments, Lord.'"

"Certainly you know mine, my Lady of Dreams. I'm not going to make of them a burden to you."

"A burden, Devvie?" she reproached.

"An obligation, if you like the word better."

"You'll be pleased to know, then, that I'm going to join my company next week."

"It's a relief to my conscience."

"So, of course, you are delighted to hear it?"

"I ought to be, oughtn't I?"

They looked at each other and laughed, with that subtle light of mutual understanding that is the lover's heaven-born privilege.

"I'll have to leave by to-morrow night to reach San Francisco in time. That gives us just one day, three hours"—she looked at her watch—"and fifty-five minutes."

"Of heaven," he added, with a little laugh. "I'm speaking for myself, of course."

"You're speaking for me, too, Devvie," she nodded, with light-hearted sincerity.

It was impossible to believe that either time or distance could really separate them in such an enchanted world of sunshine. The birds on the flower-porch outside his window sang no more joyously than their hearts.

Tiny imps of merriment sparkled in her eyes. She leaned back in the big chair, her elbow supported by its arm, her dimpled chin in her hand. Some source of amusement hidden from him seemed to offer her food for mirth. He waited, quite sure that he would presently be included.

"One day, three hours, and fifty minutes," she murmured.

"Better twenty hours of Devvie than a cycle of J. B.," he parodied lazily.

"That is not very nice of you, sir. Mr. Stoneman has been here every day to inquire for you."

"Perhaps I didn't quite mean it. And how do you and Mr. Stoneman hit it off?"

"We don't hit it off at all. He does not condescend to the least interest in me. Sometimes I wonder whether he would be so much interested in the health of our city hero were it not to

show to the world the great magnanimity of which he is capable. One day, three hours, and forty-five minutes."

"Afraid I can't keep up with you. I know, of course, that it is my play, but I can't seem to localize the play. Be a good fellow and help me out."

"There isn't anything you have forgotten, is there?"

"I can't think of it."

"Nothing else that you would like?"

"One thing, but I understand that it is not attainable just now."

She busied herself with his medicine-bottles. "It is time to take this."

He observed that a delicate rose bloom had mounted to her cheeks, that she did not meet his eyes so frankly as usual. Reaching out, he captured the hand that held the spoon.

"Look out, Devvie. You'll spill it."

He laughed happily. "No, I sha'n't. You have not poured it yet. Put down that bottle. That's good. Now sit on the edge of the bed. I want to tell you something."

"I can hear you where I am." Her eyes had grown suddenly shy.

"You can hear better here."

She moved. "Well—since you are so masterful."

"I want to tell you that we are engaged."

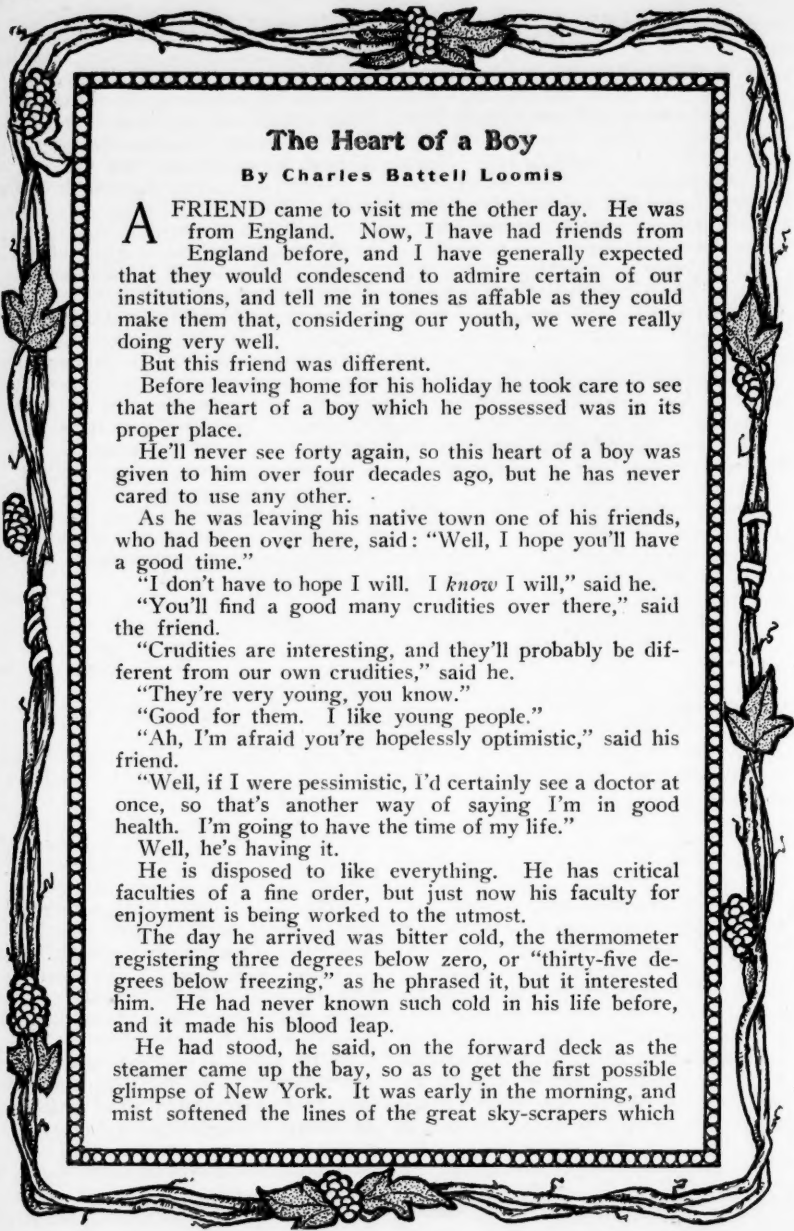
"Since when?" And immediately, "Did I ask you? Was I shameless?" she demanded.

"Quite." He laughed softly. "You see, I don't ask you. I merely announce it because I thought you might be interested in knowing we belong."

"To each other," she interrupted, and flamed out, her soft eyes loving him. "Oh, I knew that already."

"Good. You now have one day, three hours, and forty minutes in which to be good to me." He fell back against his pillows and smiled at her.

With an arm reaching out to embrace him, she put her head beside him in sweet surrender. "And a lifetime isn't long enough, my boy."



The Heart of a Boy

By Charles Battell Loomis

A FRIEND came to visit me the other day. He was from England. Now, I have had friends from England before, and I have generally expected that they would condescend to admire certain of our institutions, and tell me in tones as affable as they could make them that, considering our youth, we were really doing very well.

But this friend was different.

Before leaving home for his holiday he took care to see that the heart of a boy which he possessed was in its proper place.

He'll never see forty again, so this heart of a boy was given to him over four decades ago, but he has never cared to use any other.

As he was leaving his native town one of his friends, who had been over here, said: "Well, I hope you'll have a good time."

"I don't have to hope I will. I *know* I will," said he.

"You'll find a good many crudities over there," said the friend.

"Crudities are interesting, and they'll probably be different from our own crudities," said he.

"They're very young, you know."

"Good for them. I like young people."

"Ah, I'm afraid you're hopelessly optimistic," said his friend.

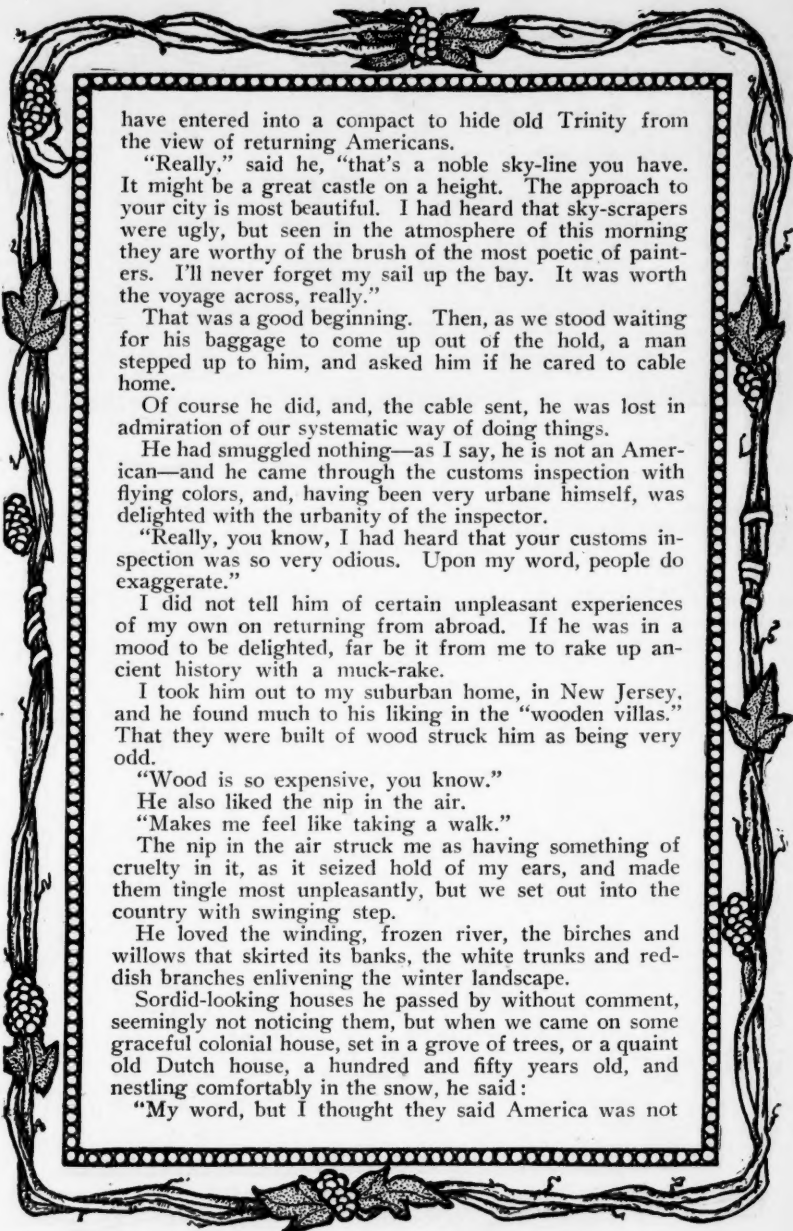
"Well, if I were pessimistic, I'd certainly see a doctor at once, so that's another way of saying I'm in good health. I'm going to have the time of my life."

Well, he's having it.

He is disposed to like everything. He has critical faculties of a fine order, but just now his faculty for enjoyment is being worked to the utmost.

The day he arrived was bitter cold, the thermometer registering three degrees below zero, or "thirty-five degrees below freezing," as he phrased it, but it interested him. He had never known such cold in his life before, and it made his blood leap.

He had stood, he said, on the forward deck as the steamer came up the bay, so as to get the first possible glimpse of New York. It was early in the morning, and mist softened the lines of the great sky-scrapers which



have entered into a compact to hide old Trinity from the view of returning Americans.

"Really," said he, "that's a noble sky-line you have. It might be a great castle on a height. The approach to your city is most beautiful. I had heard that sky-scrapers were ugly, but seen in the atmosphere of this morning they are worthy of the brush of the most poetic of painters. I'll never forget my sail up the bay. It was worth the voyage across, really."

That was a good beginning. Then, as we stood waiting for his baggage to come up out of the hold, a man stepped up to him, and asked him if he cared to cable home.

Of course he did, and, the cable sent, he was lost in admiration of our systematic way of doing things.

He had smuggled nothing—as I say, he is not an American—and he came through the customs inspection with flying colors, and, having been very urbane himself, was delighted with the urbanity of the inspector.

"Really, you know, I had heard that your customs inspection was so very odious. Upon my word, people do exaggerate."

I did not tell him of certain unpleasant experiences of my own on returning from abroad. If he was in a mood to be delighted, far be it from me to rake up ancient history with a muck-rake.

I took him out to my suburban home, in New Jersey, and he found much to his liking in the "wooden villas." That they were built of wood struck him as being very odd.

"Wood is so expensive, you know."

He also liked the nip in the air.

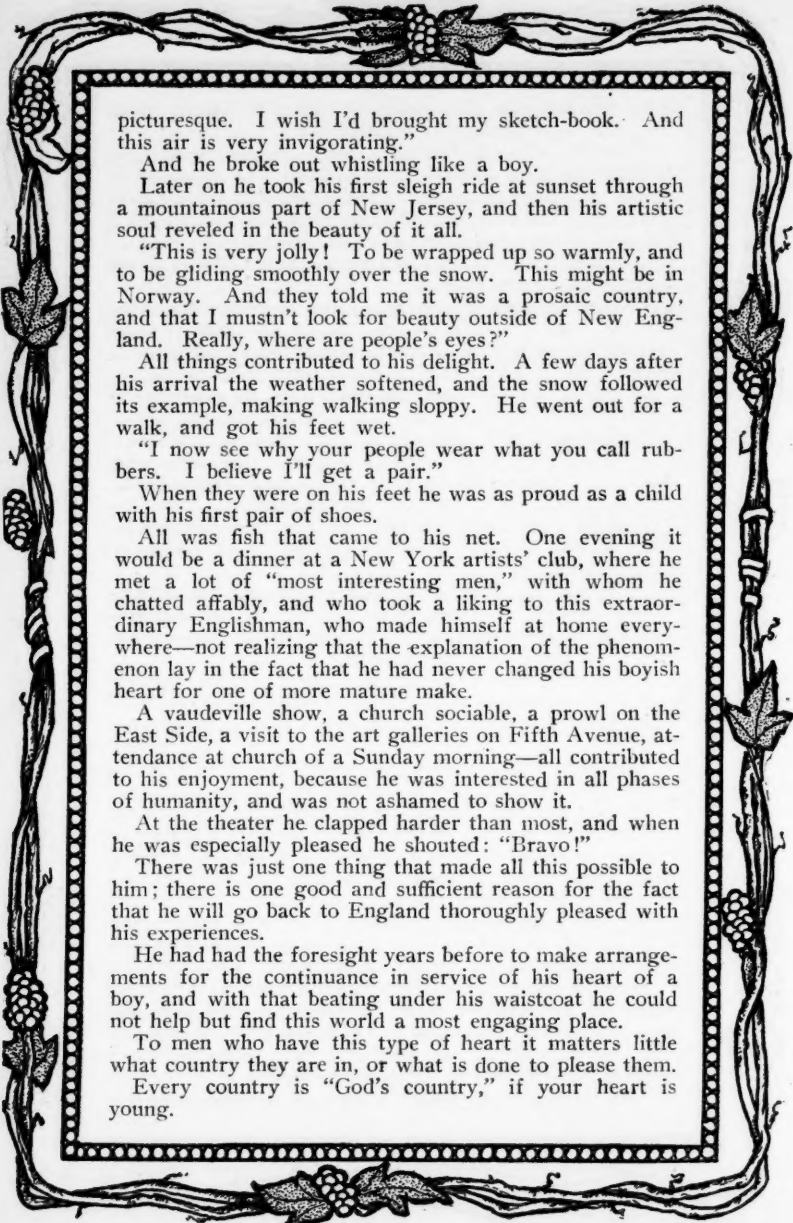
"Makes me feel like taking a walk."

The nip in the air struck me as having something of cruelty in it, as it seized hold of my ears, and made them tingle most unpleasantly, but we set out into the country with swinging step.

He loved the winding, frozen river, the birches and willows that skirted its banks, the white trunks and red-dish branches enlivening the winter landscape.

Sordid-looking houses he passed by without comment, seemingly not noticing them, but when we came on some graceful colonial house, set in a grove of trees, or a quaint old Dutch house, a hundred and fifty years old, and nestling comfortably in the snow, he said:

"My word, but I thought they said America was not



picturesque. I wish I'd brought my sketch-book. And this air is very invigorating."

And he broke out whistling like a boy.

Later on he took his first sleigh ride at sunset through a mountainous part of New Jersey, and then his artistic soul reveled in the beauty of it all.

"This is very jolly! To be wrapped up so warmly, and to be gliding smoothly over the snow. This might be in Norway. And they told me it was a prosaic country, and that I mustn't look for beauty outside of New England. Really, where are people's eyes?"

All things contributed to his delight. A few days after his arrival the weather softened, and the snow followed its example, making walking sloppy. He went out for a walk, and got his feet wet.

"I now see why your people wear what you call rubbers. I believe I'll get a pair."

When they were on his feet he was as proud as a child with his first pair of shoes.

All was fish that came to his net. One evening it would be a dinner at a New York artists' club, where he met a lot of "most interesting men," with whom he chatted affably, and who took a liking to this extraordinary Englishman, who made himself at home everywhere—not realizing that the explanation of the phenomenon lay in the fact that he had never changed his boyish heart for one of more mature make.

A vaudeville show, a church sociable, a prow on the East Side, a visit to the art galleries on Fifth Avenue, attendance at church on a Sunday morning—all contributed to his enjoyment, because he was interested in all phases of humanity, and was not ashamed to show it.

At the theater he clapped harder than most, and when he was especially pleased he shouted: "Bravo!"

There was just one thing that made all this possible to him; there is one good and sufficient reason for the fact that he will go back to England thoroughly pleased with his experiences.

He had had the foresight years before to make arrangements for the continuance in service of his heart of a boy, and with that beating under his waistcoat he could not help but find this world a most engaging place.

To men who have this type of heart it matters little what country they are in, or what is done to please them.

Every country is "God's country," if your heart is young.



By Alexander Hume Ford

Few people realize the growing tendency among the wealthier Americans to spend at least a portion of the year afloat. The following article gives an idea of the opportunities for pleasant travel and the chances for extravagant expenditure that our newer civilization holds forth.



HERE are more than ten thousand Americans who go yacht cruising every year in foreign waters. Some of these are millionaires who possess their own floating palaces, but the great majority are men and women of fairly moderate means, who have acquired the craze for ocean yachting.

From New York City, the fleet of cruising yachts that numbered one solitary chartered steamer in 1868—when Mark Twain acquired name and fame by describing its cruise—has grown to such proportions that special ten and twelve-thousand-ton boats are built exclusively for this service; designed upon the lines of the private yacht, they carry neither mail nor freight, merely visiting foreign lands and allowing their guests to roam ashore here and there about the world at will. As there is but one class of passengers carried on these pleasure yachts, really three styles of boat are placed in commission. There are the regular gigantic steamers chartered by tourist agencies; trans-

formed for the time being into pleasure yachts, they carry upward of a thousand conducted people. There are other steamers, run by various transatlantic steamship companies, which limit the number of cruisers on one trip to three hundred and fifty. And there are the yachts.

The more expensive yachts carry a crew of two hundred, and limit their house-parties to that number of guests per cruise. Each passenger is given a cabin to himself, if he so desires, even if he pays but the minimum daily rate, which is ten dollars. The less expensively equipped yachts also provide single cabins, but the furnishings are not so luxurious, for the minimum rate per diem is as low as five dollars—about what it costs to cruise on the “conducted” cruising steamers. What wonder, then, that yacht cruising has become a fad that has caught the American fancy, and has grown to proportions that may compel a complete revolution in the methods of transoceanic passenger traffic!

You may sail from New York on a “round-the-world cruise,” or you may

board one of the white yachts that make a round of the isles of the Caribbean almost entirely in home waters. In the winter-time, a part of the yacht fleet that has grown up in European waters comes to America, and when summer comes again the Yankee fleet joins that of Europe, and the American tourist becomes as familiar a sight among the fiords of Norway and at the seaside resorts of Belgium and the British Isles, as is his stay-at-home brother at Long Branch and Atlantic City. During the winter months, the chronic cruiser "does the Mediterranean," either by direct yacht from New York or aboard one of the numerous smaller yachts recently built for the Mediterranean service.

Americans spend, perhaps, some five million dollars annually for passage money alone on foreign cruising upon modern steam-yachts. This, of course, is entirely exclusive of the many millions spent by ordinary passengers who cross the pond on the regular Atlantic liners. In fact, as already intimated, yacht cruising is beginning to supersede the old style of ocean travel among those who go abroad entirely for pleasure. The yacht becomes a hotel, in which a stay is prolonged from one to six months, as the case may be. The minimum rates aboard the smaller floating hotels are about five dollars a day. This includes first-class service throughout, for there are no second-class cabins aboard the cruising yachts. The average bill of the cruise, however, is probably somewhere near the ten-dollar-a-day mark, exclusive of the shore excursions, which may be made to take up fifty per cent. of the time given to the cruise. The man with an income of twenty-five hundred dollars a year may live very comfortably the year round aboard a cruising yacht; and there are those who do.

I have met Americans who, having saved up a few thousands, permitted themselves to become slaves to the cruising habit, and proudly boasted that they had not spent a night ashore in years. One loquacious compatriot I met in the far East was just concluding

his first round-the-world cruise—that is, from New York around to San Francisco. It had taken him just a year—he had changed yachts seven times, and, if his money held out, he intended to return the way he had come. "You learn what to see on your first cruise," he explained; "then on the next you can see it." He offered me his note-book in proof of an argument that it cost him no more to spend his life cruising than it cost me to live at the hotel in which I was stopping. I copied his itinerary as he had jotted it down, and here it is—his proposed expenditures for a year's cruising, to which he informed me he had adhered to the day and dollar.

Took January cruise to the Caribbean..	\$150
Sailed January 30 for Mediterranean cruise	300
Finished April on Adriatic yacht.....	50
Left Venice 1st May, for cruise of Spanish, French, and Belgian coasts, etc.....	150
Spent June cruising around British Isles	150
July, took "Land of Midnight Sun" cruise	150
August, cruised about Baltic Sea.....	150
September, left Hamburg for cruise to San Francisco	600
	<hr/> \$1,700

"Of course, that's not all," added my loquacious acquaintance. "There were, and are, the shore trips, 160 days in all, at five dollars a day: just \$800; which added to the \$1,700 makes \$2,500. I expect a remittance at San Francisco, and if I get it, shall right-about face and take the same cruises over again in the other direction."

I had been about the world considerably, but this would-be globe-trotter, who scarce six months before had never been outside of his native land, was showing me a new phase of travel. He interested me—I invited him to dinner, he accepted, and before we parted I had caught the fever that has never since left me. I, too, have become a cruiser.

"Delightful life!" he exclaimed, over the nuts and wine—he had had six months of it. "Could die cruising. Meet such jolly nice people, break up in cliques—and there you are—no part-

ing at every port. What? Me sleep ashore? Never! In another hour I'll go down to the nearest dock, call for a sampan, pay a coolie to scull me home, turn into my bunk, and save a hotel-bill, if you please. After breakfast on the yacht to-morrow, I'll pay another nickel fare and come ashore. I always dine aboard ship if we are moored to a dock; if not, I get my lunch and dinner ashore—why, it wouldn't cost five dollars a day if it weren't for the tips—the tips at the end of a 120 days' cruise! I hate to think of them!"

And so my guest bubbled on, oozing information at every pore. It was his first run around the world, and nothing escaped him. How I envied him his first impressions!

"Queer thing about those German yachts," he confided to me in a half-whisper, as I helped him into the sampan that was to take him home. "They have two kinds—one, ten dollars a day; the other, five dollars a day—minimum rates—you understand. Charge you ten dollars a day on the yacht the emperor designed, spent a million on the furnishings; bully for millionaires, but you take the five-dollar-a-day boats—just as good in my estimation—good night—I'm all right."

And that was the last I saw or heard of the man from whom I contracted a disease that has become chronic. The cruisers have claimed me as their own.

The cruise most enticing to Americans is the three months' round of the Mediterranean. New York is left behind in midwinter, and before the week is out the yacht is anchoring in the neighborhood of summer lands. Thousands take this cruise every winter now. The millionaire who occupies the cabin de luxe, at a cost of \$3,000, may, perhaps have his auto in the hold, which he is permitted to run ashore at ports where the yacht docks, while the young clerk who has saved up for years, and pays the minimum rate of \$300 for his berth, takes his bicycle along; he can take that ashore in a rowboat; and there are many occasions upon which several days may be spent ashore.

There are those who remain tranquilly aboard ship throughout the cruise, but, after the two days of mountain-climbing in the island of Madeira, the active young American is glad to leave ship for a few days, when she touches at Cadiz, knowing that he can join her again at Gibraltar or Malaga, after almost a week's sightseeing in southern Spain.

The multimillionaire runs his auto ashore, and away he flies at a forty-mile clip for Seville, Cordova, and the Alhambra. The ordinary millionaire takes the fast express-train, and the young student, who must keep his expenses down to the very lowest, spurts after the automobile on his cycle. It's dollars to dimes that the man on the wheel enjoys his trip more than does the man in the auto, and it is certain that he sees more and learns more of the country than any other class of traveler.

Then there is the conducted party—most first-time cruisers join the conducted shore-excursions—it saves the bother of looking for hotels; then the "conductors" usually hire all the cabs and special trains in advance.

How many little Yankee traits crop out on a cruise of this sort! There is the young graduate who earned his way through college; early habits are strong; he has purchased a two thousand Spanish mileage-ticket in New York for forty-one dollars; it is good for seven persons in one party, but cannot be bought in Spain without giving ten days' notice to the superintendent of railways. The regular railway rates are three times what the college man has paid; need I point out how he makes his five-day trip through Andalusia cost him exactly—nothing?

Of course, aboard the palatial cruising yacht no one considers expense, but among those on the ordinary cruising yachts are many who make every dollar go as far as it can.

In Italy, tickets good for a week's or a month's travel on the railways are sold at very low rates, but as the yachts seldom stop more than forty-eight hours at any one Italian port, the

yachtsmen seldom avail themselves of these. From two to three weeks are usually given the sightseers in Egypt and the Holy Land, and here the millionaire passengers can revel in things forbidden to many of the less wealthy members of the big family aboard yacht. Up to this portion of the journey it has been impossible—aboard the ordinary cruising hotel—to discover which are the poor and which the rich, but now comes the supreme test. The cost of a trip up the Nile on one of the little steamers that monopolize the river's passenger traffic and divide spoils with the Khedive of Egypt, seems insignificant to the wealthy pleasure-seeker; he scarcely realizes that the cost of his conducted shore trip in Egypt runs up into hundreds of dollars; as much, in fact, as the cost to many of the entire cruise from New York to Egypt and back. The hotel trust has also sought to gain a foothold in Egypt, so that it takes a keen American of the middle class to get through the country without paying too dear for his whistle. But, then, Cairo is inexpensive, and is surrounded by a paradise far more entrancing than the desert-encircled ruins farther up the river.

Railway travel for any distance in Upper Egypt is only possible to the white man at night, when the sleeping-car company, that has a monopoly, seemingly, everywhere in the Old World, makes the Yankee tourist wonder why he ever thought Pullman rates—or the eighteen-hour trains between Chicago and New York—expensive. The eight or ten cents a mile for so-called first-class railway service in Upper Egypt is only excelled by the still higher rate per mile charged on the river-boats. Third class by rail is entirely out of the question in Upper Egypt, and second class does not entitle you to secure a sleeper—so when in Upper Egypt make up your mind that you will be divorced from your wealth, and you will not be disappointed.

Some day the steamship companies plying passenger yachts on the Mediterranean will receive a heaven-sent inspiration, and go about establishing

shore-excursion conveniences for their patrons; the entire cruise will be inclusive, and the cruiser will pay his money and take no further thought of his pleasure or comfort. May the lightning strike first in the Orient!

The Holy Land is at last emerging from the control of the company that provides the hotel coupons, the dragoons, and the caravan outfits that make travel in this little back country, not so large as the State of Delaware, as expensive as a grand tour of Europe and America. The Yankees have been after the sultan, and he is building a railway from Damascus to Mecca; already this railroad passes not very far distant from Jerusalem—just on the other side of the River Jordan and the Dead Sea. A railway now runs from the port of Beirut to Damascus, and another from Damascus by way of the Sea of Galilee and Nazareth to Haifa on the coast, while Jerusalem is connected by rail with its seaport—Joppa. The cruising yachts call at these three ports, usually sailing back and forth, so that with the recent railway development in the Holy Land it will cost the cruiser no more to see all the Biblical places of interest than it would cost a New Yorker to do the seaside resorts of the Jersey coast. Mark Twain would scarcely know the old stamping-ground of his "Innocents Abroad," now that American steel rails gridiron the land, and the shriek of the second-hand Yankee locomotive frightens the sorry nags of Bedouin frauds into something like a jog-trot.

As on the first cruise in 1868, so today, Athens and Constantinople are included in the itinerary of the yachting trip to the Orient. The Black Sea cruises have been discouraged by the recent turn of affairs in Russia, but once the ocean yacht returns to Italian waters, the Adriatic and the Mediterranean seem to swarm with yachts and Americans afloat. Yacht cruising is one of the things to do nowadays, so that even those Americans who arrive in Europe by means of the old style passenger steamers, that still carry mail and freight, feel that they must at least take one real yacht cruise; so

fortunes are made chartering steam-yachts on the Mediterranean to American visitors, and several companies maintain steam-yachts especially for the Yankee tourists, who seem to prefer this to any other mode of travel. All winter long, 'way into spring, swift passenger yachts are forever passing each other in the warm waters of the Mediterranean. It is like returning to America to board one of these sleek little vessels, which are, after all, but house-boats filled with a congenial people who quickly become acquainted, although they may intend never to recognize one another once they return to their native land.

When summer comes, there is a general exodus of the American—and the steam-yacht—from Mediterranean waters. The white fleet, steams away, creeping along the shores of Spain, Portugal, and France. Toward June the tide of American travel has set in toward England. The smaller cruising yachts now make a trip around the British Isles, picking up a party of Americans here and there. Even the cold Britains and the phlegmatic Germans have caught the contagion; so that when Iceland is reached, the farthest point north on this cruise, it is often a polyglot house-party that is aboard.

In July, Hamburg and London become the starting-points for the grand cruise of the summer. From these points scores of yachts, private and passenger, head their prows toward the Land of the Midnight Sun. The ten-dollar-a-day floating palaces crowd upon the heels of the private yachts of the millionaire owners, and the five-dollar-a-day yacht hotels crowd upon the heels of the more luxurious house-boats. Some of the yachts leave the North Cape far behind, and land their passengers upon the island of Spitzbergen, within the Arctic Circle, where the sun shines for months at a time.

It is only when winter comes again that the swiftest and best yachts of the fleet once more turn their prows in the direction of America.

Within a few years the yachting

cruise in American waters has become the fashionable outing during the cold weather. At first a single magnificent white yacht was despatched every few weeks for a cruise of the Caribbean Sea and the coast of Venezuela. Other steamship companies suddenly awoke to the fact that at our very doors, neglected, lay some of the finest scenery and the most delectable islands in the whole world. Competition became rife. Cruises to Jamaica and other adjacent islands were offered for less than a third of the old fare—the great white yachts alone maintained their ten-dollar-a-day rate. Magnificent hotels began to spring up upon scores of islands of the Caribbean Sea, and the cruising yachts saw that it was to their advantage to exchange courtesies with the hotels that they had made possible, so the five-dollar-a-day boats began to permit stop-overs at the same daily rate charged aboard yacht. Everything began to boom along the American Riviera.

The advantages of the Caribbean cruise over those of European waters lie in the fact that at Nassau one may join or leave the yachts, a swift ferry-boat connecting the Florida railway system with the island of Nassau. And then, too, one may take an eleven-day cruise to the southern isles, including our new possession, Porto Rico, while the foreign cruises must necessarily extend over weeks and months.

So extensive has the yacht cruising industry in American waters become, that now it is possible to leave the New York yacht at some Venezuelan port, and board another cruiser for European ports.

As the railways tend to become consolidated, so the cruising tours find it to their advantage to blend into one another. When one yacht cruise ends nowadays another is apt to begin, so that the chronic cruiser, who so desires, may purchase a five or ten-dollar-a-day ticket in New York, very much as he would purchase a mileage railway-book, and keep cruising until the end of time, or until he becomes surfeited with travel, a most unlikely chance, I

have found; for, with my family on the yacht, I am quite content to cruise indefinitely, and make my home aboard ship, visiting my friends in various parts of the world, as the fancy strikes me.

No shore hotel is as complete and luxurious as the modern, up-to-date passenger cruising yacht. There is a spacious gymnasium for the athlete, a dark room for the amateur photographer, a library for the studious and frivolous reader, a grill-room for the man who gets hungry between meals, and a swimming-pool for the man who finds the bath-tubs too cramped—but he must bathe early, for the great twenty-foot-long canvas pond that is rigged up on the fore deck at daylight comes down before the ladies arise for their morning constitutional.

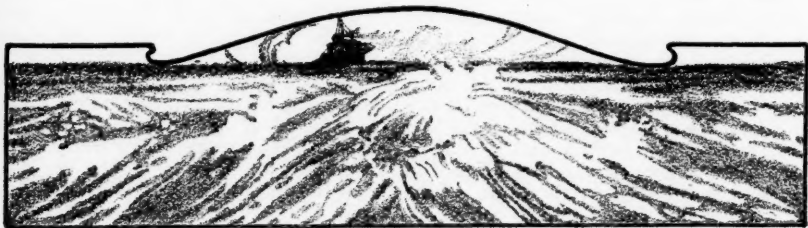
Now that the passenger elevator has been added to the most recent type of floating hotel, how can the shore article hope to compete? For even in the matter of veranda room, the cruising yacht has the double advantage of space and a constantly changing panorama.

Five meals a day are served aboard the yachts, and the delicacies of every clime are accumulated in the cold-storage rooms, to be sprung upon the unsuspecting guest at most opportune moments. At every port a new national dish is added to the bill of fare, and another dropped. If variety is the

spice of life, the existence aboard the yacht hotel is certainly well seasoned.

There is a difference in the yachts. On the more expensive boats that carry but 200 guests the luxury is regal, and every one has a brass bedstead and plenty of deck space to himself. Upon the less expensive yachts, carrying 300 cruisers, the appointments equal those of the crack American liners; and even on the giant greyhounds, pressed into yacht service every winter, those that limit their passenger-list to 350 give ample room to each and all; but, although a ship's capacity may be 3,000 passengers, it must be remembered that most of this accommodation is in the steerage, so one must be prepared to put up with certain discomforts in a crowd of 700 or 1,000 upon even the largest vessel afloat. If you wish to travel like an American king, select the yachts that make a minimum rate of ten dollars per day; as for the others, they are quite good enough for princes and ordinary folks.

The number of Americans who turn from the old way of ocean travel to the new is increasing annually. The cruising yacht has proved that it has come to stay; it makes its way now to every quarter of the globe, and every ship-building nation is building new passenger yachts that will depend for their chief support upon the well-known liberality of the luxury-loving American tourist.



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AMERICAN NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENT



The "Bolsover" Prize

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

ILLUSTRATIONS
BY
ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

THERE was once a fellow at Dunston's, ages and ages ago, called Bolsover, who turned into a novelist afterward; and he was so frightfully keen about other fellows turning into novelists, too, that he gave a prize for composition. It was a book worth a lot of money, and Doctor Dunston, the head master, had to choose it each year, and only the junior school was allowed to enter for it, according to the conditions made by the man who gave it. Steggles said he rather doubted if the novelist fellow would have much cared for the books that Doctor Dunston chose for the prizes, because they were not novels at all, but very improving books—chiefly natural history; which Steggles said was not good for trade from the novelist's point of view.

No doubt old Dunston ought to have bought novels; and Steggles went further, and said that it would have been a sporting thing for Doctor Dunston to get the novelist fellow's own books, of which he wrote a great many for a living. Steggles had read one once, but he didn't tell me much about it, excepting that there was a man with two wives in it, and that it had three hundred and seventy-five pages, and no pictures.

Anyway, the composition prize always interested us in the lower school, and it interested me especially once, because the subject was "Wild Flowers,"

and my cousin, Norman Tomkins, happened to be pretty clever at them.

When he heard about it, Tomkins went instantly to Gideon, who lends money at usury, being a Jew, and said: "Look here, Gid, I'll sell you the 'Bolsover' prize now on the spot—and for just half its value! Thus you'll make fifty per cent. profit."

And Gideon said: "The profit would be about right, but where's the prize?"

And Tomkins said: "I've got to write for it on Monday week; but it's as good as mine, because nobody in the lower school knows anything about wild flowers excepting me, and I can tell you the name of thirty-four right off the reel; so there's an end of it, as far as I can see." Which shows what a hopeful sort of chap Tomkins was.

But unfortunately Gideon knew the great hopefulness of Tomkins about everything, and also knew that it did not always come off.

He said: "Who are in for the prize?"

And I said: "First Tomkins, then Walters, then Smythe, and also MacMullen."

"There you are!" said Tomkins. "Just take them one by one and ask yourself. If it was chemistry, Smythe might run me close, or even beat me; but in the subject of wild flowers he is nothing. Then young Walters is certainly a flyer at the subject of Chinese kites, but he can't drag them in much; and, anyway, his English is frightfully wild. Well, that only leaves MacMullen, and MacMullen's strong point is machinery. He never looked at a flower in his life. When we went out of



"Look here, Gid, I'll sell you the 'Bolsover' prize now on the spot—and for just half its value!"

bounds on the railway embankment, he simply sat and watched the signals work, and took down the number of a freight-engine that passed. And when he got up, I discovered that he'd actually been sitting on a bee-orchis—one of the rarest flowers in the world! When I showed him what he'd done, he merely said: 'A bee-orchis? Lucky it don't sting!' So that shows he's no use. In fact, when he hears the subject hasn't got anything to do with steam-power, I doubt if he'll go in."

But Gideon knew MacMullen better. "He'll go in," he said. "His age is just right, and he won't be eligible to try again. He's not the chap to throw away the chance of getting a valuable book just because the subject doesn't happen to be steam-power. Besides, there's always a week allowed to get up the thing. I bet by Monday week Mac will know as much about wild flowers as you do—perhaps more."

"Of course, as a chum of his you say that," answered Tomkins. "But I've

made a lifetime study of wild flowers, and it's childish to think that MacMullen, or anybody else, is going to learn all I know in a week."

"He can spell, anyway," said Gideon, "which is more than you can."

In fact, Gideon didn't seem so hopeful about Tomkins getting the prize as you might have thought, and it surprised Tomkins a good deal. Gideon had a right to speak, because in his time he'd won this prize himself. When he won it, the subject happened to be "Political Economy"; which was, of course, like giving

the prize to Gideon, owing to his tremendous knowledge about money.

The time was July, and so next half-holiday Tomkins and me went into the country for a walk, for Tomkins to freshen up his ideas about the wild flowers.

He certainly knew a lot, but several things I picked bothered him, and once or twice, I think, he was altogether wrong about them. He picked a good many that he evidently didn't know at all, and carried them back to school, to ask Mr. Browne the names of them, and anything worth mentioning about them.

Then, coming back through Merivale, who should we see but MacMullen, with his nose flat against the window of an old book-shop there?

"Look here," he said; "there's a second-hand botany in here cheap. But I haven't the coin. Can one of you fellows lend me some till next week?"

He looked at the flowers Tomkins had picked as he spoke.

"D'you know many of them?" said

Tomkins, knowing well that Mac wouldn't.

"Only that—that nettle," said MacMullen, rather doubtfully.

"It isn't a nettle," said Tomkins.

But he was so pleased to see what a frightful duffer MacMullen really was that he lent him the money on the spot.

I thought Tomkins was rather a fool to increase MacMullen's chances like this; but Tomkins said, in his large way, that a few facts out of a botany-book wouldn't help MacMullen now, especially if he didn't know the difference between sage and nettles.

"By Jove, I don't believe he knows the difference between sage and onions, for that matter!" said Tomkins.

Then Mac came out with the book, and we all went back together.

II.

It was frightfully interesting to see the different ways those four fellows went about trying for the "Bolsöver" prize. Tomkins got special leave off games, and spent his spare time in the lanes. He confessed to me that he was frightfully ignorant about grasses, and thought, on the whole, that it would be safer to leave them out of the essay. MacMullen told me that the whole subject bored him a good bit, but he thought he could learn enough about it to do something decent in a week. He was always pulling flowers to pieces, and talking about calyces and corollas, and seed-cases and stamens, and other wild things of that sort. I asked Tomkins if it promised well for MacMullen to learn about stamens and so on, and how to spell them; and Tomkins said not.

Tomkins said: "Browne may very likely favor him, as we know he has before, owing to his feeling for everything Scotch, from oatmeal downward; but, all the same, the subject is wild flowers, not botany. It's rather a poetical subject, in a way, and that's no good to MacMullen. No, I don't think Mac has any chance, though he did ask Browne to lend him the number of the

'Encyclopedia Britannica' with 'Botany' in it, to read in spare moments."

"I believe Browne was pleased, though," I said, "for I heard him answer that Mac was going the right way to work. Anyway, Mac read the article clean through, and copied a lot of it out on a bit of paper."

Tomkins nodded, and I think he saw that it was rather a grave thing for MacMullen to have done.

"I might read it myself," he said. "I'm a little foggy between genera and species, and varieties and natural orders. But what you want is really the names of the wild flowers themselves. Do you happen to know any poetry about flowers of a sort easily learned by heart?"

I didn't; but young Smythe, who was there, answered that he did.

He said: "What you say about poetry is awfully interesting to me, Tomkins, because I had thought the same. And I can make rimes rather well, and I had an idea I would try and do the whole of my composition in rime."

"Like your cheek," said Tomkins. "My dear kid, it will take you all your time to write prose. And what do you know about flowers, anyway?"

"I do know something," said Smythe, "owing to my father, who collects odd rimes and things. It's called folk-lore. It includes queer names of plants; also about remedies for warts, and the charms for curing animals from witches, and overlooking, and suchlike. I know some awful funny things, anyway, that my governor has told me, though they may not be true."

Tomkins was a good deal interested in this.

"Fancy a kid like you knowing anything at all about it!" he said.

There was only Walters left, but he was no good at all, and he'd simply gone in for it because his father insisted upon his doing so. I asked Walters if he knew much about wild flowers; and he answered something about cucumber-sandwiches, which he had once eaten in large quantities, owing to their being forgotten at a lawn-tennis party, and found by him in a summer-

house the next day, after the party was all over. He seemed to think because a cucumber was a vegetable, and a flower was a vegetable, that a cucumber was a flower. He said that was all he knew about the subject—excepting that dogs ate grass when not feeling well. So I told Tomkins he needn't bother about Walters.

Tomkins, however, assured us that he wasn't bothering about any of them. He said that facts were the things, and not theories. So while MacMullen sweated away at botany, and Smythe collected rimes, and offered anybody three links of a brass chain for a word that rimed with toad-flax, and Walters merely waited for the day, and made no effort as far as we could see, Tomkins poked about and went one evening out of bounds, with "Freckles" and young Corkey, and explored the meadows near Merivale. They were chased, but escaped, owing to the strat-

egy of Freckles; and Tomkins felt the "Bolsover" prize was now an absolute cert for him, because, in the meadows, he had met with an exceedingly rare flower—at least, he said so; and he believed that by mentioning it, and making a sketch of it in his paper, he would easily distance MacMullen, who did not so much as know there was such a flower.

As far as ages went, I must tell you that Tomkins was thirteen and two weeks, and MacMullen thirteen and two months, while Smythe was eleven and eight weeks, and Walters merely ten and a half.

All four put on a little "side" about it the Sunday before, and a good many other fellows wished they had gone in, because the papers had to be written in Doctor Dunston's own study, and there are some huge oil-pictures in that room such as are very seldom seen.

I asked each one after breakfast on the appointed day how he felt. Tomkins said: "Hopeful;" and MacMullen said: "Much as usual;" and Smythe said: "Sleepy, because I've been awake nearly all night remembering rimes I've heard my father say;" and Walters said he had a sort of rather horrid wish that *his* father had died the term before, because he didn't think his mother would have made him go in for a thing he hated so much as this.

III.

Two hours were allowed for the essay, and by good luck I happened to meet the four chaps just as they came out. So I got their ideas fresh on what they'd done. Curiously enough, all four were mighty pleased with themselves. Tomkins, of course, I knew would be, and probably also MacMullen, but both Smythe and even Walters seemed to think



Who should we see but MacMullen with his nose flat against the window of an old book-shop?

they had a good chance, too. This astonished me a great deal. So I said to Smythe:

"How the dickens d'you think any stuff you can have done would be near to what my cousin Tomkins has done?"

And he said:

"Because of the rimes. I was quite astonished myself to find how they came; and I also remembered a charm for chilblains, and some awfully peculiar sayings, just at the right moment."

And Walters also declared he'd done better than he expected to do. He seemed rather flustered about it, and wouldn't give any details; but he was highly excited, and inked up to the eyes, as you might say. He gave me the idea of a chap who'd been cribbing.

MacMullen looked rather a pale-yellow color, which he always does look at moments of great excitement. He wouldn't say a word to a soul until he'd gone to his botany-book and read up a lot of stuff. Then he felt better.

As to Tomkins, he told me privately, as his cousin, that he had got in the names of no less than forty-five plants and seven grasses.

"That *must* settle it," he said. And I said I thought so, too.

Mr. Browne corrected the essays that night, and prepared some notes upon them for Doctor Dunston to read when the time of announcing the winner came. We all stared hard at Browne during prep, the next day; and Steggle, who has no fear of Browne, because he leaves next term, asked him who had won. But Browne merely told him to mind his own business.

After prayers the next day the doctor stopped in the chapel, which was also a schoolroom, and told everybody to remain in his place.

Then he whispered to Corkey, and Corkey went off, and presently came back with a very swagger book bound in red leather, and having a yellow back, with gold letters upon it.

The doctor dearly likes these affairs; and so do we, because it means missing at least one class for certain, and some-



He stared in a frightfully fixed way at the boot of Smythe, who sat next to him.

times two. When he once fairly begins talking, he keeps at it. Now he had the four essays on the desk in front of him, and the prize; and then he spoke to Browne, and Browne led up MacMullen and Tomkins and Smythe and Walters.

They knew this was coming, and had all prepared to a certain extent. I noticed that Smythe had borrowed a green tie from Webster, and that Mac had turned his usual hue at times of excitement. Walters was still inky, despite pumice-stone.

"We have now, my boys, to make our annual award of the 'Harold Bolsover' prize for English composition," began the doctor. "Mr. Bolsover, whose name is now favorably known to his countrymen as an ingenious and original fabricator of romance, was educated at this seminary. To me it fell to instruct his incipient intellect and lift the vacuity of his childish mind upward and onward to the light of knowledge and religion.

"The art of fiction, while it must not

be considered a very elevating pursuit, may yet be regarded as a permissible career if the motives that guide the pen are lofty, and his moral is always the author's first consideration. Leisure does not permit me to read story-books myself; but I have little doubt that Mr. Bolsover's work is all that it should be from the Christian standpoint, and I feel confident that those lessons of charity, patience, loyalty, and honor, which he learned from my own lips, have borne worthy fruit.

"The work I have selected for the 'Bolsover' prize is 'Gilpin on Forest Scenery'—a book which leads us from nature to the contemplation of the Power above and behind nature; a book wherein the reverend author has excelled himself, and presented to our minds the loftiest thoughts, and to our eyes the most noble sights, which his piety and his observance could record, and his skill compass, within the space of a volume.

"For this notable reward four lads have entered in competition, and their emulation was excited by the theme of 'Wild Flowers,' which your senior classical master, Mr. Browne, very happily selected. Wild flowers are the jewelry of our hedgerows, scattered lavishly by nature's own generous hand to gladden the dusty wayside—to bring a smile to the face of the thirsty wanderer in the highway, and brightness to the eyes of the weary traveler by flood and field. None of you can have overlooked them. On your road to your sport, even in the very grass whereon you pursue your pastimes, the wild flowers abound. They deck the level sward; they smile at us from the football-field; they help to cheer the hour of mimic victory, or soften the bitter moment of failure, as we return, defeated, to the silent throng at the pavilion rails.

"Now, I have before me the thoughts of Nicol MacMullen, Norman Tomkins, George Gregory Smythe, and Rupert Walters on this subject; and I very much regret to say that not one of them has produced anything which may be considered worthy of Dun-

ston's or worthy of themselves. I do not overlook their tender years; I am not forgetting that to a mind like my own or Mr. Browne's, richly stored with all the best and most beautiful utterances on this subject, the crudities of immaturity must come with the profound and pitiful significance of contrast. No, no, I judge these four achievements from no impossible standard of perfection. I know too well how little can be expected from the boy who is but entering upon his teens, I am too familiar with the meager attainments of the average lad of one decade to ask for impossible accuracy, for poetic thought, or pious sentiments; but certain qualities I have the right to expect, nay, demand——"

Here Steggles whispered to me:

"Blessed if I don't think he's going to cane them!"

"Certain qualities Mr. Harold Bolsover has also the right to expect and demand. Do we find them in these essays before us? Reluctantly I reply we do not. But in order that you may judge whether your head master is unreasonable, that you of the upper school may estimate the nature of the works upon which I base this adverse criticism, I propose to read brief extracts from each and from all of them.

"The initial error of the boy Nicol MacMullen appears to be a total misunderstanding of the theme he was invited to illuminate. He begins his essay as follows."

The doctor made a frightful rustling among Mac's papers, and everybody looked at Mac. He had not expected this, and his mouth worked very queerly, and his head went down between his shoulders, and he showed one tooth and stared in a frightfully fixed way at the boot of Smythe, who sat next to him.

Then Doctor Dunston began:

"WILD FLOWERS.

"By Nicol MacMullen.

"The vegetable kingdom is a very large one. John Ray did much to advance the study of it. He was born in 1628, and died in 1705. There was a history of plants written three hundred years before Christ. Linnaeus was the man who invented the sex-

ual system—a very useful invention. It is a stepping-stone. He first mentioned it in 1736. Seaweeds are also a part of the vegetable kingdom, but they have no flowers, and so may be dismissed without further mention. Also Algae. Of leaves, it may be said that some fall and some do not. At least, speaking strictly, all fall, but not all at once. This is called a deciduous tree. Glands occur in the tissue of the leaves, and they also have hairs. Buds also have hairs. The organs of plants is almost the largest subject in the vegetable kingdom, but I have no time to mention more than one or two organs to-day. The root descends into the soil, the stems rise aloft, and the flowers bud out at the ends of them. Mistletoe and broomrape are called parasites, because they live on other trees, instead of being on their own.

"Coming now to flowers, we find that they may be divided into two main families: wild and garden. We shall dismiss garden flowers, as they do not belong to our subject, but wild flowers are the most beautiful things in the vegetable kingdom. Especially honeysuckle and blackberries. Many others will occur to the reader also. The flower is the tout ensemble of those organs which are concerned in reproduction—"

The doctor stopped and put down MacMullen's essay. For my part, I was simply amazed at the amount MacMullen knew, and I think everybody else was; but, strangely enough, the doctor didn't like it.

"From this point our author quotes verbatim out of the pages of the 'En-

cyclopedia Britannica,'" continued Doctor Dunston. "As an effort of memory, the result is highly creditable, and MacMullen will have acquired a great deal of botanical knowledge which may possibly be of service to him in his future career; but as an essayist on wild flowers he is exceedingly evasive, and

his effort fails radically and fundamentally. The subject is obviously not one that appeals to him. There is no sympathy, no love of his theme; above all, no moral deductions. MacMullen's mind has not been uplifted. He has, in fact, failed."

MacMullen didn't seem to care as much as you would have thought. He told me afterward he felt so thankful when the doctor shut up about him and turned to Tomkins that he forgot



The doctor regarded young Walters over his spectacles for a moment with a frightfully encouraging expression.

everything else but relief.

Tomkins became red when the doctor picked up his essay; but it soon faded away—I mean the redness.

"Now, here," said Doctor Dunston, "we are met by an attempt of a very different character. The boy Tomkins appears to think that there is nothing more to be said about the flowers of the field than to utter their names. His prose lacks dignity; there is a feverish

desire to tell us what everything is called. There is no poetry, no feeling. Vagueness, indeed, we have, but vagueness is not poetry, though to uncritical minds it may sometimes pass for such. This is how Tomkins approaches his subject. There is a breathlessness, an atmosphere of haste, as if somebody was chasing Tomkins along the road while he was making his researches. This, unless Tomkins has been guilty of trespass—an alternative I refuse to consider—is difficult to explain."

The doctor then gave us a bit out of Tomkins:

"As one walks down a country lane, one can often hardly see the leaves for the flowers. They burst upon the view in millions. The hedges are thronged with them; the scent is overpowering. Turn where you will, they greet the bewildered eye. They hang from the trees and spring from the earth; they twine also—as, for instance, briony and convolvuluses. At a single glance I take in dog-roses; champions of several sorts, including white; shepherd's-purse—a weed; strawberry, primroses, cuckoo-flower, violet, bugle, herb robert, and also other wild geraniums of various kinds. They are in a crowded mass, all struggling for life. Stitchwort, nettle, archangel, cock's-foot grass, clematis, dock, heath, furze, bog-moss, darnel, dandelions, daisies, buttercups of sorts, marshmallow, water-lilies, rushes and reeds, poppies and peppermint, also ferns—one sees them all at a glance. Then, as one hastens swiftly onward—"

"I gasp for breath," said the doctor. "I, for one, refuse to hasten swiftly onward with Tomkins. At this break-neck pace the boy drags us through that portion of the various flora at his command. There is doubtless knowledge here; there is even reflection, as when he says, at the end of his paper, that wild flowers ought to make us thankful for our eyesight and for the lesser gift of smell. But, taken as a whole, we have no balance, absolutely no repose, no light and no shade. There is too much hurry and bustle, too little feeling for the beauty attaching to the scenery; too eager a desire to display erudition in the empty matter of floral nomenclature."

So that was the end of Tomkins. He was frightfully disappointed; but he felt so interested to know what

wretched chaps like Smythe and Walters had done that was better that he forgot even to be miserable about losing until afterward.

Then the doctor went for Smythe.

"George Gregory Smythe next challenges our attention," he said. "Now, here we are confronted with a still more amazing misunderstanding. Smythe appears to know absolutely nothing whatever concerning wild flowers; but he has seized this occasion to display an extraordinary amount of peculiar information concerning other matters. He evidently imagines that this will answer his purpose equally well. Moreover, he endeavors to cast his work in a poetic form—with results that have bewildered even me, despite my half-century of knowledge of the *genus puer*. I do not say that rime is inadmissible. You shall not find me slow to encourage originality of thought, even among the least of you; but Smythe trusts too little to himself and too much to other poets. He has committed to memory many rimes of a trivial, and even offensive, character. He has furnished me with a charm or incantation to remove warts. Elsewhere he commits himself to sentiments that may almost be described as flagrantly irreligious. It is true he glances obliquely at his subject from time to time; but not in a spirit which I can admire or commend. We have, for instance, these lines:

"Put yarrow under your pillow, they say,
You will see your true love the very next day.

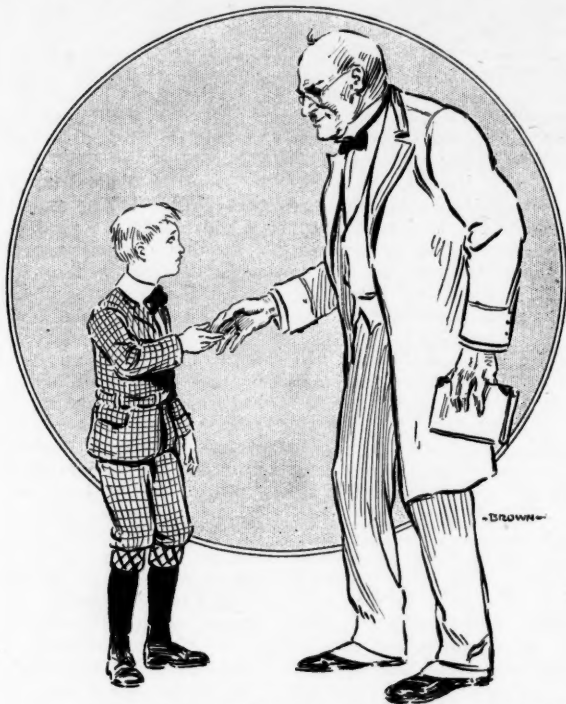
"For pain in the stomach an excellent thing
Is tea made of mint and sprigs of ling.

"If you wash your clothes on Good Friday,
some one
Will be certain to die ere the year is done."

"Whence George Smythe has culled these pitiful superstitions, I know not," continued the doctor; "but he appears to be a veritable storehouse and compendium of them. Had our theme been folk-lore, or those crude, benighted, and indelicate fancies still prevailing among the bucolic population, Smythe must have conquered, and easily conquered;

but it is not so. He has chosen the occasion of the 'Bolsover' competition to reveal no little fantastic knowledge; but its lack of appropriate and apposite qualities effectually disposes of his claim. I will give you a last sample of his methods. Apropos of absolutely nothing, on page seven of his dissertation, Smythe submits these couplets. He ap-

old ballad, I suspect—is thrust upon me as one might brandish a club in the face of an unoffending citizen. Smythe must chasten his taste and study the rudiments of logic and propriety before again he ventures to challenge our attention with original thoughts. Silence! Silence!" thundered the doctor, in conclusion, because Smythe's stuff made



"Come hither, Rupert Walters. Let me shake your hand, my lad!"

pears suddenly to have recollected them, and inserted them in the body of his work, without the least consideration for their significance.

"There was an old man who lived in a wood,
As you may plainly see,
And said he could do more work in a day
Than his wife could do in three."

The doctor looked awful sternly at Smythe.

"This fragment—from some coarse

Steggles laugh out loud. Then several other chaps laughed, and in trying not to laugh, young Wolf choked and made a noise like a football exploding, that was far worse than laughter.

"There remains the effort of Rupert Walters," went on Doctor Dunston. "He is the youngest of the competitors, and I find but little to praise in his achievement; yet it indicates a shadow of promise and a shade of imagination.

Indeed, Mr. Browne at first suspected that Walters had availed himself of secret and dishonest assistance; but this, I rejoice to know, is not the case. Walters has yet to learn to control the discharge of ink from his pen; and in matters of orthography, also, there is much to be desired for him—a remark which applies to all the competitors save MacMullen—but he possesses a dim and misty nucleus of feeling for the dignity of his native language. There is in his attempt a suggestion that at some distant date, if he is spared, and if he labors assiduously in the dead languages, Rupert Walters may control his living tongue with some approach to distinction. I select his most pleasing passage."

The doctor regarded young Walters over his spectacles for a moment with a frightfully encouraging expression that he sometimes puts on when things are going extra well. Then he read the pleasing passage, as he called it:

"Often, walking in the country far from home, you may see the briers falling over the sides of the lanes, and the May trees white with bloom. They look lovely against the blue sky; and a curious thing is that the distant trees also look blue, and not green, by reason of distance. Near at hand, yellow and red flowers may be dotted about; but when you look along the lane, you only see haze, which is beautiful. If there is a river flowing near-by, it is also very beautiful. And clouds are lovely, too, if reflected in a sheet of water beside which yellow irises spring up, and their foliage looks bluish. If a trout rises, it makes rings of light."

"Now, here," said the doctor, "is a humble effort to set down what the eye of this tender boy's mind has mirrored

in the past. I need not tell you how he spells 'irises,' or 'curious,' or 'beautiful.' The fact remains that he has distanced his competitors and achieved the 'Bolsover' prize. Come hither, Rupert Walters. Let me shake your hand, my lad!"

So that was the end of it, and Walters seemed more frightened than anything. But he took his book, and the matter ended, and the four chaps had their essays back, with Browne's red-pencil remarks on them, to send home to their folks. The extraordinary truth only came to me three days later, when I happened to be having a talk with Walters and looking at his prize, which was duller even than most prizes. I said:

"How the dickens did you remember that trees look blue seen a mile off?"

And he said:

"I didn't remember it. If you'll swear not to tell, I'll explain. I shall be rather glad to tell somebody."

So I swore. Then Walters said:

"I was just sitting biting my pen and drawing on the blotting-paper and casting my eyes about, when I saw right bang in front of me a great picture—a whacker—full of trees and a lane, and water and hills, and every mortal thing, even to the flowers dabbed about in front. Well—there you are! I just tried to put down what I saw. And I did it only too well, if anything. Of course, in a sort of way, it was cribbing; but then, of course, in another sort of way it wasn't. Anyway, you've sworn not to tell—not even Tomkins; so, of course, you won't tell."

And, of course, I didn't.



MODERN MOTHERS



LILIAN BELL

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. R. HARPER

EVERY once in so often the cry will be raised, "What is to become of our daughters?" and an agitated wave sweeps over the country intended to reform the pertness, boldness, waywardness and general bad manners of the modern young girl, who is so forward that she will not permit the public to forget her.

But while I dislike the pretty young creature with bold eyes and peek-a-boo waist as much as anyone, I pity her from the bottom of my heart, because she does not realize what a fool she is making of herself, and because she has no mother.

Not that she is an orphan—far from it. Her father's wife bore her, clothed her and sent her to school, but—the question I would agitate is, "What has become of the mothers?"

Where is the old-fashioned mother who used to prevent violent intimacies with other young, inexperienced, if not perverted, girls, by becoming intimate with her own daughter? Where has the mother disappeared to, who used to set apart a certain time in the day to find out not what her daughter said, but what her daughter really thought? Where is the foolish, behind-the-times

mother who used to think that what her daughter learned at school was not half as important as what she learned at home?

Time was when a girl learned to be a lady from watching her own mother. Where can she learn courtesy, gentle speech, consideration for married people and the aged, and the general hall-marks of good breeding? Not from her own mother, because her mother spends her afternoons at women's teas, card parties or clubs for the Advancement of Women. Good heavens, ladies! Aren't you advanced far enough by this time to stop and catch your breath and take mental inventories of your own families?

Most of you—ay, most of you—have no adequate idea of the standards your children admire, of the sort of religion they believe in, of the kind of morality they adhere to, or, to sum up in brief, of the turn of their thought in any direction which counts.

You know what colors suit your daughter's complexion best. You know whether large or small hats become her; but what books does she read in the privacy of her own room? What is the influence of her intimate

friends over her? What? Do I expect you to take your valuable time away from pink teas to ascertain what sort of minds and morals mix with your pure-eyed girl's every day of her life? Well, admit that I am a monster, but let us go on to the next.

Many a so-called good, faithful mother will deliberately send her daughter away to boarding school for from one to four years without having seen one of the teachers or one of the girls with whom the young, unformed nature is to be intimately associated, day and night, during the most impressionable period of her life. These mothers think letters, written recommendations and high prices are ample security against evil associates and possible wreckage of a precious life.

What can mothers be thinking of to permit their daughters to sleep in the same room for eight months in the year with a total stranger, whose family comes from a city perhaps a thousand miles away? What do you know of the morals of that quiet, demure little miss whose photograph your daughter sends home with glowing descriptions of her charms? You may find out too late. But you will have nobody to thank but yourself, and you are her mother.

It is a pernicious act to send girls away to school under any circumstances, unless they can board with an intimate friend or relation for whose wise surveillance and good judgment you can vouch, but the practice which obtains in most boarding schools of



The pretty young creatures with bold eyes and peek-a-boo waists.

letting two or more girls sleep in the same room cannot be too openly denounced. Raise your prices, dear proprietors of expensive schools, but room every girl separately, if for no other reason than to discourage a girl from telling indiscreet secrets after the gas is out, that she will bitterly regret when the sun shines.

Oh, the ignorant conceit of those mothers who boast to me that they flatter themselves they know what their daughters think and do! That

their lives are open books!

"I can trust my daughter!" A toss of the head generally goes with that remark, and a look which means, "You attend to your business and I'll attend to mine! I've raised children before you were born!"

Have you?

How?

I have heard mothers say, "Well, thank Heaven, I know from the evidence of my own eyes and ears that I can trust my daughter," when that same pretty little rascal of a daughter smoked cigarettes, drank champagne and cocktails in restaurants, played bridge and poker for money, let the boys kiss her, and corresponded clandestinely with married men.

What could I do under such circumstances? Tell the mother? I couldn't prove a single fact against the girl unless I engaged a detective. She said if I told she would simply lie out of it. But she showed me the letters, and I saw her several times with my own eyes.

Her mother never would have believed me. I can only go on encouraging her to tell me things she wouldn't tell her own mother, and letting her see what a precious fool she is making of herself. I remember she did blush and look troubled when I told her that doubtless the very boys who kissed her

in the conservatory bragged about it afterward. "How do you know," I said, "that they had not made a bet with some other fellows that you were easy?"

But that won't stop her! She thinks she knows more of the world than her mother and half a dozen like me could tell her. Right now what she needs is a mother six years ago.

'She is a pretty thing, but her mother lets her wear peek-a-boo waists and stay away from the hotel all the afternoon with men she only knows to speak to. If she keeps on looking for trouble, I venture to say she will find it.

Why will mothers let innocent young girls wear dresses which pointedly call attention to their underclothes? These mothers are modest, refined women,

who would be desperately shocked if, when they see their pretty daughters running yards of satin ribbon in their underclothes, they dreamed that the girls proposed going down to dinner in their chemises. Yet the immodesty of certain styles of dress at summer resorts or on street cars, where vile men can make their obscene jokes about your girl, madam, and yours, and yours, could be in no worse



Where is the Old Fashioned Mother?

taste than to go shopping on Twenty-third Street in a kimono and bedroom slippers.

Do you ask me if it is any worse than some of the evening dresses nice young girls wear? I answer no, but an evening gown is generally worn in response to a private invitation, where a hostess is supposed to vouch for her guests—Heaven forgive me for even writing such a silly thing down in these days of loose hospitality!—but on a street car any man may look at your daughter's pearly flesh who can pay five cents.

You don't like such plain talk, do you? It isn't nice of me to put such blind truths before you, is it?

I'm sure I don't enjoy it any more than you do. I only write it in the hope that some mother who has never given it a thought before will stop to think now, and save one more clear-eyed girl from a humiliation which her dress has innocently invited.

Don't accuse me of making things up. I only tell what I know, and I dare not tell half of that. If only mothers knew their own daughters!

I know one of the sweetest women in the world, who has spoiled her whole family by a mistaken indulgence. She sent her daughter to a boarding school, and was horrified into a fit of sickness by a note from the principal saying that the mother of her daughter's roommate had refused to let the girls room together because the daughter of my friend swore so.

I wouldn't believe it of her, so I asked the girl myself.

"Ella," I said, "tell me the real truth of it. Do you swear?"

"Why of course I do! All the girls swear. If you see a girl stub her toe on a loose stone, do you think that nowadays she says, 'Oh, dear me'? You just bet she doesn't."

And her little teeth showed in a mischievous smile.

I didn't swoon. But I felt a little sick when I thought of my baby's mouth—no more innocent-looking than this young girl's.

How many mothers know anything about the persons who keep up a close correspondence with their daughters?

I once met quite a number of girls from one of the smart boarding schools near New York, and, just to make sure on this point, I asked them if their mothers insisted on reading their letters.

A silence of such astonishment



What books does your daughter read in the privacy of her own room?

greeted my question that I had to bite my lips to keep from laughing.

"What! 'Insist'? Well, I'd like to hear her even ask me who a letter was from! I'll bet you a thousand dollars to a doughnut she'd never ask again!"

"What would you do to her?" I inquired, with a pardonable show of eagerness. "Punish her?"

I have never seen a mother punished by one of these competent, modern daughters, but I live in hope.

"Well, you'd call it punishment if you could hear the way I'd talk to her!"

"My mother doesn't even care to know!" said another, superbly.

"Nor mine!"

"Nor mine!"

"I couldn't get her to listen, if I asked her to. My mother is a society woman."

"It would bore my mother stiff if I'd cuddle down and do the googoo act with her."

"You aren't a bit up to snuff, are you?" asked one, eying me pityingly.

"Perhaps I don't know all you do," I said, politely, "but I am not so hopelessly old-fashioned that I wear a shawl."

"No, but I mean, you think girls ought to confide everything they do to their mothers, don't you?"

"Not unless your mothers' morals are strong enough to stand it. I'd hate to have them contaminated. Has your mother ever been tempted?"

"Now there you are! No, she hasn't! My mother was married when she was seventeen, and she had six children and did nothing but take care of them until the three oldest were old enough to send away to boarding school, and just as soon as she got rid of us she blossomed out, and she's having the time of her life with her clubs and receptions and charities. Poor mother!"

"And yet," I ventured, timidly, "she is probably as innocent as a new-born babe compared to you girls!"

"Innocent? Well, I should snort! Why, do you know, if I should tell her the things we do every day, she'd blush and accuse me of reading French novels?"



"There's not much left for a girl to learn after she's left Miss Blank's school."



The pretty little rascal lets the boys kiss her

"It must make you feel very old," I hazarded to a girl not quite sixteen.

"There's not much left for a girl to learn after she's left Miss Blank's school, I can tell you!" she said, with a wink at the others, which set them off into fits of laughter.

Ladies and mothers of girls like these, whom do you blame for such a showing as that? Is it the fault of the boarding school? I say no. It is the lack of mother-education—the sort you had from your mother and what has kept you better and sweeter and more innocent of the world's wickedness than your own daughter. No girl who has been properly trained at home can ever go far wrong. If I am met by a chorus of instances to prove the contrary, I only repeat that statement with a little added emphasis on the word "properly."

By properly I do not of necessity mean rigorously or religiously. I know many a girl brought up on advice, precept and example who kicked over the traces at her first opportunity, and no thinking person could be surprised at it. That was not the way to bring her up. She needed some rope. She got none. Therefore she untied the knot and walked off to discover what freedom was like.

If you were a bird fancier, would you put a nightingale, a canary, an eagle, a turkey buzzard and a humming bird in the same cage and feed them all on dog biscuit?

Why, then, does a mother treat all her children alike; send them all to the same kind of a school; stuff them with the same mental and moral precepts and allow them all the same amount of freedom? Will the eagle be content to hop from perch to perch like the canary?

The main trouble with modern education is that we herd children too much. We do not consider that they have individualities until they are grown. Then we ask the boys what trade or profession they would like to follow, and the girls what colored husbands they prefer, light or dark? Anybody would think, from the way girls are put into an educational hopper and ground out, that the Latin root of "educate" was "to stuff in."

I don't care how badly a girl is

spoiled by a mother love, just so the mother spoils herself at the same time. Many a foolish, vain, shallow woman has proved a better mother than a religious disciplinarian, because she first kept her daughter's respect and never lost her girl's intimacy, while the righteous mother and daughter were mental strangers to each other.

If I were the mother of a dozen daughters, I should hope that they would all be good, but if they were not—well, I should know what they thought and admired and believed and loved. If they joined the church and worked in social settlements and married czars, I should be proud and happy. But if they find that their tastes run to forgery and safe-cracking, they shan't get away from me. I shall simply prepare to go to jail with them, and somebody will have a chance to write touching articles about the unusual sight of a mother and twelve daughters all in jail at the same time for the same offense.



THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA.

THE eminent surgeon was unmistakably disgruntled when the slash of his scalpel disclosed the unwelcome fact that the vermiform appendix of the subject before him on the operating-table had been removed on some antecedent occasion.

His disappointment, however, was quickly followed by a surge of altruistic consideration for the other members of his profession, and he murmured triumphantly that he would make it impossible for them to be defrauded as he had been.

Then, taking in hand a perfect specimen of an appendix, which he had detached the day before from a man imaginatively ill, he deftly secured the organ to the space he had found vacant.



TAKEN LITERALLY.

THE PHLEGMATIC MISTRESS—Mary, I understood you to say there was a visitor waiting to see me in the parlor.

THE NEW MAID—Why, isn't she there, ma'am? I said you would be right down, and asked her to take a chair.

THE PHLEGMATIC MISTRESS—She has obeyed you, Mary; the mahogany rocker is gone.



AND she's as rich as she can be," said Julia. "I wonder how she'll like living in Chester"—with much scorn for her native town. "I suppose she's been used to all kinds of luxuries and attentions. Oh, mother, what will she think of us—her new relations? I wish we lived on Wellington Street."

"She will have to take us as she finds us, my dear"—the worried line appeared between Mrs. Weston's anxious eyes. "We cannot pretend to live in the style she has been accustomed to."

"Wonder how she'll like the hole in the carpet under the dining-room table," suggested Robert, with a giggle.

Julia turned from the sideboard. She had already commenced renovations, though the letter announcing the visitor was not an hour old.

"Mother, we must have another rug!" she exclaimed, with determination.

"I don't know, Julia"—the lines deepened in the mother's tired forehead. "There are a great many expenses to be met this spring. You know"—lowering her voice—"Mr. Shinkle is getting very restless about the grocery bill. I hardly see how your father can do anything more."

"It has got to be done," said Julia. "Father must let other things go. Mr. Shinkle will have to wait a while longer. We must appear presentable. And the parlor curtains are disgraceful. And, oh, mother, Robert cracked the hall lamp only yesterday. I don't see how we can do without a new one."

Ting-a-ling-a-ling!

"There's grandma's bell!" Mrs. Weston's voice bore a sort of resigned exasperation. "Why is it that she is never more trying and exacting than when every one is so busy they don't know what to do? Julia, can you go?"

"Mother, send Nettie. I can't leave this."

"Nettie, go at once and see what grandma wants."

"In a minute, mother."

Mrs. Weston hurried off downstairs, and hurried up again in twenty minutes, to find Nettie still deep in her story-book in the window-seat.

"Nettie, did you go to grandma?"

"Oh, mother, I forgot."

"There! I'll just go myself." Mrs. Weston put down her burden of towels, and a few moments later a tired face appeared at grandma's door.

"I am very sorry to trouble you, my

dear," the old lady began apologetically, "but I thought—"

"Is there anything wrong?" asked Mrs. Weston quickly.

"No, no, dearie, I only—"

"Then I'll come back as soon as I can, mother. I really cannot stop my work now. I am sorry if you are lonely, but we all have our hands full." And Mrs. Weston closed the door, thinking: "I declare poor mother thinks every one has nothing to do but sit with their hands in their lap all day, like herself. I wonder how she'd like to be on her feet all the time, like me!"

Grandma might have wondered how her active daughter-in-law would have borne her seat by the window, and the view of stables and the backs of the houses on the street behind them, from hour to hour. But such a complaining spirit never found its way within her breast. Grandma was quite used to her solitary days, and only regretted the necessary trouble she gave in the matter of meals. There was always a cheerful "good morning" for the tardy nurse that appeared; excuses for rough hands that should have been gentle; a kindly word of sympathy for an impatient, self-absorbed granddaughter. Whence came grandma's contentment that the world could not take away? Nobody stopped to ask. Grandma was old. At her age every one should have learned resignation. They thought she had a very easy time of it.

To-day grandma's peaceful nap had been interrupted by the noise and bustle of an unusual disturbance down-stairs. Grandma had heard her son's voice to his wife: "Come in here, Lily, I have some news for you;" and Julia's impatient, "Do be quiet, Robert; don't you see papa is going to read us a letter!" A murmur of voices, and silence. The dining-room door had been shut.

Whatever the news had been, it had upset the house for the day. No one had come to carry away grandma's waiter, and an unusual flow of talk, running up and down-stairs, followed Mr. Weston's return to his office. News was a rare thing in the Weston

family, and grandma puzzled in vain over what this might be. A letter! What could it be? The only letters grandma had taken any interest in used to come from her daughter Molly, and they had stopped fifteen years ago. Molly was the only one of her children who had made a wealthy marriage, and she had gone abroad with her husband, and had never been home since. She had died when her only child was a little girl of three or four years, and since then they had heard nothing of this unknown grandchild—and never expected to. At last, grandma could bear the suspense no longer, and had made bold to ring her timid summons, to be answered by worn-out Mrs. Weston, as we have seen.

It was late in the afternoon when the latter found time to return. She entered then with a basket of stockings in hand, and seated herself, looking flushed and tired.

"Well, mother, I have news for you that I know will surprise you," she began, as she selected her needle. The little old lady woke up from a fitful doze into which she had at last fallen. "John received a letter to-day, and who do you think it was from? Who do you think is coming to make us a visit?"

The old eyes opened wide, and the little knotted hands clasped each other somewhat tremulously. Change of any kind is the enemy of eighty years.

Mrs. Weston put aside her darning with the pleasure of making the startling disclosure. "It was from Molly's child!" she said. "The little girl we never expected to hear from. Her father is dead, and she has a yearning to know something of her only remaining relations. She must be grown now (John and I calculated it this afternoon; quite eighteen we made it), and," went on Mrs. Weston, beginning to enjoy herself for the first time that day, "she is evidently an heiress. She speaks calmly of making a home in Chester; of buying a house and setting up an establishment, but while she is looking about her she has asked to stay with us. It will be for three or four

weeks, I suppose, and I really do not know what we shall do with her, but of course John has written her to come."

Mrs. Weston talked on, oblivious of her quiet and unresponsive audience. It was a relief to get the ball in her own hands once in a while. Julia was a good daughter, and she did not know what she would do without her, but, all the same, one grows weary of being managed, even if it is by a superior, strong-minded daughter.

"The best of it all is"—she leaned forward eagerly—"the girl talks of getting one of the children to come and live with her. She is too young to live alone, and seems tired of bought companions. She is really very anxious to mix with her own people; and of course you see what a splendid thing it would be for any one of them. Think of Julia in a fine house, with all the advantages her cousin could give her; or if her choice should fall on Nettie, what a thing it would be for a girl of her age to form such associations at her impressionable age. However, I really have no idea," added the mother, "but that it will be Julia. The girls are about of an age, and will be excellent company for each other."

The weary lines were almost gone; there was a sparkle of motherly ambition in the usually anxious eyes. Mrs. Weston was tasting the joy of anticipating for her children all that had ever been denied herself.

She went away after a while to see about dinner, and grandma lay very still in her chair by the window. The news of a sudden revolution in their

quiet circle could not have come with a greater shock. Molly's girl grown and coming to visit them; coming to their humdrum little family to choose out a companion to share her riches! The surprise, the unexpectedness of it all—and all it conjured up: the novelty, the excitement, the thought of this eighteen-year-old female Dives, in all the glory of her golden youth, running down



The old eyes opened wide, and the little knotted hands clasped each other somewhat tremulously.

upon them like this to break up the even tenor of their days; to turn the house topsyturvy; to tyrannize by right of her wealth and prestige; to be fawned upon by the family at large—well, it had put new life into Julia, and caused even Mrs. Weston's eyes to shine with hope; but it made the old lady's worn frame shake with vague fears and tremors.

She went to sleep that night chiding

herself that a mere slip of a girl should cause such emotion; and it was not before many a well-loved verse had been repeated that she closed her eyes. If the family had guessed the struggle, they would have been astonished at the victory, for, when Julia brought in her breakfast tray, grandma was sleeping with a look on her face that should have been translated: "My strength is sufficient for thee."

II.

Three o'clock and Molly's girl would be here in half an hour; and Molly's mother sat in the best chair in the parlor. Her best mittens were folded rather tightly over one another in her lap; the least shabby of all her shabby shawls, brushed till it was nearly threadbare, was draped stiffly about her shoulders; her plain little muslin cap, freshly laundered, rested upon her scanty gray hair.

There was not a step on the brick pavement outside, where the winter sun poured down, that grandma's strained ears did not catch, as she sat with Molly's face, as it had been twenty years ago, beside her, and all the poignant pain and pleasure of the past in her heart. There was no hope that Molly's girl, brought up amid the fuss of Paris, could bear much resemblance to her simple Molly of this little country town.

Grandma listened to Mrs. Weston's footsteps as she went back and forward in the next room putting finishing touches to the table. She looked at the baby playing on the floor. She was supposed to watch it, but, though painfully aware of each movement, I doubt if grandma would have found voice to stop its most mischievous act.

A carriage came up the street; the clock struck; wheels stopped before the door; and Mrs. Weston hurried into the hall. Grandma swallowed once or twice, and the mittens clung to each other rather tightly as a babel of voices broke out in the passage. There was Julia's, high and important; Mrs. Weston's, gracious and hospitable; and then

a clear, decided treble, that said to put her things, "Oh, anywhere," and held a note in it that went like an arrow from the past right into the fast-beating old heart behind the parlor curtains. Her son's tones next, in which "Grandma" was caught, and a quick answer from Julia: "Oh, that will do any time. She's tired now."

Then the steps would have passed on had not the baby, playing on the floor, toddled to the door and pushed wide the curtains. Some one exclaimed: "Oh, you darling!" and the next moment a vision in crimson velvet and chinchilla fur was framed in the doorway—a fragile, feminine fledgling of a vision, with the weight of gold dollars, somehow, unmistakable on her youthful shoulders, and their radiance visible about her bronze-brown head.

That was what grandma saw. What met the eyes of the vision herself was a very thin, shabby, little old lady, hobbling hastily toward her, with two timid, trembling, mitted hands outstretched.

But the hands were entirely neglected. The next moment the ostrich-feathered hat was mercilessly crushed against the muslin cap; and the velvet arms went round the threadbare shawl. Grandma was not used to velvet, but she thought the crimson softness no smoother than the cheek against her withered one. Her little speech of welcome was entirely drowned in a youthful voice that, broken by sobs, cried impetuously:

"Oh, granny, is this really you? I have wanted you all my life!"

III.

JULIA'S OPINION.

January 15, 1906.

Well, Molly has come, and she is certainly not what we expected. Mother looks displeased and perplexed. She said to me this morning: "I only wish, Julia, that this visit were over!"

I had planned so much, and now, instead of reading and walking with me, and being my companion generally, she

spends all her time in grandmother's room! I do not understand how she can bear to be cooped up there hour after hour as she does. It is very depressing and very bad for a young person, mother says, and she never insisted upon my doing it, and I know it only makes grandma uncomfortable. She apologizes every time we go in, and begs Molly to go out with us. Old people don't want to be made a fuss over, and chattered to all the time. Grandma is used to being alone. The quiet is good for her nerves. When I am old I sha'n't expect my grandchildren to remain shut up in one room with me. It is really ridiculous the way Molly acts. She says she has adopted grandma, and acts as if she were now her special charge. She takes entirely too much on herself. As if we had not taken care of her all these years before she came!

To-day she behaved in an absolutely insulting way! I don't know when I was ever so angry. When I took up grandma's dinner she went with me, and then, instead of going walking and visiting the Halland girls as we had planned, she insisted on keeping grandma company while she ate. It's not only ridiculous, but a great mistake to get grandma into such habits, for, of course, mother and I can't keep it up after she has gone. We have quite enough to attend to as it is! I wonder how Molly would behave if she had our house and the children, and only cook to help with the work.

Well, I left her up there to do as she pleased, and mother and Robert and I were in the parlor when we heard her come running down-stairs, and the hall



What met the eyes of the vision herself was a little old lady hobbling hastily toward her.

door open and shut. I parted the curtains and looked out, and there she was going up the street with her hat and coat on. She has the most exquisite costumes I have ever seen. Just then she had on her dark-green, tailor-made suit and her black furs, but she had capped the whole with one of Robert's caps she had found on the hat-rack! She is absolutely the most careless creature about her personal appearance I have ever seen. She takes no more care of her clothes than Robert does of his. The way she throws aside her silk-lined coats and tosses down her velvet hats is really desecrating to me. Mother says it is throwing one's gifts in the face of Providence.

I was still wondering what she was about when she came hurrying in

again, with a paper parcel under her arm.

Mother went out into the hall to meet her, and I followed them presently to the kitchen, where I heard Molly's voice. Cook never lets me do a thing in that kitchen, though I begged her to let me make strawberry short-cake when Lucy Mentone was coming to supper, but when I entered, there was Molly in her beautiful plaid silk waist, with her sleeves rolled up above her elbows, and one of cook's long, gingham aprons on, with a smudge across her nose, and her hair in her eyes, and a broiler in her hand, and some oysters going into it! And cook sat in one corner with a broad grin on her face.

When mother asked her what she was doing, she said she thought grandma would like a change, and she sent Robert upstairs to bring down grandma's waiter. When it came down, I saw that the chop had been only half-eaten. I suppose grandma had not been hungry, or was just finicky, as old people always are. Mother says it is impossible to please them. But Molly must cater to every whim—making out what we provided was not good enough!

When she commenced to make another cup of tea, I asked her what had been the matter with *that*. Mother had gone back to her work in the parlor, and Molly did not answer for a moment. Then she said "The other was cold" in *such* a voice, and bore the tray up-stairs without another word.

I was so indignant I could not have

answered her; I just closed my lips hard, and sailed by her up-stairs to my own room. Why, the tea was boiling when I poured it out! I did stop a moment on the stairs, but I had to see if the postman brought my letter, and I only read scraps of it on the way up. It could not have been *very* cold. She will just spoil grandmother so there will be no bearing with her exactions.

To-day the loveliest little, low carriage, with two footmen, drove up to

the door. And whom do you think it was for? Grandma must have a drive! I tell mother Molly will kill her. Old people don't like having their habits changed. Molly asked me if I would like to take her (a cheerful, interesting drive, with only grandma as companion!) I said: "No, I had letters to write," and she went off herself, radiant as if her lover had been taking her for a drive.

All these attentions to grandma are just absurd. I

think it is selfish of grandma to accept them. The idea of a person of her age waking up to new pleasures! They ought to be thinking of the next world.

I went into her room the other day, and found Molly reading the Bible to her. I do think grandma might be content to do that much for herself. I supposed it would be over when they had finished the chapter, but no, then they began to talk. Molly sat down on the rug at grandma's feet (she has such childish habits, and it really *pains* me to see her crush her silk dresses about in that fashion), and put her



A broiler in her hand, and some oysters going into it.

head in grandma's lap. Grandma took down Molly's hair, and curled it about her old, rheumatic fingers. It would have set me crazy to have had her fussing over me in that way. Why, even Nettie never would let her. How can Molly be so silly! She really seemed to enjoy it, and actually kissed grandma's hand once. So sentimental and affected!

When grandma asked me to take the seat at her other knee, I said: "No, thank you," very stiffly, and added that I did not like being made a baby of. Molly laughed, and said then I did not know what a grandmother was for, and just cuddled all the closer!

And how they talked! I don't understand them. It certainly is not proper and—and reverent to talk about going to heaven in that calm, smiling way; and it is ridiculous, anyway, for a young person to pretend to look forward to it. They tried to get me to join in, but it was too much for me. I am afraid I lost my temper. I said: "No, I was going to see Lucy Mentone, and that I did not enjoy thinking of dying, and that I was not enough of a hypocrite to pretend that I did. And I left them.

January 26, 1906.

She has bought a house now on Wellington Street, and is having it gorgeously fixed up. Who is going to live in it with her? Of course every one expected that I would be the most suitable companion for her, but I have no desire to go where I am not wanted. Perhaps she will choose Nettie. I hope they will enjoy themselves. Nettie would be ruined in a week. I think it would be very injudicious if mother let her go.

Molly really seems fonder of Robert than any of us. The way she romps with that boy is disgraceful. I think eighteen is time to acquire some dignity. She ruined that beautiful buff silk with the champagne-colored lace only yesterday; or, rather, Robert did with his rough, boy ways. Molly should know better than to tease a boy of twelve.

With all her advantages, one would think she should have learned some worldly wisdom (she refused a French count last autumn), but she is absolutely the most unconventional girl I have ever known.

Now, only the other day we had occasion to go into White's store, where that Mainwaring boy has a position. Of course I used to let him take me around, but since he became a dry-goods clerk I simply had to stop it, and I was most vexed and put out when he came up to wait on us his very self.

Nettie was along, and what should that child do but turn round and introduce him to Molly, and, though that was bad enough, it was only a child's mistake, and might have been excused, but Molly caps it by asking him to come and see her. He had been speaking of grandma, asking after her, and saying how fond he had used to be of her, but any one else would have seen it was just a feeler to get a footing in good society once more; but Molly fell into the trap as nicely as you please.

"I believe I have heard her speak of you," she said, smiling brilliantly, in a way I never could get her to smile on Philip Jackson, though I was so anxious for her to make a good impression there. "I believe I have heard her speak of you," she said. "You must come and see her soon. I am sure she misses you."

What a position for me! And when I explained the situation to her, she did not seem to see it at all. She as much as told me I was shabby to give up an old friend on account of ill fortune. Of course if one wants to put it that way. Yes, it's all very well for rich girls to talk, but girls in my position *have* to be careful.

IV.

What happened the next week Julia always said was the result of her mother's going out to spend the day. Such a thing was an untoward occurrence in itself. Julia could not remember mother doing such a thing since Net-

tie was born; but a brother of Mrs. Weston's was to pass through Chester that day, and, as he could not be at both his sisters' houses at once, and as the other sister was an invalid, it was arranged that Mrs. Weston should go to her for the day.

She started right after breakfast, not to be home till supper-time. "Cook's nephew is dead, my dear," she said, as she bid Julia good-by. "So she has begged for a holiday to attend to things for her brother; and you can just get a light supper yourself. Don't bother. We won't expect much."

"And you'll have one less at dinner-time," added Molly. "I will be at the new house all day. All the down-stairs furniture has come, and I must go over and see it put in place."

Julia, looking capable and self-reliant, watched the two go off down the street, but she felt a twinge of envy as she compared her cousin's lot with her own. How Julia would have enjoyed directing the arrangement of such a house, and now she was left alone to get through the long day as best she could.

She shook off the baby clinging to her skirt, and went back to the kitchen to get grandma's breakfast tray. "It's a wonder Molly trusted me to do it," she thought, with a shrug, as she opened the old lady's door.

The scene within looked somewhat dreary. A fine, drizzling rain had commenced, and pattered down dismally on the little tin roof outside grandma's window. Grandma had been given this room because she was deaf and supposed not to hear things. But the old lady sat looking neat and cheerful by the window, with her Bible close at hand, and the room had been nicely put in order.

"I suppose Molly did that," Julia thought resentfully, as she put down the tray.

No, Julia could not wait to sit with her a while. "There was so much to do." She was hurrying off when her grandmother recalled her.

"Julia, my dear, just hand me——"

"In a minute, grandma. I *must* see Nettie before she goes off to school. Then I'll be back." And Julia hastened away.

It was only her spectacles grandma had wanted; without them she could not read her Scripture verse for the day, but she only hoped Julia had been in time to give Nettie the message. She heard the hall door shut presently, and Nettie go off to school, but Julia did not return for half an hour.

She had had the parlor to dust—and the postman to watch for. There was no necessity for this last duty, but the postman was the most important figure in Julia's day just now. A correspondence with a certain new "friend" was at its zenith. But the postman had come and gone, and left nothing for Julia, and she was in such an ill humor that she bore grandma's tray away without a word; and the latter laid her book aside, and made up her mind to wait until the children came home at the noon recess. It was one of her bad days, when rheumatism kept her glued to her chair.

Julia, meanwhile, hurried away to the kitchen once more. She had conceived the idea of inviting Philip Jackson round to supper, and surprising everybody with a grand repast. She telephoned Philip, who responded eagerly, and, having put the baby to playing with her blocks in the sitting-room, she set about the baking of a luscious cake.

Cake-baking was a thing of mystery to her, but lack of courage was not one of Julia's faults, and half-past twelve found her indomitably struggling with a fire that would not burn, and a cake that would remain soft and white. Found, too, the ringing of the front-door bell echoing through the house; a dainty ting-a-ling that spoke visitors.

Julia, with a despairing look upon the very walls for aid, had nothing to do but rush up-stairs, give a brush to her hair, find a fresh collar, and appear at the door, charming, delighted, and unconcerned.

The visitors were old friends, and stayed an hour. Julia was becoming

conscious of a strange smell of burning permeating the atmosphere when they rose to go, and met Mr. Weston, home from his office and hungry for his dinner, on the door-step. Julia fled to the kitchen to find a pan of charcoal in the oven in place of her fine dessert, while a clatter of boots down the kitchen steps announced the children out of school, and Robert called: "Hurry up, Julia, we want to eat. What's for grub?"

It was three o'clock when Mr. Weston, after a hasty meal of ham and eggs, had gone back to his work, and the house was cleared of the children, satisfied with some cold blackberry tarts left over from yesterday. Julia was left to wash up.

But the baby hindered her; she was tired and cross, and Julia had at last to bring her into the kitchen with her, and it was four o'clock before the pots and pans and dishes were in their places. Then the task of the elegant supper must commence. Julia was sure of her biscuits, however (cooking-school had done so much for her), and had soon set aside a pan full of enticing-looking little white balls. The peas next went on, and the steak was pounded; the potato-salad was completed; and Julia was thinking of custard in place of the unmanageable cake when the front door was opened, and steps danced down the hall. A face, framed in a big black hat with snow-flakes of its feathers, looked mischievously in.

"How now, Mrs. Cook?" laughed Molly. "Why, you are coming on splendidly! How good things smell! as Bob would say. Here, there are some grapes as my contribution to the supper, for I did not know you were going to surprise us by such a fine feast."

"Sit down a moment," said Julia, "and I will tell you about my day. Philip Jackson——"

"Never mind about Philip Jackson," laughed Molly, turning about. "Not until I have seen granny. I must find out how she has spent this tiresome day."

"Grandma!" the word stuck in Julia's throat. "Grandma!" Julia repeated, but Molly had run up the staircase singing. Julia had followed her into the hall in a dazed sort of fashion, and now stood gazing after her with a growing stricture about her heart. "Grandma! What had grandma been about all day!" Julia had forgotten grandma was in the house! She had not thought of her from the time she had carried away her breakfast tray to this. She had not been near her since half-past nine that morning.

The egg-beater fell out of Julia's hand, and she sat down on the bottom step rather limply. How about grandma's dinner? Surely—surely she had remembered that. No, the visitors had prevented her thinking of it before the regular family meal, and afterward the unusual duty of washing up and taking care of the baby—yes, and Philip Jackson's supper—had put everything else out of her mind. But Robert and Nettie, they might have thought of her! "But no, it's no use trying to get out of it. Mother left everything in my charge. If anything has happened," thought Julia, "it is all my fault."

A loud, sharp "Julia!" from the top of the house here roused her. She stumbled to her feet and up the stairs, hardly knowing how she got there, until she paused, panic-stricken, before grandma's open door.

The chair by the window was empty. Julia saw that first. Then her eyes fell to a little black heap on the floor in the middle of the room. There was grandma's black dress, and her old woolen shawl—yes! and her little, wrinkled hand stretched out limply on the floor, with her spectacles only a few inches away; and there was a splash of bright color down on the carpet beside her, the folds of a sapphire silk skirt—that was Molly—and grandma's lifeless face, with its little muslin cap, was crushed against a girl's heaving bosom. Two terrified eyes glared at Julia over the still figure, and a shrill voice cried:

"Julia, Julia, what has happened?"

"She's fainted. I forgot her dinner," blurted out Julia, coming slowly into the room.

"You forgot her dinner!" almost shrieked Molly in her agony. "You have almost killed her! I will never leave her with you again—never, never! Left alone, neglected—forgotten—starved! Oh, my darling, darling

—with a vehement stamp.—"Instantly, instantly!"

Julia, who had brooked no authority in her life, and who knew only how to command, obeyed without a word.

V.

It was a very sober party that gathered about the supper-table that eve-



Two terrified girl's eyes glared at Julia over the still figure between them.

granny!"—rocking the old head to and fro on her breast. "Julia, don't stand there staring at me like that"—flashing round upon her stupefied cousin. "Pour out that wine on the table." Then rising, with the little, thin figure in her arms: "Now go telephone for a doctor at once. Do you hear me?"

ning. Philip Jackson had been telephoned regarding old Mrs. Weston's illness, and only the family came together around the board.

Even the visitor, who had made one of them for the last month, was wanting. Molly was keeping watch by the old lady's bedside. Grandma was bet-

ter, but still very weak. The doctor had come and gone; her condition had been inquired into, and no bad results were expected. It had been more of a stupor than a faint. She had made the attempt to reach her own glasses, and her limbs had given way under her on the way back to her chair.

Mrs. Weston wondered that grandma had not rung at dinner-time. In truth, Julia had thought she had heard a faint tinkle, had meant to make sure, but her father had had to be seen to, and she had forgotten.

To-night at the supper-table Julia's eyes were red with vehement crying, but her old pride had had time to reassert itself, and with the remembrance of Molly's terrible reproaches had come an air of injury and resentment. Mrs. Weston looked dispirited and anxious. Her husband bore an air of grave disturbance. Nettie appeared round-eyed and virtuous in the presence of Julia's mistakes, and Robert looked as uncomfortable as only a little boy in a house of sickness can look.

The meal was consumed in silence. In silence the group adjourned to the sitting-room for the evening. Mrs. Weston was preparing to go up-stairs and relieve the watcher when a light step was heard in the hall, and a slender figure entered, and took her seat very quietly among them. Julia gave her cousin one look, and picked up her book. Mr. Weston said: "Well, Molly," and pushed a chair nearer the light.

"Uncle John," Molly began softly, looking up with straightforward, earnest eyes into her uncle's face, "I have something I want to say to you all; and I think it would be better to say it right now."

Mrs. Weston looked at her steadily, and the book in Julia's hand across the table shook a little. Mr. Weston said: "Well, Molly," once more.

"You know when I first came to you," Molly went on, "I asked you if I might choose one of you to come and be a companion for me in my new home—to share my riches and my loneliness." There was a pause. No one

spoke. "Well, I have chosen," said Molly slowly. "It is grandma."

The black head over the book across the table came up rather quickly, but the next moment the book went up to hide the head. Mrs. Weston never looked up, but her lips tightened into tired, bitter lines, as one who says: "I have had disappointments before. I can stand this." Mr. Weston stared at the girl for a moment, and then let his head sink on his hand.

"I want granny to have a little fun!" Molly went on rather quickly, looking about the little group for sympathy. "I want her to have a good time before she dies. All her life she has been poor, and obscure, and pushed aside, and she has always given up to everybody else. I want her to feel how it would be to be rich and prosperous and of consequence; to have all her whims gratified, and every one eager to wait on her, to study her likes and dislikes, and to make much of her. Oh, if any one ever deserved it she does!"

"You are right, little girl," said Mr. Weston, raising his head. "You can take care of her far better than we ever did. It is right you should have her."

Then his wife spoke.

"Of course Molly is rich, and can give grandma far more than we ever could. It is only natural she should wish to leave us for her, though we have waited on her all these years."

Molly sprang up, with tears in her eyes, and knelt by her aunt's chair.

"Dear aunty, she has never said a word about leaving you! She is always talking of your goodness and kindness to her. She will shrink from the change and separation, but we must persuade her it will be best for every one—best for us. Think of me! With no mother, no one to guide and advise, and take care of me in all this world. Julia has you, but I have no one! Oh, promise you will give her to me!"

There were tears in Mrs. Weston's tired eyes now as she raised them. This arrangement was bitter to her, but, after all, it meant a lifting of one burden.

"Well, well, child," she began; but

at that moment a faint tinkle of a bell sounded from the upper story. Now there was no time for a "Grandma's bell! Who can go?" A slim, sapphire figure was up the staircase before the last tinkle had died away.

VI.

JULIA'S OPINION.

February 12, 1906.

Well, Molly has kept to her choice, and the house is empty of both her and grandma. I hope they are enjoying their luxury and magnificence. Poor grandmother! I thought I had killed her, but it's my opinion that Molly will do more toward shortening her life than any one. I do not believe she can stand the pace Molly is taking her.

She has already begun to estrange grandma from us. Mother and Nettie were over at the new house yesterday, and found they were out driving. Poor mother had all her walk for nothing. They always are out driving! and lately they have been taking the Mainwaring boy about with them! He had too much sense to accept Molly's invitations at my house, but now he goes around with them continually.

I think Molly tries to be contrary; she would not look at Philip Jackson, whose father is a railroad magnate, and whose own salary is twenty-five hundred a year, and now she has become bosom friends with a dry-goods clerk. The other day the two of them took grandma to a concert! How they got her there I don't know, but Molly said she would enjoy the music. They invited me to go, too, but I declined. There is something absolutely shocking to me in an old lady commencing such frivolities at her age.

I stopped in at Molly's the other day, and found grandma seated in the sun-parlor, as they call the sitting-room. Molly has had fixed up for her downstairs, sitting in an easy chair, with a velvet footstool at her feet, in a black silk dress and a bit of Mechlin lace and black ribbon for a cap, with a piece of

knitting in her hand (a rainbow shawl for Molly), and a tray of jelly and port wine at her elbow, and a canary singing in the bay window.

Well, I am very glad grandma has comforts in her old age, but if ever I come into luxury and independence at eighty-five, I only hope it won't spoil me. I hope it won't make me forget those that nursed me when I was poor and feeble, and waited on me hand and foot for years and years.

Money and prosperity are snares that few of us escape unscathed from, but I did not think grandma would ever neglect us! She seems to have developed an insatiable desire to be on the go; I am always meeting her carriage about the shops down-town, and she always looks uncomfortable if we meet. She has not been over to our house once since she left us for Molly. Even papa begins to look grave and puzzled. It is hard that a few short weeks should efface the labors of years.

February 15, 1906.

I have just learned that Molly has settled a regular *fortune* on grandma to be used in any way she pleases. Thousands and thousands of dollars, all for an old lady to spend. What *can* grandma do with it!

VII.

A week or so later Mrs. Weston and Julia were engaged in the sitting-room, when Mr. Weston entered in a dazed sort of way, and sat down with an open letter in his hand. It was Saturday, and Nettie was sewing for her doll in the window-seat, and Robert was curled up before the fire with a book. The whole family were gathered together, even to the baby, who was building a house at her mother's feet.

"My dear," said the father, as his wife looked up from the sewing-machine where she was seated, and Julia put down the sleeve she was making, to regard her father with wondering eyes. "My dear, stop that a moment and read this. You may read it aloud," he added, as the mother turned about

and put on her glasses. Mrs. Weston began:

MY DEAR SON AND DAUGHTER: I have been very busy these few weeks since I left the old nest, cudgeling my brains as to the best way to repay the love and kindness which were given to a troublesome old woman in your house for so long. If in these days she seemed to have forgotten any one, it was only that in her foolishness she was afraid to betray herself, and she has still enough of childishness about her to wish her gifts to come to one and all as a surprise!

My dear John, I know how heavily the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker have drained your pocket lately, together with the dear children's educations, etc., and I enclose a check that I hope will materially lighten all such burdens for my son, who had always a cheery word for the old mother and a kiss for the extra mouth that must be fed.

And next, thinks I to myself, what does my daughter Lily want? We all would like to see that worried pucker out of that dear mother's forehead, and those weary feet resting quietly, instead of always trotting about for everybody else's comfort. They are getting too big a family for that little house, I thought. Lily, with a pretty bright suite of rooms for her own use, and a nursery for the baby, and a troop of servants at her command, would be another woman. My dear, it was the very next day that I heard the Carltons were going to sell, and as I had so often heard Julia express her admiration of their home, I closed with them immediately. You see we shall be close neighbors, and as the servants have but little chance to secure other places, you might start with a good staff if you see them at once.

As for those three little nurses, whose

feet were always on the go running grandma's errands, especially the one who climbed those stairs so many times a day with grandma's waiter—what of them? Too many things to put down here; a piano in the parlor; the best of advantages in the winter; and trips to the seashore, etc., in the summer; for young things like gaiety, and mope without it. Perhaps that visit to New York that my dear Julia wanted so badly last year need not be put off much longer. And our baby—bless her little heart! She shall have a gingerbread bear the first time she comes to see grandma in her new home.

Well, we will talk over everything tomorrow, my dear children, and now I must say good night. God bless you, each and all.

GRANDMA.

P. S.—I have been looking at dining-room furniture, and saw a beautiful mahogany set at Smith's, but Julia will know what is best.

By the time mother had finished the tears were streaming down her cheeks; father's head had sunk to his hands; Nettie had forgotten her doll and sat gasping; Robert was staring; even the baby had pulled itself upright, caught by the sound of a "gingerbread bear."

When the last words had been read Julia got to her feet—tried to speak—choked—and fled from the room.

VIII.

JULIA'S OPINION.

February 20, 1906.

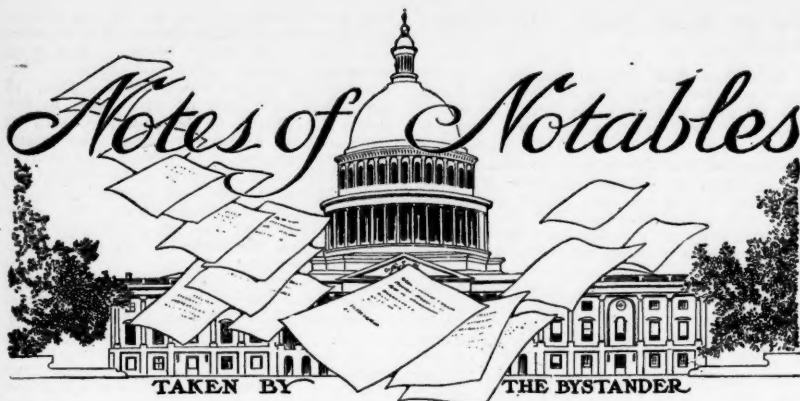
And that is what grandma did with it! *I was a beast!*



Humility

'TIS not in self-abasement—
That is but an abject pride—
But in the honoring of those
We chance to walk beside.

FRANK H. SWEET.



ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES HOPE PROVOST

ONE bright morning in February, "Uncle Joe" Cannon stood in the shadow of the Lafayette Monument, with his hands behind his back and his cigar at a contemplative angle, gazing across at the White House. And so Foss, of Illinois, came upon him.

"Prospect, Mr. Speaker?" asked the chairman of the naval committee quizzically.

"Waal," drawled the genial autocrat of the House, "you might call it inspect. I was just wondering whether a President might be justified in building a comfortable little shack in the back yard over there, and turning over that old barn to stenographers and such like."

With that he strode across to the "barn" to attend a conference with the President and the secretaries of war and state. This quartet of giants has foregathered with remarkable frequency during the past few months, and they appear to be as closely knit as though they were brothers or co-conspirators in some dark plot. And this is sufficiently strange when we consider that three of them are training for the Presidential race, and the fourth is not an impossible starter. It is more than probable that the Republican can-

didate will be picked from this bunch, and no matter which gets the nomination, the others will not be greatly disappointed. Whenever occasion arises, one of them recommends another to the public attention with striking impartiality. The situation is as unique as it is interesting.

There is an organized effort to induce the President to consider a re-nomination, but his son-in-law, who should be a good authority, declares that he will not run again under any circumstances. It is rumored that if Depew is still in the Senate when the next inauguration occurs, he will resign to make room for Roosevelt, so that the latter, as soon as he has seen the expressman off with his trunks from the White House, can walk straight up to the Capitol and take his seat in the chamber. Whether or not the chatty Chauncey contemplates any such self-sacrifice, it is the generally accepted belief that the present occupant of the executive mansion will transfer his activities to the Senate as soon as may be after the expiration of his term.

There is, however, a contingency in which the President—who is not unaccustomed to changing his mind—has no doubt already planned to succeed himself. If the "reactionaries," led by

Foraker, should be so far successful as to appear at the next convention in sufficient strength to control it, Roosevelt will consider it his duty to allow his name to be put in nomination, and—unless he declines greatly in popularity meanwhile—nothing could prevent his selection to represent the party. In other words, if he is not allowed to name his successor, the President will sit tight and take another term.

"Uncle Joe" has said that "no man is big enough to refuse a nomination for the Presidency," but he has never exhibited much enthusiasm on the subject of his own prospects. He realizes that this is an age of youth and radicalism, and he and Root, with all their mental vigor, have not the physical strength necessary to run the ship of state at the speed that Roosevelt has set and accustomed the people to look for. Probably no one can quite fill the place of that human dynamo, but Taft would come nearer to doing so than any man in sight. It is more than probable that Cannon would

be well satisfied to remain where he is—the monarch of all he surveys when the House is in session. In his way, he is more powerful than the President. He has a firm grip on the job, and maintains his autocratic rule without any of the turbulent experiences that furnish the high lights in the President's life. John Sharp Williams once remarked that he could not conceive of a more peaceful existence than the

speaker's, unless it might be that of a Connecticut farmer. "Uncle Joe" may stay in Congress for the balance of his life if he wishes. His popularity is on a bed-rock foundation. Even Gompers realizes that now. Apropos of Gompers—at the last election, when the labor leader was making his futile fight against the return of Cannon to Wash-

ington, the latter spoke one night at Carpenter's Hall. As he was about concluding, a burly laborite rose in the audience and shouted: "You ought to be defeated, Mr. Cannon!"

"Maybe that's so," said Cannon, "but—let me tell you a story about my old friend, Sam Asbury. One day a countryman, down in De Kalb County, met Sam coming along the road with a bridle on his arm. Sam stopped the man, and asked him if he knew of a likely horse whereabouts that he could steal. 'No, I don't,' says the farmer; 'you ought to be tuk up.' 'I guess that's pretty near right,' says Sam, 'but—looking all round—there don't appear to be



"Uncle Joe" Cannon stood in the shadow of the Lafayette Monument.

any one to do it."

"Uncle Joe's" homely philosophy never deserts him. A few weeks ago a knot of representatives were gathered in the speaker's room at the Capitol discussing one of Tillman's intemperate tirades that had been directed against the House, which had, he declared, excited the contempt of the entire country. The members were working themselves up to a state of excitement, when

"Uncle Joe," who had been looking out of the window, turned to them.

"I wouldn't worry about a little thing like that, boys," he said. "Now, if it had been any one else—but coming from Tillman, only one commentary is possible, and that is expressible in the single word—'Gosh!'"

With Taft and Root it is a sort of "Heads-you-win-and-I-don't-lose" situation. If either goes to the White House, the other enters the supreme court, and probably assumes the head of it, for it is generally believed in Washington that the venerable chief justice will resign opportunely to make the desired vacancy.

At the recent dinner at the Gridiron Club, which will become historic for the impromptu encounter between Roosevelt and Foraker, the burly secretary of war received one of the facetious messages that were distributed among the principal guests. It ran thus:

TAFT: Don't commit yourself on the Presidential proposition before you see me. Have been talking to Fuller.
BREWER.

The secretary took it with his unflinching good humor, and said to the mimic messenger: "Just tell the justice that I certainly shall not."

Taft's public statement on the subject—the only one that he has made—was as diplomatic an utterance as ever emanated from a public man in a similar position. One of his bureau chiefs said of it: "It's all there—head, hide, and horns, but if you can lay your hand on the tail of the animal, you are shrewder than I am."



A burly laborite rose in the audience and shouted: "You ought to be defeated, Mr. Cannon!"

In Washington, at least, Taft's prospects are thought to grow rosier every day. In the meanwhile, every one is wondering how these four big men treat the subject when it is discussed among them, what sort of an understanding they have, and whether they are really as well disposed toward one another as they appear to be. Whenever the President speaks of either in public, he pats him on the back, and the correspondents cry: "He's it!" But when they look over the reported speeches of the past, they find that the President has declared that each of the three is the very man for the office—or words to that effect.





STEAMBOAT DOCKHOUSE, END OF LONG WHARF, NEWPORT R. I.

Rhode Island Etched by Mielatz

AN ARTIST WHO ENGRAVES, BITES, AND PRINTS ON HIS OWN
PRESS THE SCENES THAT PLEASE HIM

By Charles de Kay

CONSIDERING the boldness of its coast and the beauty of the deep arms of the sea that embrace it, the State of Rhode Island has not been celebrated in literature and art according to its deserts. It is true that La Farge and Kensett and Homer Martin have painted unforgettable pictures round about Newport. But no painter has devoted himself to Rhode Island as some have devoted themselves to the Hudson River, to Long Island, to the Adirondacks, Cape Cod, and even to the Palisades on the west bank of the Hudson opposite Manhattan.

That pinkish tone in the rocks thereabouts which caused the Dutch to call it *Het Roode Eylandt*, or the Red Island, added to the brown-and-yellow fringes of kelp and seaweed, the tones of pale-green in waving grasses on the

cliffs, the dark-green of stunted pines and laurel-bush, lit up here and there by the fiery hues of the autumnal sumach, and the glow from maple and hickory and white birch in the reaches farther removed from the bitter sea-winds—all these delicious colors, which are set off by azure or angry waters and skies, now clear as crystal when the north winds blow, now veiled by fog or cloud, might seem so beautiful that painters would be naturally evolved from the town-dwellers and farmers, the fishermen and sailors of Rhode Island.

But no. Gilbert Stuart and Malbone are the only Rhode Islanders of note as colorists and artists of high rank—for La Farge is a native of New York City, and Homer Martin of Albany.

Quite other things than the beauty



OLD WINDMILL, BLOCK ISLAND

of nature about them produce the great artists.

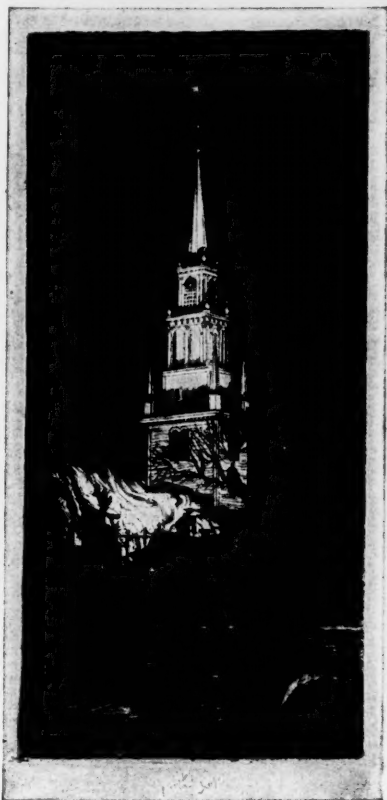
It remained for an etcher, who was stranded by the chance of his career in the good city of Newport, to devote several years to pictures engraved on copper, which are already historical, in that some of them register objects that have passed away.

Mr. Charles Mielatz was in government employ when he went to Newport to serve with the engineers department of the River and Harbor Survey. Map-making, drafting, and surveying were among his duties. This work took him far up Narragansett Bay to Pawtucket, one of Rhode Island's many manufacturing towns. There he etched the bridge in the borough which crosses the Pawtucket River just above its junction with the Blackstone, a spot that has the look of Venice, as the etching shows. In itself a not unpicturesque townscape, this etching preserves the bridge which has its own queer niche in history as the place that saw the beginning of a long line of "bridge-jumpers."

The redoubtable Sam Patch, known to our grandmothers and grandfathers as an example of amazing hardihood and heroism, began his popular career by leaping from this bridge—*coram publico*—before the face and eyes of assembled hundreds. A generation jaded by bridge-jumpers who drop into the East River from the Brooklyn Bridge, and sometimes fail to reap the rightful consequences of their folly, will smile superior at this feat of the adolescent and tentative Patch; but his own age seems to have enjoyed him.

And in the other direction, namely, seaward, Mr. Mielatz plied his burin, and found in the windmills on seagirt, lonely Block Island, and in the sloops and schooners that go a-sword-fishing, and in the open sailing-boats they call caraway boats, that ply between the island and Newport, abundant material for pictures.

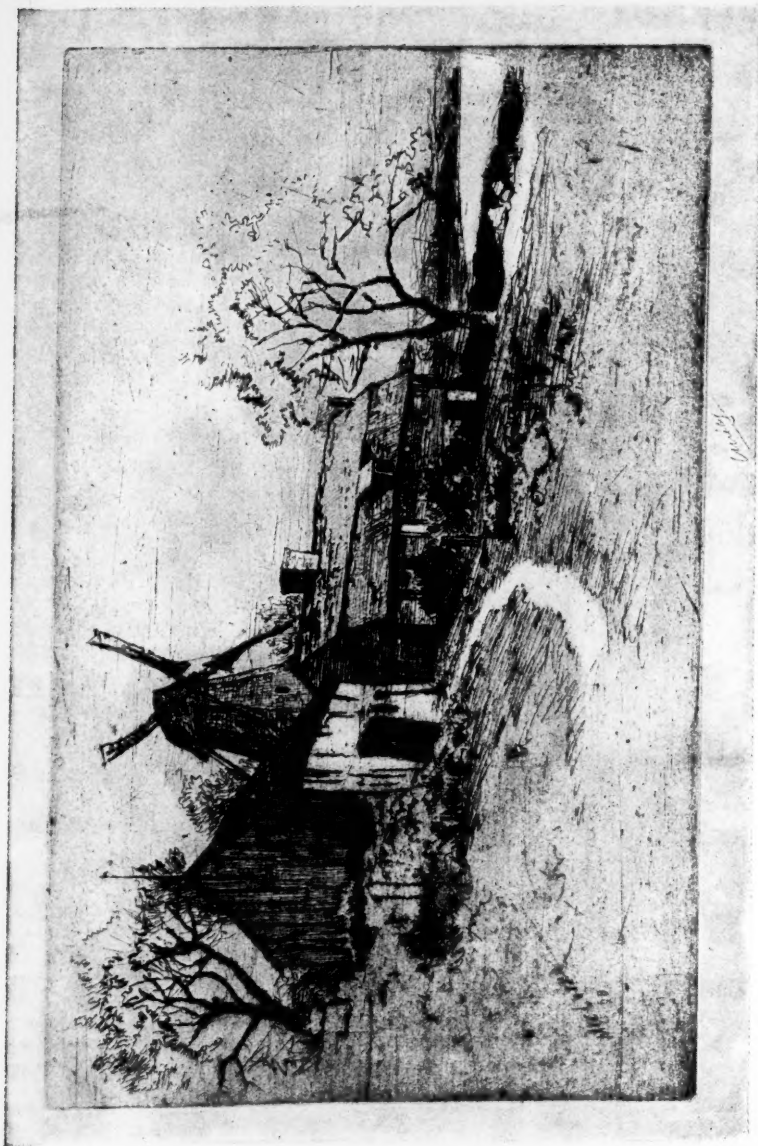
Sword-fishing vessels especially appealed to him, for he is a lover of the not always gentle craft of Izaak Walton, and delights in struggling with a



TRINITY STEEPLE, THE NIGHT OF THE FIRE

tarpon off the Florida keys, or doing to death a shark which interferes with sport by scaring off or seizing on the hook the great, gamy fish.

Here are the "pulpits" at the end of the bowsprit, where the harpooner stands as the boat approaches noiselessly the giant fish of the north Atlantic waters, whence the steel flashes down beside the huge fin into the basking monster. Time was when the prudent mariner, approaching in a small boat, took the precaution to bend a keg onto the end of his line; then, having struck his fish, to toss the keg overboard. The sword-fish, returning in



NARRAGANSETT WINDMILL, ESSEX TOWNSHIP



JIMMY HART'S BOAT BUILDING SHED, LONG WHARF



THE WRECK, BRENTON'S COVE, NEWPORT HARBOR

wrath along the line, would strike that keg with its sword until it bounded in the air. Nowadays boats are so large that fishermen do not fear the sword the creature wears. It is said that nature provides this toothsome fish with its weapon to maim the smaller fish that swim in schools, the sword-fish darting among them, striking right and left. Then it returns to devour the stunned and wounded.

Long Wharf, Newport, used to be, and perhaps is yet, the center of the boating element indigenous to the town—not the transient yachting or summer element. Here are the sheds of boat-builders, whether rowboat or cat, Block Island caraway or sloop; the broad-bowed cat which takes twenty people for a sail past Fort Adams and out to Beaver Tail and Bateman's Point, as well as the shallow skip-jack that boys delight to sail on the smooth reaches of Narragansett Channel.

Hither come the Newport yachtsmen, the sea-captains, and barnacles; men of formidable prowess as whalers, adepts at a clambake, critics of yacht and knockabout, retailers of scandals among the lowly and the rich. Mielatz has drawn for us to the life one of

those shadowy boat-building shops, with its work-benches near the walls, its look of a maritime barn, its vista of harbor and anchored craft. It is the famous shop of "Jimmy" Hart. There stand the old armchairs and stools where the cronies sit and swap lies and talk politics and fishin'.

Newport was almost as cosmopolitan as New York before the Revolution, and ran New York and Boston a keen race for trade in the colonial days. Outrun by both during fourscore years, it was discovered during the Civil War by New Yorkers and Bostonians of wealth, who first crowded the hotels, then bought land and built, until the summer householders froze out the summer hotel-dwellers, and made it what it is now, a double city of permanent residents of moderate means, and of summer residents with mighty purses.

Apart from both these main elements dwell the old boat-building, clam-baking, shop-keeping Newporters, a sturdy race which regards with a fine equal scorn the intruders from Massachusetts and New York, from the South and the West. You see a few of them sitting on those old chairs in-



THE HAUNT OF THE HERNE, NARRAGANSETT

dulging in grim jests at the style the yachtsmen put on, and telling how one day a school of porpoises, playing follow-my-leader, got into the dock with one narrow inlet, which used to lie just west of Long Wharf, and were too frightened to find their way out, churning in their wild race the water into foam; how a whale ventured in through the West Channel, and was harpooned out yonder beyond Jamestown; how the last storm has banked up such a mass of weed on the beaches beyond Castle Hill that the summer residents have to quit because of the awful stench; how some Block Islanders in the year so-and-so fooled the customs officers by smuggling in the contents of a wreck under a flock of Block Island sheep; how the old times were the best times, and we shall never, never wake up again to see a couple of British blockade-runners, captured off the Carolina coast, ridin' at anchor beyond Goat Island!

That historic church, Trinity, which dominates with its spire the old town of Newport, was near destruction from three simultaneous fires while Mielatz lived there; and a brilliant etching records the danger. For Trinity is none

of your newfangled stone churches, but a spacious old affair of wood, built for English parishioners of the Church of England. It has the old square pews, and a spire designed by Sir Christopher Wren, and an old yard all too small, with other wooden buildings alarmingly overlooking it. This time it escaped. Will it be so lucky again?

Some years ago fire made away with the dock-house at the end of Long Wharf, which we see in one of the etchings. The catboats moored in the foreground belong to what was a famous boat-building shop, Brackett's, the first that one came to when leaving the Fall River boat that touched at the end of Long Wharf.

What a time there was to get one of those monster Sound steamers moored when the wind was heavy from the wrong quarter!

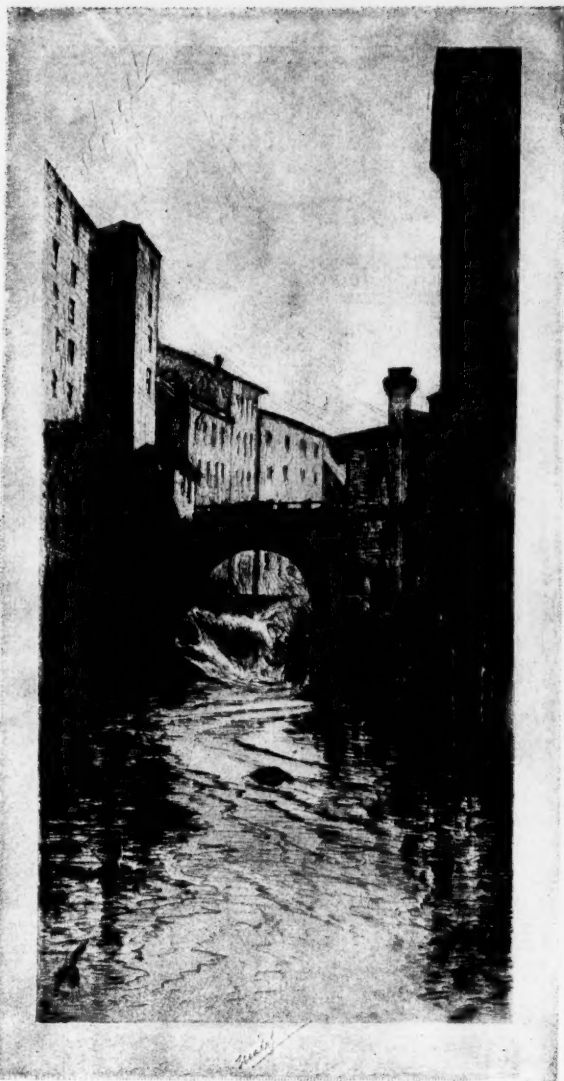
Narragansett Pier, out beyond Beaver Tail, is another spot chosen by Mr. Mielatz, who has etched a fine view in snowy weather of the hamlet of Moorsfield, and another in summer-time, with a glimpse of the Pettaquamscott River. It must not be supposed that he etched views of Newport and other Rhode Island places on a sys-



ACROSS THE FIELDS TO THE PETTAQUAMSCUTT RIVER

tem, in order to illustrate a book, or present the most interesting spots. Each etching was made because the idea occurred that here was something that appealed to him; and after a while he found that he possessed a series of etchings, some of which are reproduced to show his style.

Take, for example, this bit of Brenton's Cove, near Fort Adams, on Newport Harbor, with a wrecked schooner's hulk a fissured black mass in the shoals at the base of the cliff. Or the lonely edge of water over by Narragansett, called "Haunt of the Herne." We feel that the etcher had no idea of making an illustration or recording a geographical fact, or forming one more item in the history of a State. But the Brenton's Cove wreck is a precious record to Newporters and Rhode Islanders of that side of the harbor, as it was before villas and very palaces were built there, encroaching even upon the tops of bold knolls and crags. The second windmill belongs to a spot that lies far away from the haunts of the visitors to Narragansett Pier. It is in Essex Township. Attracted by its picturesqueness and adaptability to a rounded little composition, the etcher



FALLS OF THE PAWTUCKET RIVER, PAWTUCKET, R. I.

has preserved a glimpse of the old days, which will be of infinite value hereafter to the descendants of the present generation.

Rhode Island has long been the paradise of yachtsmen, if that mixture of metaphors be permitted, for its land-locked broad straits and estuaries, its deep waters close to shore, its ever-changing coast-lines and exquisite views of ocean and islands and bights and bays, fit it as no other spot on the Atlantic coast for swimming and sailing and rowing, for deep-sea fishing and seining, for duck-shooting, and the landing of big and gamy striped bass. Its deep waters, steady winds, and comparatively low coasts make its broad waterways the natural home of regattas. It is the testing ground for the Herreshoffs, that family of yacht-builders which has gained such fame in our days. Mild in winter and cool in summer, its climate escapes the violent contrasts of other coasts.

Mr. Mielatz was one of the Society of Etchers that once held together in New York and made annual exhibitions from 1882 to 1893. He has made

more etchings of odd nooks about Manhattan than about any other city or town; but that series would require a separate article. Certainly he has done the Rhode Island plates with special gusto.

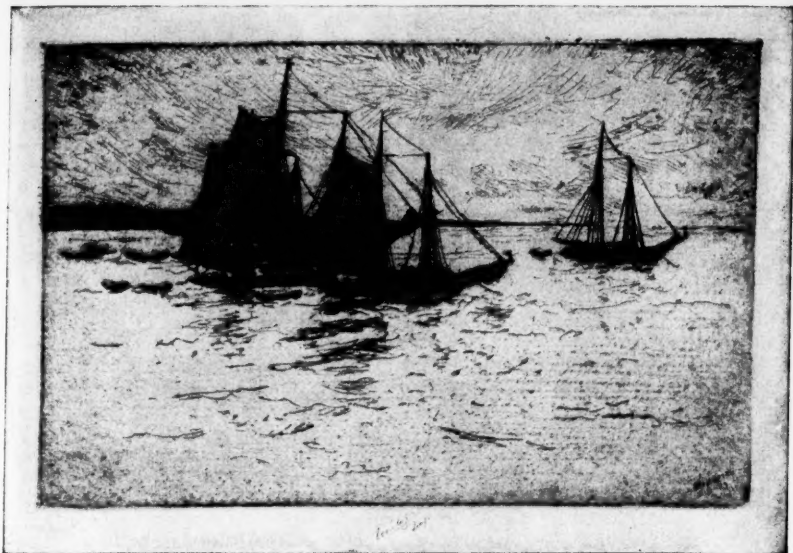
Formerly, Mr. Mielatz used to entrust the printing of his plates to professional workmen, who played havoc with the impressions. Now he has his own press, and gives to each impression the care and intelligence that preside over his work with burin, acid, and drypoint. It is a great advantage to be one's own printer and publisher, to be no longer at the mercy of indifferent or clumsy workmen.

Various societies have recognized his talent.

Thus the Society of Iconophiles, an inner organization of the Grolier Club, has employed him to rescue from oblivion many interesting spots in and about New York with which men and scenes of importance are connected. Recently



WINTER AT MOORSFIELD, NARRAGANSETT



SWORDFISHER SCHOONERS, BLOCK ISLAND

he etched the cottage occupied by Edgar Allan Poe, at Fordham, from such a direction and in such a light that one loses the sordid and commonplace surroundings, and feels that the unpretentious little house was worthy to have sheltered genius. Since the cottage itself may be swept away any day, this is a work for which the city may be thankful.

A complete collection of the plates etched by Mr. Mielatz from spots in New York, its waters and surrounding islands, ought to be preserved in the City Hall Library; but that is a suggestion which savors of Utopia. Even the New York Historical Society has no money for such purchases, trusting to the precarious possibility that some one may give it a set; so what can be expected of the library at City Hall? Meantime the Print Department of the Public Library, under Mr. Frank Weitenkampf, is not only collecting American etchings, but by way of frequent exhibits of prints in the Lenox Library is encouraging the taste for

this branch of the art, and preparing the ground for a repetition of the attempt to establish an etcher society.

At present there are still left from the old guard Messrs. James D. Smillie, J. Alden Weir, Schilling, Mielatz, and a few more. Should a new organization be founded, they will take care to avoid the errors which were the undoing of the New York Etching Club. Chief among these errors was the admission of etchers who soon began to exhibit hasty, commercial work; veritable pot-boilers, which they made betweenwhiles, when they were not doing oils or water-colors. The poor quality of the average exhibit disgusted the good etchers, and after a time alienated connoisseurs.

Charles Frederick William Mielatz was born at Breddin, near Prentzlau, Brandenburg, in 1860. He was brought to the United States in 1867, and studied under the elder Frédéric Rondel, a French painter-etcher who settled in New York.

When General Warren was sta-

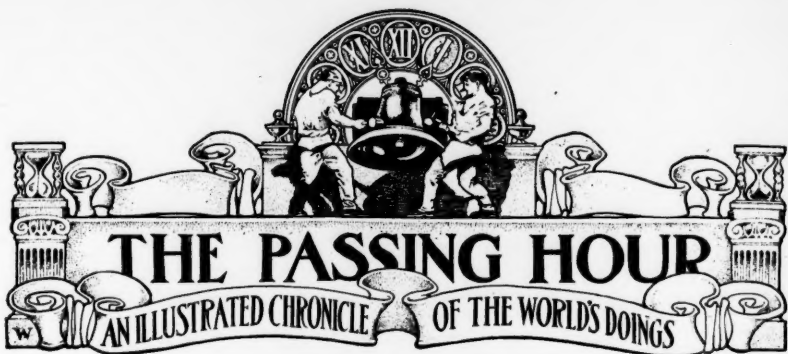
tioned at Fort Adams, Newport, in charge of the river and harbor branch of the engineer department, United States Army, he planned a book on the Battle of Five Forks, and persuaded Mielatz to go with him to make sketches of the battle-field as illustrations. Mielatz went to Newport as his guest, but orders came from the War Office sending General Warren away on several surveys. So that plan came to naught. But a place was vacant in the River and Harbor Office which the young craftsman was asked to fill. Thus it came about that he found government employ.

Rhode Island scenes were the first ever shown by Mr. Mielatz at a public exhibition. He sent to the New York Etching Club, in 1884, two of the pieces here reproduced—namely: "Jimmy Hart's Boatshop" and "Wreck in Brenton's Cove," adding a windmill etched on Nantucket as a third. His idea was that perhaps two would be rejected, but one retained, in order not to discourage completely a well-meaning beginner. Not a little proud was he to find all three among the accepted.

At that time the Etching Club exhibited, along with the American Water Color Society, in the galleries of the National Academy, Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street.

Etching is a peculiarly popular form of art, since it appeals to wider circles than water-colors or oils. Even those who, from natural disposition or merely from lack of study, care but little for pictures in color are apt to enjoy a fine print. But the etching collector in this country has gone too far to put up with an inferior kind of print. Engravings by the best of the old and recent European craftsmen are his for the buying. Rembrandt, Whistler, Rajon, Haden, Pennell, Menpes, Vierge, Van Sgravesande, Axel Haig, Jaquemart, and others have educated the print-collector to a point when he must have etchings made by a thoroughly trained artist, who puts his heart into his work. It is not until enough etchers of this kind can be brought together that Mr. Mielatz and his comrades of the carved and bitten plate will see their way to the founding of an etcher league.





THE PASSING HOUR

AN ILLUSTRATED CHRONICLE OF THE WORLD'S DOINGS

He Wants to be Like Roosevelt.

The kaiser, who is daily taking more and more interest in things American, has decided that another of his family is to come to this country to be educated. His fifth son, Prince Oscar, it has been decided, is to be educated at Harvard University. Oscar is just nineteen, and young for his years. There is no doubt that when he leaves Harvard he will be a great deal more like an American college boy than a German prince. Ambassador Tower, who is a great favorite at the German court, is a Harvard product, and this has had something to do in influencing the kaiser's decision. More than all, however, the kaiser admires President Roosevelt, and hopes that at least one of his sons will develop into a man of the same type. It is not unlikely that Prince Oscar will have as college-mates the President's sons, Theodore, Jr., and Kermit.



PRINCE OSCAR OF GERMANY,
Who is going to be educated with the Roosevelts.

Harvard is the only American university which makes a specialty of German subjects, and this makes it well fitted for the education of Oscar.

All this is but part of a settled policy on the part of the German emperor. The visit of Prince Henry of Prussia to the United States in 1903 was the first big move in the game that the kaiser is playing. Since then he has been buying American yachts, hiring American professors for German universities, sending German professors to American universities, presenting statues to the United States Government, entertaining royally every prominent American who has visited Berlin—doing everything that he can, in short, to build up a strong bond of sentiment between Germany and the United States.

The kaiser is a world politician who can see a considerable distance ahead.

He knows that Great Britain is trying hard to secure some strong alliance with the United States. He realizes that the nation that secures that alliance will secure with it the political and commercial supremacy of Europe. Germany will not be left out in the cold if he can help it.

Jay Gould—Tennis Champion.

The original Jay Gould was something of a champion in his day. He played with men and railroads and corporations. His grandson, who is scarcely out of his teens, is making a name for himself in an entirely different sphere of life, and incidentally showing the English people that only a short time will elapse before the United States holds the athletic supremacy, which they have been boasting of for the past hundred years.

Gould's game is court-tennis. This is a sport somewhat akin to the popular lawn-tennis with which we are all familiar; but it is more ancient, more aristocratic, and demands more in the way of resource and finesse from the player.

It is played indoors in a walled court, and might be roughly described as a game in which many of the features of billiards and lawn-tennis are combined. There are one or two clubs in this country with tennis-courts, the Racquette and Tennis Club being the most notable of these. A few millionaires have courts of their own, but they cost a good deal to build, and are few and far between. The American amateur, consequently,

does not get the best chance in the world for practise and experience.

In England things are a little different. Gentlemen there have played the game since the days of the Black Prince, and many of the private courts are hundreds of years old. It is regarded as peculiarly a "gentleman's game," and forms part of the education of the wealthier Englishman as fencing did a generation or so ago. Young Gould is now in England playing with the best players that country can produce. Eustace Miles, the English champion, has refused to play this year. Two seasons ago he beat the American by a very narrow margin. Since then his game has not improved, while Gould has developed a good deal. Miles is a vegetarian, and lives mainly on scientifically prepared concentrated foods. Young Gould indulges in the ordinary diet of an American, but does not drink or smoke. Many Englishmen, as well as Americans, believe that Gould can beat Miles or any other of the English players.



JAY GOULD,
Tennis champion and grandson of the financier.

The Amir and the Lady.

Khan H. H. Habibullah, son of Abdurrahma, Amir of Afghanistan, is the scion of an ancient line, and the chief of a warlike race of mountaineers who more than once have given British armies more than their fill of fighting. He is thirty odd, and, like most of his countrymen, full blooded and of magnificent physique. Being a barbaric king, he wants what he wants with a direct intensity unknown to the more civilized

ances; being absolute in his power, he is accustomed to have his commands obeyed and his wishes realized.

Helena, Duchess of Manchester, is an American girl who married an English duke some years ago. She is good-looking and well-bred. With her husband she paid a visit to Calcutta. The amir saw her, and approved of her. He invited her to visit Afghanistan, and she rather wished to go there and see the country. Had she gone, we would have had some interesting foreign despatches in the newspapers.

The duchess has made a study of Buddhism, and her knowledge in this respect pleased and interested the amir. He urged the duke and the duchess to pay him a visit in Cabul, but those who knew him well advised the duke to stay in Calcutta until he left the Orient. They hinted that the amir admired the lady so much that he would try to keep her in Cabul for the rest of her life, and that it would probably cost the English several millions and a good many lives to get her back again.

At present the amir is very much dis-



THE AMIR OF AFGHANISTAN,
Who has primitive ideas on the marriage question.

gusted. He finds that he cannot purchase the duchess from her husband, no matter how much he pays. He expresses a hearty contempt for the effeminacy of Westerners who have scruples about selling their wives. The duchess is now in some doubt as to whether or not she should retain the possession of a large gold ingot, a costly Oriental robe, a string of uncut gems, and a wonderful amber box studded with turquoises—all presents from the amir.

The Most Beautiful Woman in England.

In spite of the growing tendency in favor of contests of all kinds between this country and England, it is not likely that there will be any international beauty contest for some time to come.

Beauty, whether more or less than skin deep, is so largely a matter of taste that it is very hard to get people to agree in their estimate of any woman's personal appearance. The West Africans admire fat women. So do the Turks. The English go to the opposite extreme in their preferences,



HELENA, DUCHESS OF MANCHESTER,
Who attracted the amir's admiration.

favoring the slender and stately, the willowy and frail. They admire American girls for their piquancy and dash, but the American girl has too much expression and too little of calm severity in her countenance to satisfy the London critics.

In a recent beauty contest which was decided by a popular vote, and which aroused tremendous general excitement in Great Britain, Lady Pole-Carew, whose portrait is given herewith, was an easy winner. She satisfies the British standards perfectly, but it is not unlikely that she has more Irish than English blood in her veins. Before she married General Pole-Carew, who is over fifty, and a good deal of a social lion in London, she was Lady Beatrice Butler. She is the daughter of the Marquess of Ormonde, twenty-first earl in his line, and twenty-seventh hereditary chief butler of Ireland. Even when he doesn't use his titles, it takes the earl some little time to write

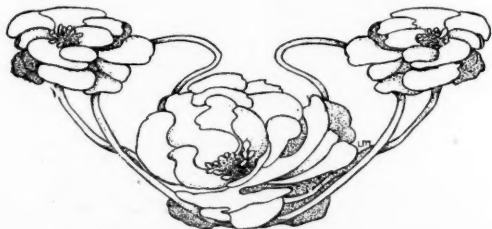


LADY POLE-CAREW,
The most beautiful woman in England.

out his name in full. It is James Edward William Theobald Butler. Among the other women chosen for place in the beauty contest were Lady Helen Vincent, Princess Henry of Pless, the Duchess of Sutherland, and two actresses, Julia Neilson and Evelyn Millard.

If an American girl wishes to make an impression as a beauty in London, she must do several things. In the first place, she must marry an Englishman of title. Then she must arrange her hair in

a bang over her forehead, after the fashion set by the present queen. After this she must cultivate a studied impassivity of feature, and learn to draw the corners of her mouth down in a peculiar droop, indicating aristocracy, hauteur, and breeding. By this time she will be eligible as a London beauty, but her American friends, if she still retains any of them, will scarcely recognize her when they meet her on the street.





FOR THE GLORY OF HECLA ONE

BY HOLMAN FRAY.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CH. GRUNWALD

IN Newry, on the glorious Fourth of July, the Proud Bird of Freedom wears a red shirt, a shield hat, and carries a speaking-trumpet clutched under one wing. From the court-house—Newry is the county's shire town—across to the post-office is stretched the well-worn banner:

WELCOME TO THE COUNTY'S
BRAVE FIRE-LADDIES.

That banner pitches the key for Independence Day in Newry. The shire patriotically jangles her half-dozen bells in the steeples at daylight in honor of Liberty, and then gives Liberty a stick of candy and a bag of peanuts, and tells her to sit in the shade and keep her eye out sharp for the crowding events of the annual firemen's muster. This may be a cavalier way of treating Liberty on her own great anniversary, but perhaps Liberty enjoys it better than being kept on her feet all day, listening to speeches and having her ear-drums split by cannon. Who knows? At all events, Newry certainly suits the firemen of the county, from Scotaze in the north to Carthage in the south. And the firemen of the county and their women are the ones who do their shopping in Newry. Liberty was

never known to buy as much as a ribbon for her kimono there.

So it's the annual firemen's muster for Newry! Red shirts in the forenoon parade, red language at the afternoon tub-trials, red fire in the evening till the last cheer is yawped.

So it was on the day of which this truthful chronicle treats.

Court Street, at ten ante-meridian, was banked with eager faces. Band music, muffled and mellow, away off somewhere where the parade was forming. Small boys whiling away the tedium of waiting with snap-crackers. Country teams loaded to the edges, and with little Johnny scooped on a cricket in front, hustling down the line of parade to find a nook. Anxious parents scuttling from side to side of the street, dragging red-faced offspring with the same haste and uncertainty hens display to get on the other side of the road—having no especial object in changing, except to change. Chatter of voices, hailings of old friends who signify delighted surprise by profanity and affectionate abuse. Everlasting wailings of penny squawkers.

Behold Newry ready for its annual "See the Conquering Heroes Come"!

Uncle Brad Trufant stood on the

post-office steps, dim and discontented eyes on the vista of Court Street, framed in the drooping elms.

"They don't get the pepper sass into it these days they used to," he said. "These last two years, if it wa'n't for the red shirts and some one forgettin'

and cussin' once in a while, you'd think they was classes from a theological seminary marchin' to get their degrees. I can remember when we came down from Vienny twenty years ago with old Niag'ry, and ev'ry man was over six feet tall, and most of 'em had double teeth, upper and lower, all the way 'round. And all wore red shirts. And ev'ry man had one horn, and most of 'em tew. We broke glass when we hollered. We tore up ground when we jumped. We cracked the earth when we lit. Them was *real* days for firemen!"

"Ain't seen the Scotaze Ancient and Honorable Firemen's Association, Hiram Look foreman, and his new fife-and-drum corps, and the rest of the trimmin's, have you, Uncle Brad?" drawled a man near him. "Well, don't commit yourself too far on old Vienny

till the Scotaze part of the parade gets past. I see 'em this mornin' when they unloaded Heclly One and the trimmin's 'foresaid, and I'd advise you to wait a spell before you go to callin' this muster names."

It became apparent a little later that

hints of this sort were having their effect on the multitude. Even the head of the great parade, with old John Burt, chief marshal, titupping to the grunt of brass horns, stirred only perfunctory applause. The shouts for Avon's stalwart fifty, with their mascot gander waddling on the right flank, were evidently confined to the Avon excursionists. Starks, Cathage, Salem, Vienna strode past with various evolutions—open order, fours by the right, double-quick, and all



They were respectively the wives of Cap'n Sproul and the foreman of Hecla One.

the rest, but still the heads turned toward the elm-framed vista of the street. The people were expecting something. It came.

Away down the street there sounded—raggity-tag! raggity-tag!—the tuck of a single drum. Then—pur-r-r-r!

"There's old Scotaze talkin' up!" shrilled a voice in the crowd.

And the jubilant plangor of a fife-and-drum corps burst on the listening ears.

"And there's his pet elephant for a mascot! How's that for Foreman Hiram Look and the Scotaze Ancients and Honer'bles?" squealed the voice once more.

The drum corps came first, twenty strong, snares and basses rattling and booming, the fifers with arms akimbo and cheeks like bladders.

Hiram Look, ex-showman and once proprietor of "Look's Leviathan Circus and Menagerie," came next, lonely in his grandeur. He wore his leather hat, with the huge shield-fin hanging down his back, the word "Foreman" newly lettered on its curved front. He carried two leather buckets on his left arm, and in his right hand flourished his speaking-trumpet. The bed-wrench, chief token of the antiquity of the Ancients, hung from a cord about his neck, and the huge bag, with a puckering string run about its mouth, dangled from his waist.

At his heels shambled the elephant, companion of his circus wanderings, and whose old age he had sworn to protect and make peaceful. A banner was hung from each ear, and she slouched along at a brisk pace, in order to keep the person of her lord and master within reach of her moist and wistful trunk. She wore a blanket, on which was printed: "Imogene, Mascot of the Scotaze Ancients." Imogene was making herself useful as well as ornamental, for she was harnessed to the pole of "Hecla Number One," and the old tub "ruckle-chuckled" along at her heels on its little red trucks. From its brake-bars hung the banners won in the past-and-gone victories of twenty years of musters. Among these was one inscribed "Champions."

And behind Hecla marched, seventy-five strong, the Ancients of Scotaze, augmented, by Hiram Look's enterprise, until they comprised nearly every able-bodied man in the old town.

To beat and pulse of riotous drums and shrilling fifes they were roaring choruses. It was the old war-song of

the organization, product of a quarter-century of rip-roaring defiance, crystallized from the lyrics of the hard-fisted.

They let the bass drums accent for them.

*"Here wec-come from old Sco-ta-ze,
Here wec-come with Heclly One;
We're the prunes, and she's a daisy,
We've come down for fight or fun.
Shang, de-rango! We're the bo-kay,
Don't giveadam for no one no way.*

*"Here wec-come—sing old A'nt Rhody!
See old Heclly paw up dirt.
Stuff her pod with rocks and sody,
Jee-ro C'ris'mus, how she'll squirt!
Rip-te-hoo! And a rip, hip, holler,
We'll lick hell for a half a dollar!"*

The post-office windows rattled and shivered in the sunshine. Horses along the line of march crouched, ducked sideways, and snorted in panic. Women put their fingers in their ears as the drums passed. And when at the end of each verse the Ancients swelled their red-shirted bosoms and screamed "Wow-w-w-w!" with the vigor of a siren-whistle, children put their heads behind their mothers' petticoats and sobbed in pure fright.

"It seems like old times!" screamed Uncle Trufant, in the ear of his nearest neighbors on the post-office steps. "The only thing we need is the old Vienny company here to give 'em the stump! Old Vienny, as it used to be, could lick 'em, el'funt and all."

The Scotaze Ancients were file-closers of the parade; Hiram Look had chosen his position with an eye to effect that made all the other companies seem to do mere escort duty. The orderly lines of spectators poured together into the street behind, and went elbowing in noisy rout to the village square, the grand rallying-point and arena of the day's contests. There, taking their warriors' ease before the battle, the Ancients, as disposed by their assiduous foreman, continued the center of observation.

Uncle Brad Trufant, nursing ancient memories of the prowess of Niagara and the Viennese, voiced some of the sentiment of the envious when he mut-

tered: "Eatin', allus eatin'! The only fire they can handle is a fire in a cook-stove."

On this occasion Foreman Look had responded nobly to the well-known gastronomic call of his Ancients. No one understood better than he the importance of the commissary in a campaign. The dinner he had given the Ancients to celebrate his election as foreman had shown him the way to their hearts.

Bringing up the rear, had rumbled one of his circus-vans. Now, with the eyes of the hungry multitude on him, he unlocked the doors, and disclosed an interior packed full of individual lunch-baskets. His men cheered lustily, and formed in line.

Foreman Look gazed on his cohorts with pride and fondness.

"Gents," he said, in a clarion voice that took all the bystanders into his confidence, "you're never goin' to make any mistake in followin' me. Follow me when duty calls—follow me when pleasure speaks, and you'll always find me with the goods."

He waved his hand at the open door of the van.

Two ladies had been awaiting the arrival of the Ancients in the square, squired by a stout man in blue, who scruffed his fingers through his stubbly gray beard from time to time with no great ease of manner. Most of the spectators knew him. He was the first selectman of Scotaze, Cap'n Aaron Sproul. And when the ladies, at a signal from Foreman Look, took stations at the van door and began to distribute the baskets, whisperings announced that they were respectively the wives of Cap'n Sproul and the foreman of Hecla One. The ladies wore red, white, and blue aprons, and rosettes of patriotic hues, and their smiling faces indicated their zest in their duties.

Uncle Trufant, as a hound scents game, sniffed Cap'n Sproul's uneasy rebelliousness, and seemed to know with a sixth sense that only Hiram's most insistent appeals to his friendship, coupled with the coaxings of the women-folk, had dragged him down from Scotaze. Uncle Trufant edged up to

him, and pointed wavering cane at the festive scene of distribution.

"Seems to be spendin' his money on 'em, all free and easy, cap'n."

The cap'n scowled and grunted.

"It's good to have a lot of money like he's got. That's the kind of a foreman them caterpillars is lookin' for. But if greenbacks grewed all over him, like leaves on a tree, they'd keep at him till they'd gnawed 'em all off."

He glowered at the briskly wagging jaws and stuffed cheeks of the feeding protégés of Foreman Look.

"I reckon he'll wake up some day, same's you did, and realize what they're tryin' to do to him. What you ought to done was settle in Vienny. We've heard out our way how them Scotaze blood-suckers have——"

Cap'n Sproul whirled on the ancient detractor, whiskers bristling angrily. He had never been backward in pointing out Scotaze's faults. But to have an outsider do it in the open forum of a firemen's muster was a different matter.

"Before I started in to criticize other towns or brag about my own, Trufant," he snorted, "I'd move over into some place where citizens like you, that's been dead ten years and ought to be buried, ain't walkin' round because there ain't soil enough left in town to bury 'em in."

This was biting reference to Vienna's ledgy surface.

"I'd rather walk on granite than have web feet and paddle in muck," retorted Uncle Trufant, ready with the ancient taunt as to the big bog that occupied Scotaze's interior.

"Ducks are good property," rejoined the cap'n serenely, "but I never heard of any one keepin' crows for pets nor raisin' 'em for market. There ain't nothin' but a crow will light on your town, and *they* only do it because the sight of it makes 'em faint."

Stimulated because bystanders were listening to the colloquy, Uncle Trufant shook his cane under Cap'n Sproul's nose.

"That's what ye be in Scotaze—ducks!" he squealed. "Ye come to your

own when ye waddled off'n the deck of a ship and settled there. Down here to-day with an el'funt and what's left of a busted circus, and singin' brag songs, when there ain't a man in this county but what knows Scotaze never had the gristle to put up a fight man-fashion at a firemen's muster. Vienny can shake one fist at ye and run ye up a tree. Vienny has allus done it. Vienny allus will do it. Ye can't fight!"

Hiram had cocked his ear at sound of Uncle Trufant's petulant squeal. He thrust close to them, elbowing the crowd.

"Fight! Why, you old black and tan,

what has fightin' got to do with the makin' of a fire department? There's been too much fightin' in years past. It's a lot of old terriers like you that has made firemen looked down on. Your idee of fire equipment was a kag of new rum and plenty of brass knuckles. I can show ye that times has changed! Look at that picture there!" He waved his hairy hand at the ladies who were distributing the last of the lunch-baskets. "That's the way to come to muster—come like gents, act like gents, eat like gents, and when it's all over march home with your lady on your arm."

"Three cheers for the ladies!" yelled

an enthusiastic member of the Scotaze company. The cheers coming up had to crowd past food going down, but the effect was good, nevertheless.

"That's the idee!" shouted Hiram. "Peace and politeness, and everybody happy. If that kind of a firemen's muster don't suit Vienny, then her company better take the next train back home and put in the rest of the day firin' rocks at each other. If Vienny stays here she's got to be genteel, like the rest of us—and the Scotaze Ancients will set the pace. Ain't that so, boys?"

His men yelled jubilant assent.

Uncle Trufant's little eyes shuttled balefully.

"Oh, that's it, is it?" he jeered. "I didn't know I'd got into the ladies' sew-in-circle. But if



Uncle Trufant shook his cane under Cap'n Sprout's nose.

you've got fancy-work in them shop-pin'-bags of your'n, and propose to set under the trees this afternoon and do tattin', I wouldn't advise ye to keep singin' that song you marched in here with. It ain't ladylike. Better sing, 'Oh, how we love our teacher dear!'"

"Don't you fuss your mind about us in any way, shape, or manner," retorted the foreman. "When we march we march, when we eat we eat, when we sing we sing, when we squirt"—he raised his voice and glared at the crowd surrounding—"we'll give ye a stream that the whole Vienny fire company can straddle and ride home on like it was a hobby-horse." And, concluding thus, he fondled his long mustaches away from his mouth, and gazed on the populace with calm pride. Cæsar on the plains of Pharsalia, Pompey triumphant on the shores of Africa, Alexander at the head of his conquering Macedonians had not more serenity of countenance to display to the multitude.

Up came trotting a brisk little man with a note-book in one hand, a stubby lead-pencil in the other, a look of importance spread over his flushed features, and on his breast a broad, blue ribbon, inscribed: "Chief Marshal."

"Scotaze has drawn number five for the squirt," he announced, "follerin' Vienny. Committee on tub contests has selected Colonel Gideon Ward as referee."

Hiram's eyes began to blaze, and Cap'n Sproul growled oaths under his breath. During the weeks of their growing intimacy the cap'n had detailed to his friend the various phases of Colonel Gideon's iniquity as displayed toward him. Though the affairs of Hiram Look had not yet brought him into conflict with the ancient tyrant of Scotaze, Hiram had warmly espoused the cause and the grudge of the cap'n.

"I'll bet a thousand dollars against a jelly-fish's hind-leg that he begged the job so as to do you," whispered Sproul. "I ain't been a brother-in-law of his goin' on two years not to know his shenanigan. It's a plot."

"Who picked out that old cross between a split-saw and a bull-thistle to

umpire this muster?" shouted the foreman of the Ancients, to the amazement of the brisk little man.

"Why, he's the leadin' man in this section, and a Scotaze man at that," explained the marshal. "I don't see how your company has got any kick comin'. He's one of your own townsmen."

"And that's why we know him better than you do," protested Hiram, taking further cue from the glowering gaze of Cap'n Sproul. "You put him out there with the tape, and you'll see——"

"Peace and politeness, and everybody happy," quoted Uncle Trufant maliciously. The serenity had departed from Foreman Look's face.

"You don't pretend to tell me, do ye, that the Scotaze Ancients is afraid to have one of their own citizens referee?" demanded the brisk little man suspiciously. "If that's so, then there must be something decayed about your organization."

"I don't think they're down here to squirt accordin' to the rules made and pervided," went on the ancient Vienna satirist. "They've brought Bostin bags and a couple of wimmen, and are goin' to have a quiltin'-bee. P'raps they think that Kunnel Gid Ward don't know a fish-bone stitch from an over-and-over. P'raps they think Kunnel Ward ain't ladylike enough for 'em."

Not only had the serenity departed from the face of Foreman Look, the furious anger of his notoriously short temper had taken its place.

"By the jumped-up jedux," he shouted, "you pass me any more of that talk, you old hook-nosed cockatoo, and I'll slap your chops!"

The unterrified veteran of the Viennese brandished his cane to embrace the throng of his red-shirted townsmen, who had been crowding close to hear. At last his flint had struck the spark that flashed with something of the good old times about it.

"And what do you suppose the town of Vienny would be doin' whilst you was insultin' the man who was chief of old Niag'ry Company for twenty years?" he screamed.

"There's one elephant that I know about that would be an orphin in about fifteen seconds," growled one of the loyal members of the Vienna company, the lust of old days of rivalry beginning to stir in his blood.

"Would, hey?" shouted an Ancient, with the alacrity of one who has old-time grudges still unsettled. He put a sandwich back into his basket untasted, an ominous sign of how belligerency was overcoming appetite. "Well, make b'lieve I'm the front door of the orphin asylum, and come up and rap on me!"

With a promptitude that was absolutely terrifying, the two lines of red shirts began to draw together, voices growling bodingly, fists clenching, eyes narrowing with the reviving hatred of old contests. The triumphal entry of the Scotaze Ancients, their display of prosperity, their monopoly of the plaudits and attention of the throngs, the assumption of superior caste and manners had stirred resentment under every red shirt in the parade. But Vienna, hereditary foe, seemed to be the one tacitly selected for the brunt of the conflict.

"Hiram!" pleaded his wife, running to him and patting his convulsed features with trembling fingers. "You said this was all goin' to be genteel. You said you were goin' to show 'em

how good manners and politeness ought to run a firemen's muster. You said you were!"

By as mighty an effort of self-control as he ever exercised in his life, Hiram managed to gulp back the sulfurous vilification he had ready at his tongue's end, and paused a moment.

"That's right! I did say it!" he belatedly, his eyes sweeping the crowd over his wife's shoulder. "And I mean it. It sha'n't be said that the Scotaze Ancients was anything but gents. Let them that think a bunged eye and a bloody nose is the right kind of badges to wear away from a firemen's muster keep right on in their hellish career. As for us"—he tucked his wife's arm under his own—"we remember there's ladies present, and——"

"Includin' the elephant," suggested the irrepressible Uncle Trufant, indicating with his cane Imogene "weaving," amiably in the sunshine.

Cap'n Sproul crowded close and growled into the

ear of the venerable mischief-maker: "I don't know who set you on to thorn this crowd of men into a fight, and I don't care. But there ain't goin' to be no trouble here, and if you keep on tryin' to make it, I'll give you one finger of the Portygee fandle-dingo."

"What's that?" inquired Uncle Trufant, with interest.



"Be ye goin' to let 'em outaquit ye?"

"An almighty good lickin'," quoth the peacemaker. "I ain't a member of a fire company, and I ain't under no word of honor not to fight."

The two men snapped their angry eyes at each other a moment, and Uncle Trufant turned away, intimidated for the time. He confessed to himself that he didn't exactly understand how far a seafaring man could be trifled with.

Vienna gazed truculently on Scotaze for a time, but Scotaze, obeying their foreman's adjurations, mellowed into amiable grins, and went on with their lunches.

"Where's that Spitz poodle with the blue ribbon?" inquired the cap'n of Hiram, having reference to the brisk little man and his side whiskers. "It don't appear to me that you pounded it into his head solid enough about our not standin' for Gid Ward."

In the stress of other difficulties, Hiram had forgotten the dispute that started the quarrel.

"Don't let's have any more argument, Hiram," pleaded his wife.

"She's right, cap'n," said the foreman. "Standin' up for your rights is good and proper business, but it's a darn slippery place we're tryin' to stand on. Let the old pirate referee. We can outsquirt 'em. He won't dast to cheat us. I'm goin' to appoint you to represent Scotaze up there at the head of the stream. Keep your eye out for a square deal."

"I don't know a thing about squirtin', and I won't get mixed in," protested the cap'n. But the members of the Scotaze company crowded around him with appeals.

"There's only this to know," urged Hiram. "The judges lay down sheets of brown paper and measure to the farthest drop. All you've got to do is keep your eye out and see that we get our rights. You'll only be actin' as a citizen of our town—and as first selectman you can *insist* on our rights. And you can do it in a gentlemanly way, accordin' to the program we've mapped out. Peace and politeness—that's the motto for Scotaze."

And in the end Cap'n Sproul allowed himself to be persuaded.

But it was scarcely persuasion that did it.

It was this plaintive remark of the foreman: "Are you goin' to stand by and see Gideon Ward do us, and then give you the laugh?"

Therefore the cap'n buttoned his blue coat tightly and trudged up to where the committee was busy with the sheets of brown paper, weighting them with stones so that the July breeze could not flutter them away.

Starks, Carthage, and Salem made but passable showing. They seemed to feel that the crowd took but little interest in them. The listless applause that had greeted them in the parade showed that.

Then, with a howl, half-sullen, half-ferocious, Vienna trundled old Niagara to the reservoir, stuck her in-take pike deep in the water, and manned her brake-beams. To the surprise of the onlookers her regular foreman took his station with the rest of the crew. Uncle Brad Trufant, foreman emeritus, took command. He climbed slowly upon her tank, braced himself against the bell-hanger, and shook his cane in the air.

"Look at me!" he yelled, his voice cracking into a squall. "Look at me and remember them that's dead and gone, your fathers and your grands'rs, whose old fists used to grip them bars right where you've got your hands. Think of 'em, and then set your teeth and yank the 'tarnal daylight out of her. Are ye goin' to let me stand here—me that has seen your grands'rs pump—and have it said that old Niag'ry was licked by a passul of knittin'-work old maids, led by an elephant and a peep-show man? Be ye goin' to let 'em out-squirt ye? Why, the wimmen-folks of Vienny will put p'sen in your biscuits if you go home beat by anything that Scotaze can turn out. Git a-holt them bars! Clench your chaws! Now, damye, ye toggle-j'inted, dough-fingered, wall-eyed sons of seacooks, give her tar—give—her—tar!"

It was the old-fashioned style of ex-

ordium by an old-fashioned foreman, who believed that the best results could be obtained by the most scurrilous abuse of his men—and the immediate efforts to Vienna seemed to indorse his opinion.

With the foreman marking time with "Hoomp—hoomp!" they began to surge at the bars, arms interlaced, hands, brown and gristly, covering the leather from end to end. The long, snaking hose filled and plumped out with snapping.

Uncle Trufant flung his hat afar, doubled forward, and with white hair bristling on his head, began to curse horribly. Occasionally he rapped at a laggard with his cane. Then, like an insane orchestra-leader, he sliced the air about his head and launched fresh volleys of picturesque profanity.

Old Niagara rocked and danced. The four hosemen staggered as the stream ripped from the nozzle, crackling like pistol discharges. There was no question as to Uncle Trufant's ability to get the most out of the ancient pride of Vienna. He knew Niagara's resources.

"Ease her!" he screamed, after the first dizzy staccato of the beams. "Ease her! Steady! Get your motion! Up—down! Up—down! Get your motion! Take holt of her! Lift her! Now—now—now! For the last ounce of wickin' that's in ye! Give her—hell!"

It was the crucial effort. Men flung themselves at the beams. Legs flapped like garments on a clothes-line in a crazy gale. And when Uncle Trufant clashed the bell they staggered away one by one, and fell upon the grass of the square.

"A hundred and seventeen feet, eight inches and one-half!" came the yell down the line, and at the word Vienna rose on her elbows and bawled hoarse cheers.

The cheer was echoed tumultuously, for every man in the crowd of spectators knew that this was full twenty feet better than the record score of all musters—made by Scotaze two years before, with wind and all conditions favoring.

"That's what old times and old-fashioned cussin' can do for ye," declared Uncle Trufant.

A man—a short, squat man in a blue coat—came pelting down the street from the direction of the judges. It was Cap'n Aaron Sproul. People got out of his way when they got a glimpse of the fury on his face. He tore into the press of Scotaze fire-fighters, who were massed about Hecla, their faces downcast at announcement of this astonishing squirt.

"A hunderd and seventeen northin'! A hundred and seventeen northin'!" Cap'n Sproul gasped over and over. "I knowed he was in to do us! I see him do it. It wa'n't no hundred and seventeen! It's a fraud!"

"You're a liar!" cried Uncle Trufant promptly. But the cap'n refused to be diverted into argument.

"I went up there to watch Gid Ward, and I watched him," he informed the Ancients. "The rest of 'em was watchin' the squirt, but I was watchin' that land-pirut. I see him spit on that paper twenty feet farder'n the farthest drop of water, and then he measured from that spit. That's the kind of a man that's refereein' this thing. He's here to do us. He's payin' off old grudges!"

"Oh, I can't think that of my brother!" cried the cap'n's wife.

"Remember, Hiram, that you've agreed—" began the cautious spouse of the foreman, noting with alarm the rigid lines beginning to crease her husband's face.

"There ain't no mistake about his measurin' to that spit?" demanded Hiram of the cap'n, in the level tones of one already convinced, but willing to give the accused one a last chance.

"He done it!" replied the cap'n, with grim insistence, more clinching than fervid protestation.

"I had reckoned," pursued the foreman of the Ancients, "that a firemen's muster could be made genteel, and would make a pleasant little trip for the ladies. I was mistaken." At the look in his eyes his wife began eager appeal, but he simply picked her up



The hosemen, obedient to the word, swept the hissing stream on the enemy

and placed her in the van from which the lunch-baskets had been taken. "There's Mis' Look," he said to the cap'n. "She'll be glad to have the company of Mis' Sproul."

Without a word the cap'n picked up Louada Murilla and placed her beside the half-fainting Mrs. Look. Hiram closed the doors of the van.

"Drive out about two miles," he ordered the man on the box, "and then let the ladies git out and pick bokays and enjoy nature for the rest of the afternoon. It's—it's—apt to be kind of stuffy here in the village."

And the van rumbled away down the street toward the vista framed in the drooping elms.

"Now, gents," said Hiram to his men, "if this is a spittin'-at-a-crack contest instead of a tub-squirt, I reckon we'd better go to headquarters and find out about it."

But at Scotaze's announced determination to raid the referee, Vienna massed itself in the way. It began to look like the good old times, and the spectators started a hasty rush to withdraw from the scene.

But Vienna was too openly eager for

pitched battle. To stop them and give them what they had been soliciting all day seemed too much like gracious accommodation in the view of Foreman Look. His business just at that moment was with Colonel Gideon Ward, and he promptly thought of a way to get to him.

At a signal, the intelligent Imogene hooped her trunk about him and hoisted him to her neck. Then she started up the street, brandishing the trunk before her like a policeman's billy, and "roomping" in hoarse warning to those who encumbered her path.

A charge led by an elephant was not in the martial calculations of the Viennese. They broke and fled inconsequently.

Perhaps Colonel Gideon Ward would have fled also, but the crowd that had gathered to watch the results of the hose-play was banked closely in the street.

"Make way!" bellowed Foreman Look. "There's only one man I want, and I'm goin' to have him. Keep out of my road and you won't get hurt. Now, Colonel Gideon Ward," he shouted, from his grotesque mount, as that gentleman, held at bay partly by his pride and partly by the populace, came face to face with him, "I've been in the circus business long enough to know a fake when I see one. You've been caught at it. Own up."

The colonel snorted indignantly and scornfully.

"You don't own up, then?" queried Hiram.

"I'll give you five minutes to stop circusin' and get your tub a-straddle that reservoir."

"It occurs to me," went on Hiram, scenting absolute rebellion on the part of the referee, "that you can spit farther if you're up a tree. We want you to do your best when you spit for us."

Colonel Ward blinked without appearing to understand.

But the foreman of the Scotaze Ancients immediately made it evident that he had evolved a peculiar method of dealing with the case in hand. He

drove Imogene straight at the goggling referee.

"Up that tree!" roared Hiram. "She'll kill you if you don't."

Indeed, the elephant was brandishing her trunk in a ferocious manner. A ladder was leaning against a nearby elm, and Colonel Ward, almost under the trudging feet of the huge beast, tossed dignity to the winds. He ran up the ladder, and Imogene, responding to a cuff on her head, promptly dragged it away from the tree.

"Only three minutes left to get Hecla into position," Hiram shouted. "Referee says so. Lively with her!"

Around and around in a circle he kept Imogene shambling, driving the crowd back from the tree. The unhappy colonel was marooned there in solitary state.

At first the Vienna company showed a hesitating inclination to interfere with the placing of Hecla, suspecting something untoward in the astonishing elevation of the referee. But even Uncle Trufant was slow to assume the responsibility of interfering with a company's right of contest.

The Ancients located their engine, coupled the hose, and ran it out with alacrity.

"Colonel Ward," shouted Hiram, "you've tried to do it, but you can't. If it's got to be dog eat dog, and no gents need apply at a firemen's muster, then here's where we have our part of the lunch. Did you measure in twenty extra feet up to your spit mark? Speak up. A quick answer turneth away the hose!"

By this time the crew was gently working the brakes of old Hecla. The hose quivered, and the four men at the nozzle felt it twitching as the water pressed at the closed valve. They were grinning, for now they realized the nature of their foreman's mode of persuasion.

Vienna realized it, too, for with a howl of protest her men came swarming into the square.

"Souise the hide off'n the red-bellied sons of Gehenna!" Hiram yelled, and

the hosemen, obedient to the word, swept the hissing stream on the enemy.

Men who will face bullets will run from hornets.

Men who will charge cannon can be routed by water.

The men at the brakes of old Hecla pumped till the old tub jiggled on her trucks like a fantastic dancer. To right, to left, in whooshing circles, or dwelling for an instant on some particularly obstreperous Vienna man, the great stream played. Some were knocked flat, some fell and were rolled bodily out of the square by the stream, others ran wildly with their arms over their heads. The air was full of leather hats, spinning as the water struck them. Every now and then the hosemen elevated the nozzle, and gave Colonel Gideon Ward his share. A half-dozen times he nearly fell off his perch and flapped out like a rag on a bush.

"It certainly ain't no place for ladies!" communed Hiram with himself, gazing abroad from his elevated position on Imogene's neck. "I thought it was once, but it ain't."

"Colonel Gideon Ward," he shouted to the limp and dripping figure in the tree, "do you own up?"

The colonel withdrew one arm to shake his fist at the speaker, and narrowly saved himself by instantly clutching again, for the crackling stream tore at him viciously.

"We'll drown ye where ye hang," roared the foreman of the Ancients, "before we'll let you or any other pirate rinky-dink us out of what belongs to us."

Like some Hindu magician transplanted to Yankeedom, he bestrode the neck of his elephant, and with his hand summoned the waving stream to do his will. Now he directed its spitting force on the infuriated colonel; now he put to flight some Vienna man who plucked up a little fleeting courage.

And at last Colonel Ward knuckled. There was nothing else to do.

"I made a mistake," he said, in a moment of respite from the stream.

"You spit on the paper and measured in twenty extry feet jest as Cap'n

Aaron Sproul said you did," insisted Hiram. "Say that, and say it loud, or we'll give old Hecla the wickin' and blow you out of that tree."

And after ineffectual oaths, the colonel said it—said it twice, and the second time much the louder.

"Then," bellowed the triumphant Hiram, "the record of old Hecla Number One still stands, and the championship banner travels back to Scotaze with us to-night, jest as it traveled down this mornin'."

"Hain't you goin' to squirt?" asked some one posted safely behind a distant tree.

"If you'd been payin' 'tention as you ought to be, you'd have jest seen us squirtin'," replied the foreman of the Ancients with quiet satire. "And when we squirt, we squirt to win."

Cap'n Aaron Sproul turned away from a rapt and lengthy survey of Colonel Ward in the tree.

"Did you ever ride on an elephant, Cap'n Sproul?" inquired Hiram.

"Never tried it," said the seaman.

"Well, I want you to come up here with me. Imogene will h'ist you. I was thinkin', as it's gettin' rather dull here in the village just now"—Hiram yawned obtrusively—"we'd go out and join the ladies. I reckon the company'd like to go along and set on the grass, and pee-ruse nature for a little while, and eat up what's left in them lunch-baskets."

Ten minutes later the Scotaze Ancients and Honorables took their departure down the street bordered by the elms. Hiram Look and Cap'n Aaron Sproul swayed comfortably on Imogene's broad back. The fife-and-drum corps followed, and behind marched the champions, dragging Hecla Number One on its ruckling trucks.

Then, with the bass drums punctuating and accenting, they sang:

"Rip-te-hoo! And a rip, hip, holler!
We'll lick hell for a half a dollar!"

And it wasn't till then that some one tore his attention away long enough to stick a ladder up the elm-tree and let Colonel Gideon Ward scrape his way despondently down.

THE OUT-OF-TOWN GIRL IN NEW YORK

BY GRACE MARGARET GOULD

EVERY month is a shopping month in New York. At least that's the way it seems to the out-of-town girl. The first time she was in New York, right after Christmas, she was astounded to see the New York girl buying the most summery-looking fabrics, blow-away gauzes, and flower-scattered organdies. It certainly seemed rushing the season and mixing up the calendar generally for the summer shopping to follow so closely on the heels of the holidays.

But it appeared to be quite the proper thing, for all her New York friends were intent upon buying the fabrics for their summer frocks, even though the month was January. Then she realized that this method had advantages all its own, for she reasoned to herself, if the New York girl buys her summer frocks right after Christmas, it goes

without saying that when the warm weather puts in an appearance the shopping days will be over.

Imagine her surprise now that she is in town again, to find that her New York girl friends are still shopping. Of course, with the majority of them, those who are just starting away for the summer, it is the last little thing, the one they almost forgot that is keeping them busy.

It is needless to remark that our little out-of-town girl shopped too—that is, she went with her friends and improved each opportunity by having her eyes and ears wide open. And she certainly learned much.

At a Fifth Avenue milliner's she was informed that there is now something newer than the mushroom droop. The mushroom that has become a little too popular for the ultra-smart New York girl. It must have an upward bend



The New York girl's newest monogram novelties.



The popular mushroom hat.

somewhere if it is to be the very latest thing. The out-of-town girl saw many mushroom shapes with this new little bend. They were extremely chic and extremely expensive, but the New York girl took to them most kindly, perhaps because they were more becoming than the conventional mushroom, or maybe it was just because they were a bit different. At any rate, an upward bend to the drooping brim will be one of the new touches of the midsummer millinery.

The out-of-town girl learned this, and she also discovered that the shops were still filled with all sorts of new and attractive things in neckwear. In place of the big bow, it was easy for her to see that it's the little bow that is all the go. And sometimes it isn't a bow at all, but just a small rosette of soft, satin ribbon. The bows and

rosettes are worn with embroidered linen collars, and the Windsor tie is the proper thing, too.

One of the newest of the new linen collars is embroidered in both blind and eyelet embroidery, the eyelet work showing much larger holes than is usual. The reason of this is so



The latest mushroom hat with the upward bend.

that the tie worn with the collar may show in an attractive contrast through the holes. It's a pretty idea, and the out-of-town girl knows it is fashionable, because her hostess, who happens to be known as one of the best-dressed young women in New York, showed her any number of these collars which she had bought for herself.

The velvet neck-band is also a very fashionable little dress fad of the summer. Sometimes it is worn with a low neck evening-gown, and then, again, it is used to give a touch of character to a lingerie collar. The out-of-town girl saw many of them; some were of black velvet studded with jewels, not real gems, but stones which looked extremely effective; others were of plain velvet, tying in the back in a little bow with short loops and conspicuously long ends.

The New York girl told our out-of-town girl that, though she always had her neck-bands of black velvet, yet many of the girls were using the neck-band to carry out their favorite color in a costume. The fad of clinging to one's own color is more pronounced than ever with fashionable young women, and seldom is an all-white costume worn without just a touch of the wearer's favorite color being visible.

New York women are also showing a marked preference for gowns, and even hats, of one design. If a particular style of gown happens to be specially becoming and peculiarly suited to the lines of her figure, then she duplicates this dress in different materials. She may have it made up in linen, and again the same

thing in tussur silk, and if it lends itself to the material, she is just as likely as not to have the same model duplicated in satin or voile.

And she is trying the same little trick with her hats. If she gets a shape she likes she clings to it.

Monograms, monograms everywhere, that's what the out-of-town girl saw when she looked over her friend's summer wardrobe. To the monogram fad

the New York girl has long been faithful. It's nothing new, but the New York girl is using

her monogram in many novel ways right now. For instance, she has a stunning brass monogram put on her leather case, which is made purposely to hold her smelling-salts bottle. There's something new for you, and it makes the smartest sort of an accessory to a traveling outfit. Then, a duplicate of this monogram, only larger, she uses on her fitted traveling-bag. This fastidious New York girl has all the toilet articles which make her bag so complete

either mounted in ivory or gold. When they are of the latter, her monogram is engraved upon each article, and if they are of ivory, then her monogram is in gold letters.

Carrying out this fad, she has even



Two new collars—one showing the Windsor tie through the eyelets; the other the latest substitute for the little bow.

the high shell comb, which she wears in her hair, decorated with her monogram. The monogram comb is a novelty of the moment; that's the reason, of course, why the New York girl owns it. These combs are seen in many varieties. In the less expensive ones the monogram is engraved, but the New York girl prefers to have her monogram in solid gold letters.

Of course she has any number of monogram buckles for her different belts, and nowadays she is very careful to see that her shoes, her parasol, and her belt all match in color.

When it comes to her lingerie, there the out-of-town girl finds her friend's monogram most artistically embroidered. On her Italian silk vests, which she has by the dozens, in pale blue and delicate pink, as well as white, she has much hand embroidery in the way of decoration, as well as the monogram.

Her writing-paper has her monogram a bit smaller than usual, and some new paper which she ordered specially for use at her country house is white, showing an almost invisible plaid, with



The guimpe Princess gown capable of many variations.

the envelope lined with light blue, her favorite color. In addition to the name of the country house and the address, which is done in gold, the paper is decorated in one corner with a tiny automobile, and in the other with a telephone and two cute little telegraph-poles, showing the wires, the idea being that the country house may be reached by automobile, telephone, and telegraph.

In going about New York, particularly at this time of the year, the out-of-town girl has come across many a thing worth knowing. One is that the very swell dress-makers who take frequent trips

abroad bringing back with them each time many imported model gowns, actually stoop to bargain-sales, though they would never think of referring to them thus.

These sales are held right after each season is over, and many a New York girl avails herself of the opportunity of getting a real French gown for just half its original price.

And our out-of-town girl was glad to follow in the footsteps of her better dressed sisters. She was careful, of

course, in making her selection to buy a gown which was far enough advanced in design and fabric to be good style for at least a year or two, if not longer. The gown which she bought for half-price was what the French call a *guimpe* Princess.



Variations of the black velvet neck-band.

It was made of dark-blue voile *Imprime*, showing a small design in self-color. The front panel of the skirt was edged with a soft shade of cerise velvet, and it was trimmed with big, dark-blue buttons in Japanese design, the decoration being worked in rather dull yellow. Bands of cerise velvet also trimmed the dress to simulate a very large armhole. The gown was sleeveless, and cut square and low in the neck, back, and

front. At the bottom of the skirt, at the sides and back, there were two deep tucks.

This gown particularly appealed to the out-of-town girl because she saw at a glance how simple a matter it would be to change its effect by merely varying the *guimpe* with which it was worn, and then she looked ahead further, and realized that when she tired of the cerise velvet trimming it would be easy to change it by adding bands of plaid silk, say in green and blue, or by trimming it with blue velvet ribbon the same shade as the material, if she wished to make a very subdued little dress. As for its *guimpes*, they would be many. One, of course, of all-over lace, either in white or tan, another of satin matching the voile in tint, and the others of the washable lingerie sort, plain or elaborate, just as she wished to have them.

The dressmaker who sold the out-of-town girl this little Princess gown, urged her to buy an imported hat, which she explained was just made for it; but, tempted as she was, the out-of-town girl, being, after all, a pretty wise little person, resisted. The hat, however, was worth seeing if not worth buying. On the head it had the effect of sliding off backward. It was made of cerise chip, very short in front and long at the back. It was trimmed with two cerise wings, which were so arranged at each side of the hat



This simple gown owes its smart look to the smocking.

that they exaggerated the sliding backward effect. But the wings were not the French touch. Oh, dear, no! That was confined to the top of the crown and the front of the brim. On these places bunches of deep-blue grapes, with their green leaves, were hand-embroidered. Sixty-five dollars had been the original price of this little

confection, but now that midsummer is near, it was selling for twenty-five.

Among all the French creations at this dressmaker's shop, it surprised the out-of-town girl to find a number of little gowns all hand-made, which were noticeable for their simplicity. One very lovely frock was of pongee in a creamy tint. The feature of this dress was the way the pongee was smocked, the smocking trimming the low-cut neck and sleeves, and giving a deep girdle effect. With the exception of the smocking, the gown was untrimmed, and in effect it was far lovelier than it sounds.

Have you heard of a little book called "Chap Records"? It is one of the fads of the New York girl which the out-of-town girl almost overlooked.

In the little book, which held the record of every man that the owner of the book met, and which the New York girl had kept so carefully all winter, there was a page reserved exclusively for the handsomest, the wittiest, the cleverest, the brightest, the dullest, the poorest, the brainiest, the wealthiest, the dearest man, and the bore. Each man, whether he was classed as the poorest or as the wealthiest, had a page for himself. Here his name was inscribed, his address, his occupation, his appearance, the day of meeting, and considerable space left for remarks. This page should be illustrated in one way or another, perhaps with a kodak picture of the man himself, or with some little picture cut from one of the magazines which would be appropriate.

Her summer "Chap Records" promises to be, when finished, much more interesting than the one she made up last winter, for the summer and perhaps the summer man certainly afford a good chance for the picturesque in the way of illustrations.

Birch bark may be used for the cover of the book, or just rough paper in any color one prefers.

GERTRUDE ELLIOT'S CRUCIBLE

BY
**MRS. GEORGIE
SHELDON**

ILLUSTRATED BY
CH. GRUNWALD

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

Gertrude Elliot learns from a confession made by her guardian, Mr. Daniel Dexter, that the funds left by her father have been employed in disastrous speculations and that every dollar has been swallowed up. Mr. Dexter confesses himself a thief, but pleads that his own business had been in a bad way and that he had borrowed the money in good faith, hoping to be able to repay it; part of it, he explains, went to meet the debts contracted by his son Robert. Gertrude had been fond of Robert, and for the sake of the son she forgives the father. Later Mr. Dexter tells Robert of Gertrude's goodness, and the boy, who has been rather wild, resolves to turn over a new leaf. He tears himself away from old associations and goes to California. Gertrude visits an old nurse, Phronie Fisher, and while there gives aid to a young man who is hurt in an automobile accident. Later she learns that the man is Hugh Spencer and that he knew Robert Dexter at Yale. He is anxious to learn where Robert is gone, but something ominous in his eyes makes Gertrude give an evasive reply to his inquiries.

CHAPTER VI.

FIVE days later, at ten o'clock in the morning, Gertrude alighted from a cab before a stately residence located in the midst of spacious grounds overlooking the Hudson, and known to the dwellers in that vicinity as Kalmia Heights, so named because of the abundance of kalmia, or mountain-laurel, which in its season made the place and surrounding country gorgeous with its luxuriant pink-and-white bloom.

An imposing butler answered her ring at the door. She inquired for Mrs. Young, and with quiet dignity deposited her card upon the golden tray which he extended to receive it.

The man, assuming from her lan-



guage and bearing that she must be a friend of the family, courteously invited her in, preceding her to the luxurious reception-room on the right of the hall, then made his best bow and disappeared.

Gertrude smiled with secret amusement as she seated herself to await his return, well knowing that if he had guessed her errand he would have left her standing in the hall while he went to ascertain his mistress' pleasure regarding an interview.

She reasoned correctly, for when he reappeared his attitude had undergone a radical change, and he stiffly observed that "madam wished her to come to her private sitting-room above."

"Very well, you can show me up, if you please," Gertrude composedly replied in a tone which plainly indicated that she knew the butler was subordinate to the housekeeper, if he did not.

The man's eyes wavered as he met her straightforward glance; but he still preserved his air of superiority as he turned and led the way up-stairs to a room in the front of the house, where he opened a door, standing aside, with a perceptible sneer curling his lips, while she passed in, then noiselessly closed it.

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Advancing into the room, Gertrude saw a frail-looking woman of perhaps forty-five years reclining in a huge easy chair. There was an expression of eager expectation on her pale face, but it instantly changed to one of utter dismay as she looked into the youthful countenance of the girl before her.

"Mercy! are you Miss Elliot?" she queried, aghast. "The—the person who applied for the position of head housekeeper here?"

"Yes, madam," repeated Gertrude, a faint smile hovering about the corners of her mouth and beginning to dance in her eyes.

"You won't do at all. Why, you are nothing but a girl! What can you know about the cares and responsibilities of a housekeeper's position in such an establishment as this?" the woman demanded in a tone wherein indignation and despair commingled.

Gertrude stood calm and tall before her, her face as serene as the clear June sky visible through the open window near her. She wore a simple black taffeta suit, which fitted her symmetrical figure perfectly and imparted an air of dignity and quiet elegance to her appearance, in spite of her youth.

She did not appear to be in the least disconcerted by madam's disapproval and sharpness. She advanced a step or two nearer her companion and inquired with gentle courtesy:

"Will you kindly look at my references, Mrs. Young?" The tranquil tone and manner seemed to reassure the lady somewhat.

"Well, let me see them," she said, with an air of languid tolerance, and putting out her jeweled hand to receive the envelopes which Gertrude tendered her. "Sit down, please," she briefly added, and the girl composedly seated herself by the window to await the examination of her credentials.

"Margaret Dexter," murmured the woman, after reading the first missive. "Is she Mr. Daniel Dexter's sister who has superintended his home since the death of his wife?"

"Yes, madam."

"I know something of the family.

Mr. Young and Mr. Dexter were very friendly at one time. 'Mrs. Charles Lamont,'" she read, as she slipped another enclosure from its envelope. "Ah! I used to meet Mrs. Lamont frequently in society before my husband died. They both speak very highly of your qualifications. Miss Elliot"—the note of sharpness had disappeared from her tone—"and their word is not to be questioned. 'Mrs. Luke Fisher'"—running her eye over the third reference—"I never heard of before; but she seems more confident regarding your capability than either of the others."

"Mrs. Fisher lives on Long Island, and has known me much longer than the other ladies," was all that Gertrude thought necessary to explain in this instance.

"She says you are a good buyer, manager, and accountant," mused Mrs. Young, as she gravely studied the girl's face.

"I have been in the habit of doing the marketing and keeping the accounts," was the quiet response.

"But you *look* so young and inexperienced—it seems almost absurd for you to claim so much," said her companion doubtfully, adding with a weary sigh: "But I am in great straits; my housekeeper, who was with me for a year, and whom I believed to be perfectly trustworthy, proved herself to be just the reverse, and left me a week ago without an hour's notice; so we are all at sixes and sevens in the house, for I have been ill ever since and unable to exercise any supervision. I have guests coming the day after to-morrow. Two weeks from to-day my daughters are to give a lawn-party, and, oh, dear! I feel as if I have neither the courage nor strength for anything," she concluded disconsolately.

Gertrude saw that she was both frail in body and lacking in mental reserve force, and her compassion was at once aroused, in view of her troubles.

"Perhaps if I tell you something about myself you may have more confidence in me," she observed, with a winning smile.

"Well—if you like," said the woman,

regarding her curiously, for she realized she was above the position she had applied for—that she had been reared a lady.

"As a child I used to love to keep house, and played at it continually," Gertrude began. "My father was a wealthy man, and we kept several servants, including a butler and a competent housekeeper. The latter loved children and encouraged my domestic propensities. She taught me housekeeping in the most thorough manner, in all its details. Every Saturday I went to market with her, and thus learned how to buy meats and all kinds of provisions. She was with us fourteen years, and when she finally left us, to be married, I begged my father to allow me to manage the house. At first he objected, thinking I was too young to assume such a responsibility, but at last yielded to my plea that I might try it for a while, and he never suggested a change. He died three years ago, and I lost my mother only last month. When our affairs were settled it was found that poor investments had robbed me of my inheritance, and I should be obliged to support myself. Teaching has no attractions for me, and I could think of nothing better than to take a position as housekeeper; hence, upon reading your advertisement I applied for the vacancy."

"Are you sure you can manage servants?" inquired madam.

"We always kept four besides the coachman and footman," she replied.

"I have six house servants besides the men in the stable. The gardener and his assistants live outside," Mrs. Young observed. "I don't know what to do," she went on, a look of perplexity and weariness sweeping over her face. "What you have told me sounds inviting, and your references are good; but you are so very young I am afraid the servants—the cook and butler particularly—would run over you."

Gertrude smiled at this objection, but made no reply; she would not beg for the position even though she believed she was fully competent to assume it.

"Yet I am in sore need," the lady continued. "The maids are quarrel-



"You won't do at all. Why, you are nothing but a girl!"

some; the butler tries to boss the cook, who is getting demoralized because there is no head, though she is kind at heart."

Gertrude, who was quick to observe details, felt that she did indeed need a manager in the house. The room she was in looked sadly neglected. The beautiful hardwood floor was dim with an accumulation of several days' dust; the bric-à-brac on mantel, brackets, and tables was in disorderly array; newspapers, books, and magazines were piled promiscuously here and there; the window-shades were awry, the draperies soiled and limp.

She had also noticed similar signs of carelessness in the lower part of the house; while as she critically viewed Mrs. Young's breakfast-tray, which had not been removed, and noted its slovenly appearance, she was sure that the woman herself was not receiving the attention she needed, and she longed to prepare, with her own hands, a dainty meal which she knew would tempt her appetite.

"What wages would you expect, Miss Elliot?" Mrs. Young at length inquired, with a languid uplifting of her heavy lids. "Of course, being so young, you could not command the salary of an experienced housekeeper."

Gertrude's slim figure stiffened ever so slightly.

"Mrs. Young, if I should prove myself competent to manage your establishment I should expect what any capable housekeeper would receive," she quietly replied.

There was something in her tone, even though it was perfectly courteous, which caused madam to sit suddenly erect and regard the girl with more of interest than she had yet manifested. There was a note of calm assurance and conscious power in it which indicated a master spirit behind her youthful appearance and inspired her with confidence.

She had paid her previous housekeeper fifty dollars a month; but the woman had been ease-loving and indolent; the house had not been properly cared for, although the table had been satisfactori-

ly supplied; but the bills at the first of every month had been simply appalling, and the woman's accounts badly mixed. She had been self-sufficient and overbearing with the servants, who had both feared and disliked her. She was a portly dame, of forty years, with a sharp, incisive voice and bustling manner, and Mrs. Young involuntarily smiled as she compared her with this quiet slip of a girl and her cultured tones, and wondered how she would get on with the cook, who was twice her age, and the pompous butler, who resented the slightest interference with his duties.

Presently Gertrude arose.

"Since you are in doubt regarding my qualifications, perhaps it might be well for you to consider some other applicant," she remarked, as she secured the references, which her companion had laid upon the table beside her.

"I have six others," said Mrs. Young, glancing at a pile of letters on her desk, "but not one appeals to me—that was why I wrote you to come for an interview; and, personally, Miss Elliot, I am attracted to you—if I was only sure about your getting on with the servants."

Gertrude almost laughed outright as she recalled her recent tilt with the important butler.

"There is only one way to ascertain," she said, "and, since you seem to be in such a strait, suppose I come to you and try to get the house in better order until you can do better?"

"Oh, would you be willing to do that, Miss Elliot?" cried the much-tried woman eagerly.

"Yes; and I am sure I can do much to make you all, as a family, more comfortable," Gertrude confidently returned, "only"—with an almost imperceptible settling of her pretty chin—"you must give me full authority, the same as any housekeeper would have."

"But Joycé, the butler, is cranky, and has to be handled with gloves, and the cook never likes any one meddling, as she calls it, in her kitchen," objected madam, with a note of anxiety in her voice.

"All the same, a housekeeper cannot

properly fill her position unless she has full sway," persisted the youthful applicant for the situation.

"Oh, I'll start you with full authority," responded the lady, with a doubtful shrug, "but, of course, it will rest with you to maintain it. Now, how soon can you come?" And she glanced ruefully around the disorderly room as she spoke.

Gertrude's glance followed hers.

"This looks as if some one ought to take the helm at once, doesn't it? How would you like me to begin now?"

She looked so alert, so equal to any emergency, and as if she were eager to begin the battle to bring order out of chaos, that the disheartened woman felt strangely cheered and encouraged.

"It would be *such* a comfort if you could, Miss Elliot," she said yearningly; "but"—glancing over the trim, stylish suit the girl wore—"how can you stay? You are not prepared."

"If I can have a maid's apron I can protect my dress for to-day; and as I spent last night with a friend in New York, I have my suit-case in the carriage, and a telegram will bring me a trunk by this time to-morrow. Your advertisement impressed me as urgent, and I packed for a quick trip in case I found I was needed," Gertrude explained, as she began to draw off her gloves.

"Will you please touch that button by the door?" requested Mrs. Young, in a brighter tone than she had yet spoken. "I will have the servants come up, and introduce you at once."

Gertrude obeyed, and presently a maid appeared.

"Julia," said her mistress, "you may tell Joyce and cook I wish to see them immediately; then you may return, and have Letty come with you."

"The laundress you can see later, and the seamstress has gone to town upon an errand," Mrs. Young remarked, as the girl retired.

Presently the four servants appeared upon the scene; mingled curiosity and derision written upon their faces as they gazed askance at the stranger.

Evidently Joyce had posted them regarding her business there.

"I have sent for you," Mrs. Young began, "to introduce to you Miss Elliot, the new housekeeper, who will begin her duties at once. She is thoroughly competent, and is to have full authority. Joyce, you have had the keys since Mrs. Thomas left; you will please hand them over to Miss Elliot when she goes below. That is all—you may go."

Joyce put up a hand, ostensibly to check a cough, but really to conceal a supercilious smile, which did not escape Gertrude's quick eyes; then, with aggressively protruding chin, he bowed and withdrew.

The cook lingered, and, with arms akimbo, appeared to be taking the measure of the new incumbent. After a moment she observed, with scant respect in her tones:

"If ye plaze, miss, I'd like the menu for dinner at yez earliest convenience, for I've a lot of work to do to-day."

Mrs. Young flushed with sudden anger at the woman's impertinent manner, but Gertrude, meeting her eyes with a straightforward look, pleasantly, but with the utmost composure, returned:

"I am coming down-stairs very shortly, cook, when we will have a little talk upon matters in general and the menu in particular."

Cook's eyes fell, and she flushed, suddenly embarrassed, then, without a word, stoically strode from the room.

The two maids followed close after her, and, once in the hall, the smiles and winks, which they had been surreptitiously exchanging, became audible giggles and slurring remarks in view of the new housekeeper's youthful appearance, and the "fun" they would have at her expense.

In the midst of this pastime Gertrude appeared before them, somewhat to their confusion.

"Letty," she began, in a businesslike tone, "you are the housemaid, I understand. You may go back and take Mrs. Young's breakfast-tray down-stairs with you; then please bring a waitress' apron to the housekeeper's sitting-room below for me. And, Julia"—turning to

the other girl—"I want, first of all, to make your mistress more comfortable; you may put her room in as nice order as possible, without disturbing her too much. Dust it thoroughly, take out those withered flowers, and that pile of papers, and leave the curtains straight."

Her tone and manner were kind, but it was immediately apparent to the two maids that she had been in the habit of dealing with servants. It was, therefore, with a somewhat crestfallen air that they turned to obey her orders.

Gertrude followed Letty down-stairs, and was conducted to the housekeeper's sitting-room, which, as she entered, she viewed with ill-concealed aversion. Dust lay thick upon everything; the windows were blurred and dim from long neglect, the fireplace was half-filled with rubbish, and general disorder prevailed.

But she made no comment when the girl brought her the apron; her own comfort was of the least importance just at present. She merely inquired, as she removed her hat and jacket and hung them in the closet:

"Letty, what time does the family lunch?"

"At one; but the young ladies are away to-day, and madam hasn't been down-stairs for nearly a week. The housekeeper is served here, and the servants have their own dining-room," the maid explained.

"I suppose your work is mostly down-stairs?" Gertrude inquiringly pursued.

"Yes, marm, except what Joyce does; I keep the lower part of the house in order and—"

"You have been rather lax of late, haven't you?" interposed her superior, as she swept a significant glance about the room they were in; "and I noticed, as I came in, that the whole floor needs a thorough going over."

"Well, there wasn't any system here under the other housekeeper," apologized Letty, flushing guiltily under the reproof. "She'd call me away from my regular work to do no end of errands for her, and since she left everything has gone topsyturvy."

"Then we will begin right away to put things straight," Gertrude returned

brightly. "Let me see, this is Tuesday; I like to have regular sweeping done on Friday; but we cannot wait until then, this week, and I think I will have you put the drawing and reception-rooms and hall in perfect order to-day. Now, let us understand each other at the outset, Letty," she went on kindly, but with a positive intonation which left no doubt regarding her meaning. "I am here to work for Mrs. Young's interests, and I shall expect every servant under me to take as much pride in having the house in fine order as I do; so I shall keep a sharp eye out to see that everything is done as it should be. Now, let me see how much you can do toward achieving this result within the next few hours."

Letty's respect for the new housekeeper went up several degrees during this spirited, straightforward speech. She began to realize that she understood her business; that she was a person of strong, resolute character who meant just what she said and would insist upon good, honest work in every department. She saw, too, that she was disposed to be kind and friendly toward her subordinates, if they were inclined to do right; thus she was instantly inspired with new interest in her own duties, and, without a demur, went alertly about the task assigned her.

CHAPTER VII.

Letty disposed of, Gertrude made her way unaided through the dining-room to the butler's pantry, where she found Joyce dawdling over the silver that had been used at breakfast, and evidently not in good humor. She paused to talk with him a few moments—long enough to observe that things in his domain were in not much better order than elsewhere in the house; but, as he preserved an aggressive attitude, she thought best to ignore his delinquencies until she had had time to study him a little more thoroughly.

She passed on to the kitchen, where the cook was just taking some golden loaves from the oven.

"What beautiful-looking bread!" she said, with hearty appreciation. "The

mere sight and odor of it actually make me hungry."

"It's kissin' the blarney-stone ye must have been, miss," said the woman with a pert toss of her head, but with an unmistakable gleam of pleasure in her eyes. "Me bread is always good, though," she added tersely.

"I am sure it is; but I am also sure that this is better than 'good.' I never made nicer bread myself." And there was a twinkle of mischief in Gertrude's eyes as she concluded.

"Yez!" exclaimed her companion with a lofty sniff as she turned the delicately baked shapes up on the immaculate board waiting to receive them. "An' do a slip of a girrul like yez set up for a cook?"

A light laugh rippled over the "slip of a girrul's" lips.

"Of course I do—I have had very thorough training in every department of housekeeping. You have a bright, pleasant kitchen, Nora," she went on, "and you keep it nicely; it is the cleanest room I have seen in the house, as yet. Now, suppose we get down to business and make out the menu for dinner. Has Mrs. Young given any orders for to-day?"

"Indade she have not; she have been too ill for a week. I get what I plaze and serve it as I plaze," was the independent rejoinder.

This was practically telling Gertrude that she did not intend to put up with any poaching upon her preserves, and she might as well understand it.

But Gertrude calmly stood her ground.

"What were your plans for to-day?—what have you in the house for provisions?" she inquired.

Cook was getting rather red in the face. But she had been covertly studying the young housekeeper, and she seemed to be in some doubt as to just how far it would do to defy her.

"There's the leavin's of the Sunday roast and a pair of chickens we had yesterday; though there's precious little left of them, for the young leddies



"An' do a slip of a girrul like yez set up for a cook?"

had company last night, and there was a salad. It's a leg of lamb I'll be orderin' for the day's dinner," she concluded.

A tinge of color had now come into Gertrude's cheeks; but after thinking a moment she composedly inquired:

"Where is the ice-room, Nora?"

"The ice-room, is it!"—a flash of anger in her eyes. "An' sure, what would yez be wantin' with the ice-room?"

"I wish to see what you have on hand before we order anything more."

"What we have on hand! And what is that to yez?" demanded the irate woman, facing her with arms akimbo. "Sure I'm the cook, an' I'll have no meddlin' in me kitchen from the likes of yez."

"You must not call it 'meddling,' Nora," gravely returned Gertrude, as she steadily met her blazing glance. "I am simply doing what Mrs. Young expects me to do. As housekeeper here it is my province to know all the details of the establishment and direct everything for the best interests of my employer. I shall do the marketing, the ordering, and planning of meals, with a view to as much economy as is consistent with Mrs. Young's style of living—"

"Then I'll be givin' me notice this very day—I'll stand no interferin' in me kitchen," hotly interposed the cook.

But Gertrude's clear brown eyes did not waver.

"Now, Nora, you know that would be neither kind nor right," she said, in a gentle voice that was like oil on troubled waters; "and you also know that I cannot do my duty here unless I become familiar with all the ins and outs of the house. I am not going to interfere in any way with your rights or privileges. You *are* the cook, and I have no doubt you understand your business thoroughly; but every morning I shall come to talk over the plans for the day with you, then leave you to carry them out by yourself; so, instead of clashing, let us work together, and there need be only the kindest feeling and harmony between us. Now, I will step into the ice-room to see what you have for to-day and what will be needed for to-morrow; where is it, please?"

"Out beyant the hall, yonder," snapped the woman, indicating a certain door with a jerk of her head.

Gertrude passed out to continue her tour of inspection, while the cook, her Irish blood at the boiling-point, began a vigorous onslaught upon her baking-tins; yet down in the depths of her really kind, sensible heart she knew that the girl was in the right, and by the

time Gertrude returned to the kitchen Nora's ire had begun to abate somewhat, although she was still galled over the thought of having to take orders from one so much younger than herself.

"I find there is plenty of the roast for dinner to-night," Gertrude stated, in a matter-of-fact tone. "There is also quite a piece of veal, which would make a small pie for an entrée; this with your spinach"—glancing at a panful on the table—"and some macaroni, *au gratin*, with mashed potato will do nicely for to-day. Of course you will have soup—"

"Bisque."

"And for dessert there is a mold of snow pudding—"

"That's for lunch," interrupted Nora.

"I understand the young ladies are away for the day, and, as Mrs. Young cannot come down, there will be no regular lunch," said Gertrude. "All I shall require will be a cup of tea with some bread and butter. I found a few nice pieces of chicken—enough to make Mrs. Young a dainty little salad—"

"There isn't a drop of dressing in the house—'twas all used last night," broke in the cook.

"Have you plenty of cream?"

"I have."

"Then we will make a cream dressing for the salad—"

"Out of cream, is it?" And Nora bent a scornfully quizzical look upon her companion.

"Yes; have you never made a cream salad-dressing?"

"Indade, thin, I haven't—ile and eggs is the proper ingrejuents for salad-dressin'," said Nora, with a contemptuous sniff.

"It is very nice," Gertrude pleasantly observed, "and I will make it if you will prepare the salad. I am sure Mrs. Young will like it, and it may be an acceptable change. When the provision man comes, as I cannot go to market to-day, you may order a leg and loin of lamb, which will give chops for breakfast; and the leg, with mint sauce and green peas, will be the dinner for to-morrow—"

"There he comes, now, and yez can do yez own orderin'," Nora interrupted, resolutely turning her back as a genial young man swung open the kitchen door and walked in, politely removing his hat as he saw the new housekeeper.

Nothing daunted by the woman's continued churlishness, Gertrude introduced herself, chatted pleasantly with him for a moment, then proceeded to give her orders, showing herself so shrewd and well versed in her business, as well as thoroughly posted on prices, that the cook found herself listening with mingled astonishment and admiration.

When the order man departed, the girl turned again to her with a frank, sunny smile.

"There, Nora, I believe that is all for now, and I will not 'meddle' any more to-day; except that I will come down later and make the dressing for you. By the way, though, I want to say I think the ice-room one of the finest I have ever seen, and you keep it immaculate."

On leaving the kitchen, she passed into the dining-room again and found Joyce busy arranging the sideboard, although he paid no heed to her, even when she pleasantly observed: "This is a very handsomely appointed dining-room, Joyce."

It was, but the neglected floor, the dull furniture sadly in need of polish, the limp, dust-laden draperies, caused a sigh to escape her as she realized what would have to be done before it would be fit for the expected company two days later. But she said nothing, thinking it better to wait and see what the man would do voluntarily before criticizing him.

She went on to the front of the house, where she found Letty busy with her sweeping, and singing as she worked, thus showing that she was cheerfully obeying the orders she had received.

She mounted to the second story, where she met the chambermaid coming from Mrs. Young's room, which she had just finished putting in order.

"What are your regular duties for Tuesday, Julia?" Gertrude inquired,

while her keen eyes were probing various dusty corners.

"Oh, just to make the beds and pick up generally; then I go and help the laundress iron; I'm 'most ready to go now," said the girl, in a listless tone.

"Which rooms do the young ladies occupy?"

"Miss Isabelle has the one over the reception-room, and Miss Josephine's is over the dining-room."

Gertrude stepped into the room of the first-named young lady, to find it in a most untidy condition; the bed carelessly made; toilet articles thrown at random on the dressing-case, and dust everywhere.

She flushed hotly with indignation to see how every one in the house had been taking advantage of the mistress' helpless condition.

"Julia, come here, please," she called to the chambermaid, adding, as the girl shuffled lazily into the room: "Do you call that bed properly made?"

"I—I was in a hurry to get down to the ironing," faltered the maid, but with a disagreeable frown and pout.

"That is no excuse for slighting your work here," said Gertrude gravely. "Those shams should have gone into the wash this week—they are not fit to be used. You may get a fresh pair from the linen-closet, then you can remake this bed, and be careful to smoothe out all those wrinkles. When do you usually sweep this floor?"

"Oh, 'most any day when it needs it," indifferently replied the girl.

"Very well, then, we will have some of it done to-day; you may begin here and make thorough work with it. I want the rooms occupied by the family to be made comfortable and tidy first of all; and once we get the house in order I will make out a list of each day's duties, and we will keep strictly to it; and, Julia, they must be well done, too." Gertrude's tone and manner plainly indicated that she meant what she said.

The maid snatched the shams from the pillows and threw them on the floor, then vigorously began to strip the bed.

"Guess I'll give my notice," she pertly observed. "I know what my duties are, and I don't need any list."

Gertrude did not trust herself to reply for a moment. Finally she observed, in a very quiet but positive tone:

"If you know what your duties are, Julia, you have either been very neglectful of them, or else you are an inefficient chambermaid. If the latter is the case I do not wish you to remain; if, however, it has been merely neglect that I find this part of the house so disorderly, you can prove it to me while you are working out your notice, which I shall accept if, after thinking it over to-day, you are still of the same mind to-night."

She waited for no reply, but went on to Miss Josephine's room, to find it in as slovenly condition as her sister's.

The halls and bathroom were no better, while things were so badly mixed in the linen-closet that she stopped to straighten it out before going farther. By the time this was completed, Julia had finished in Miss Isabelle's room, and Gertrude set her at work upon the other room, after which she mounted to the third story to continue her tour of inspection.

She found the housekeeper's chamber just as the woman, in her hurried departure, had left it; the bed unmade, papers and rubbish strewn in all directions, and dust thick upon everything.

Pinning up her skirt, she first stripped the bed and opened the windows; then, knowing that the maids would have all they could do below, yet feeling that she could not occupy the room even for one night in its present condition, she made a vigorous attack upon it herself. She accomplished much in an hour, when, thinking it must be nearly lunch-time, she repaired again to the kitchen, where she made the dressing for Mrs. Young's salad, and, with her own hands daintily arranged her tray, laying a single beautiful rose, which she had abstracted from a vase in the hall, beside her plate; then called Julia to take it up-stairs.

The cook had watched her with curious eyes, and, when the maid disap-

peared with the tempting array, respectfully observed:

"Yez own lunch is ready to be served, miss, whenever ye like."

"Thank you, Nora; I believe I am hungry, for I breakfasted early, and have had a busy morning," Gertrude cordially replied; yet in spite of her hunger she shrank from sitting down to eat in the housekeeper's untidy room.

She was therefore greatly surprised upon entering it to find the place entirely changed. It had been swept and dusted. An immaculate cloth was on the table, with pretty china and silver, and in addition to the plain lunch of bread and butter with a cup of tea, which she had expected, she found a couple of fresh eggs dropped on a slice of golden toast, a few stalks of tender celery, with a generous cube of currant jelly; and for dessert a tempting gooseberry tart, which she was sure had been freshly baked.

"Why, Letty, what good fairy has been here?" she exclaimed, with a beaming face to the maid, who in a clean white apron was pouring her a cup of steaming tea.

"Cook helped me—she said it was a shame to let any one eat in such a dirty room," brightly replied the smiling girl, who had decided that the new housekeeper was all right, even if she were young and pretty, and entitled to the most faithful service she could give her.

"Well, you and cook have my hearty thanks, and with everything so sweet and clean I shall thoroughly enjoy this lovely lunch." And Gertrude's look was so appreciative, her tone so sincere, Letty flushed to her brows with pleasure.

CHAPTER VIII.

The afternoon proved to be every whit as busy as the morning had been, but by four o'clock the house, though by no means up to Gertrude's standard, had greatly changed its appearance, and exhaled an entirely different atmosphere.

Letty had worked cheerfully and faithfully, and was justly proud of her rooms when they were finally in order; while Gertrude added a finishing touch of brightness to them by sending to the gardener for fresh flowers, which she herself arranged in various vases and jardinières.

The butler, although still maintaining his superior and supercilious air, seemed to have absorbed something of the spirit about him, for when his table was laid for dinner the dining-room presented a more attractive appearance than for a long time; while in the kitchen the cook was giving more than usual care to the preparation of the evening meal.

Up-stairs, Julia, even though she had sullenly brooded all day over the severe reproof of the morning, had at least proved that she was not an inefficient chambermaid, for the young ladies, upon their return, had found their rooms in the nicest possible order, and there were other indications of a promising new régime all around them.

"How perfectly lovely!" exclaimed Josephine, the younger, as she entered her chamber and observed the wonderful metamorphosis. "What could have spurred you up to such strenuous endeavor, Julia?" she inquired of the maid, who had just entered with an armful of starched things from the laundry.

"Oh, the new housekeeper, of course," she replied, with a disdainful shrug.

"De-light-ful! if she will only continue to make you mind your p's and q's," laughingly retorted the breezy, happy-hearted girl, whom every servant in the house adored. "But who is she?" she added eagerly. "When did she come? What is she like—a spick-and-span old ogre?"

"She's spick and span, all right," dryly returned Julia, "but I'll bet she isn't a day older than I am, and the queen of England couldn't beat her for style. She's a downright stunner; her name's Miss Elliot, and she came this morning. But I'm going to leave, miss," the girl concluded, with an aggrieved air.

"Going to leave? Nonsense, Julia! What for?"

"She went for me hot and heavy this morning, and I can't stand it to be bossed by a girl in her twenties," was the sullen response.

"Now, you just look here, Julia." And the pet of the household shook an admonitory finger at her companion to emphasize her words. "You've got where you need bossing, for you have neglected things right and left of late. You couldn't stay long anywhere and go on so; though you *can* do your work well enough when you have a mind, as you've proved to-day under the new housekeeper. My! if she can get things into shipshape in a few hours, as she seems to have done to-day—for we noticed as we came in that everything was elegant down-stairs—she is one in a thousand, and worth a dozen like Mrs. Thomas, who was a great shirk. What do you say, Isabelle?"—turning to a handsome, stately girl, who had appeared upon the scene.

"It certainly is a great comfort to have some of the dust gotten out of the house," sedately observed Miss Young; then she added, with a warning look at her sister, to indicate that she was talking too freely with a servant: "But, come, Josie, we must go to mama."

The sisters crossed the hall to their mother's room, to find her looking a hundred per cent. better than when they had left her in the morning, and cheerfully talking over domestic matters with the new housekeeper.

Mrs. Young introduced her daughters, and Gertrude, as she greeted them, found herself wondering how two girls so totally different could belong to the same mother. Josie, the younger, was a veritable dimpled darling; petite, natural, lovable, and bubbling over with fun and frolic.

Her sister, on the other hand, was of the Gibson-girl type, tall, statuesque, cold, and conservative in the extreme; and the characteristics of each were plainly discernible in their greeting of Gertrude.

Miss Young's "We are glad to see you, Miss Elliot," was sufficiently polite;

but the tone and air plainly implied, "thus far and no farther;" while Josephine broke forth all smiles and dimples: "Yes, indeed, we are, Miss Elliot; more than glad to have some one at the head of the house again. Why, mamã, she has just worked wonders already! Our rooms, besides all down-stairs, are as sweet and clean as new pins—I just wish you could see them."

Gertrude smiled frankly into the lovely, sparkling face. "Thank you, Miss Josephine; and, within a week I hope to make you still more comfortable. We have had quite an upheaval to-day, and I am glad you were not at home while it was in progress; but as I systematize the work, we shall be able to avoid confusion hereafter in keeping the house clean and orderly."

"Really, I feel greatly encouraged by such a report," said Mrs. Young brightly. "And, by the way, Miss Elliot, I want to thank you for my nice lunch; I haven't had anything so tempting since I have been shut up here. Isabelle, if it were not for the task of dressing, I believe I could go down to dinner to-night."

The face of both girls lighted eagerly. "We will gladly excuse a *négligée* if you will only come—it is absolutely forlorn for Josie and me to eat alone in that great dining-room," observed her elder daughter.

"Well, I will see how I feel an hour later." As her burdens began to drop upon other shoulders, she seemed to gather new courage and strength. "About the marketing, Miss Elliot," she went on, resuming their interrupted conversation, "I am glad you have regular days for that. Mrs. Thomas was very erratic about it, and I am sure she left a great deal to the provision-dealer, for the meats were not always satisfactory. I hope you will look after the bills closely—see that they are correct, and turn them over to me as soon as possible, to be paid by check. I believe that is all for this time," she concluded; and Gertrude withdrew, leaving the mother and daughters together.

They all felt lighter of heart in view of the apparently efficient hand upon

the wheel that governed their domestic machinery; and when dinner was served Mrs. Young, arrayed in a charming silken *négligée*, was assisted into the elevator to go below, and took her accustomed place at the table, greatly to the delight of the young ladies, her own face also expressive of infinite satisfaction as she observed the order and cleanliness pervading the house.

Yet, with the skepticism of pessimistic human nature, she found herself sighing:

"Oh, but I am afraid it will not last long—it is too good to be true—she is so absurdly young."

Gertrude spent a busy evening. After another interview with the cook, during which breakfast and other things were discussed in a friendly manner, she shut herself into her sitting-room to make out her memorandum for the morrow's marketing and plan other work she wished to accomplish. This done, she attacked the account-books and a pile of unpaid bills that had been left in the housekeeper's desk. She was appalled by the amounts they represented.

"There has been wicked waste in this house," she murmured, with a weary sigh when, as the clock struck twelve, she arose from her task and took up her candle to go to bed, "but I will very shortly cut down those figures."

She was up with the sun the next morning, directing, inspecting, and planning, and before ten o'clock—the hour she had ordered the trap to take her to town—she knew pretty well what the house contained, and what was needing immediate attention, from attic to cellar; and every servant had begun to realize that a master spirit was at the helm—one who would give conscientious service herself and demand the same from her subordinates.

In spite of the fact that the cook was "cranky," Gertrude believed that, with right handling, she would have no further trouble with her. She saw that her Irish temper was quick to take fire upon the slightest provocation, but her experience of the previous day had shown her that the woman possessed a

really generous nature, and she believed she would be as quick to respond to kindness as to antagonism. It was evident, also, that she was a superior cook, clean and orderly, and Gertrude meant to retain her, if possible.

The butler was a more difficult problem. His attitude was offensively repellent, and she knew he was watching closely to see if he could detect in her the least sign of incompetence for her position. She knew if she were guilty of a single blunder he would be the first to observe it and scornfully refuse to recognize her authority in anything. He evidently understood his business, and, just now, it would be awkward to change; nevertheless, whatever the outcome, she intended to maintain her position as managing housekeeper of the establishment.

The other servants she could replace more easily if they proved intractable, and she gave herself no concern regarding them.

She had an opportunity to assert herself sooner than she expected with his lordship of the dining-room.

Just as she was about to leave for her trip to market she looked in upon him and observed in a matter-of-fact tone:

"Joyce, there will be company for dinner to-morrow, and the furniture here needs a good polishing."

"Yes, miss. I've already told Letty she'd better get about it," said the man cavalierly, while he watched her curiously between his half-closed lids.

"Letty!" repeated Gertrude, in surprise. "Has she been in the habit of polishing the furniture of this room?"

"Ahem! she—er—have helped me, miss," stammered the butler, in some confusion.

"Well, it is entirely out of her province, Joyce, as you ought to know. She has nothing whatever to do with this room and there is plenty of work for her elsewhere. We will have it so understood, after this, if you please. And, Joyce, when was this floor done over last?"

"Really, miss, I couldn't tell you just the date." The man's tone bordered

upon the insolent and he was very red in the face.

"Then I think you may as well make thorough work here to-day," Gertrude composedly observed. "I know Mrs. Young will expect her dining-room to be in perfect order for to-morrow night." And without waiting to note the effect of her command she left him.

She found Letty dusting in the hall, and paused to question her.

"Have you been in the habit of helping Joyce in the dining-room?" she inquired.

The girl looked blank for a moment, then replied:

"No, marm; once, on a pinch, I helped him polish the table, and he asked me again this morning."

"Well, Letty, I prefer each servant to do his or her own work and not mix things at all; you understand?"

"Yes, marm; thank you. Joyce does try to boss me now and then," said the maid demurely, but with a twinkle in her eyes which plainly indicated that she comprehended the situation.

A brisk drive to town, in the sweet June air, was a pleasant change, after the busy hours of the morning, and Gertrude felt both rested and refreshed when she alighted at the market.

She made her purchases and gave her orders, waiting to see her meats cut and weighed; carefully carrying out the prices against the various articles on her memorandum to enable her to compare them with the bills when they came in. Her businesslike yet courteous manner, her judicious selections and knowledge of just what she wanted, won the respect of the provision-dealer, and he realized that she was a far more shrewd and capable buyer than her predecessor.

There were several other errands to be done at different shops, after which Gertrude told her driver she was in haste to get home. They sped at an exhilarating pace over the smooth country road, covering the two miles in less than twenty minutes, having been gone from the house only about an hour and a half.

Everything appeared to be running smoothly upon her return. Joyce had



The man's tone bordered upon the insolent and he was very red in the face.

shut himself into the dining-room and locked the doors, thus indicating that he was particularly engaged, and did not wish to be interrupted; a circumstance which caused Gertrude to smile quietly to herself.

Her afternoon was spent in the upper portion of the house, directing the cleaning of her own and the guest-chamber; putting up fresh draperies where they were most needed, and doing everything possible to make Mrs. Young comfortable and happy regarding the entertainment of her expected friends.

and the systematic planning of work for others. At least, so thought Mrs. Young when, that evening, she joined her guests below, and led them to her richly appointed dining-room, which, with the table laid with spotless damask, glittering cut glass, and silver, and tasteful flower decorations, made a most attractive picture.

The dinner, from soup to demitasse, was a perfect success, to the delight of the whole household and the enjoyment of the guests—also to the entire satisfaction of Gertrude.

A week or more passed, during

Her trunk came toward evening, thus enabling her to make a suitable toilet before dinner; and when she went below to take a last look around before it was announced, she found the dining-room open, and drew a deep breath of relief and satisfaction, for Joyce had certainly "done himself proud." Every piece of furniture, and the floor, also, shone, and Gertrude felt that the prospect for the proper entertainment of the coming guests was very encouraging.

"I will have those soiled draperies down and fresh ones put up to-morrow," she mused, as her quick eye saw that they were the only blot on the otherwise immaculate room.

This was one of the many things which helped to fill another busy day, and to prove the new housekeeper a marvel for executive ability

which everything moved along without any apparent friction; and Mrs. Young, relieved of all care, fast regained her strength, and was soon able to resume her social duties.

Secretly, however, she did feel a trifle anxious about the approaching lawn-party; but she told herself that if the girl passed that ordeal successfully, she would have unbounded confidence in her ability for the future.

Gertrude had won every servant in the house, Joyce excepted; even Julia admitting that she "knew her business all right, and she guessed she'd stay!" She seemed to imbue them all with her own interest and enthusiasm, and their work was cheerfully and conscientiously done.

Joyce, too proud to be outshone by others, and because he had a reputation to maintain, kept his own department right up to the mark. But he made himself exceedingly disagreeable to Gertrude, laying numerous traps to catch her napping, and neglected no opportunity to put obstacles in her way. She ignored these things, however, up to within an hour of dinner-time on the evening preceding the lawn-party, when he took occasion to be so exceedingly disrespectful and obnoxious that she suddenly confronted him with a dignity and spirit for which he was wholly unprepared.

"What do you mean, Joyce, by such treatment?" she gravely demanded. "I perceive that while you understand what belongs to your province, you do not appear to comprehend what appertains to mine. Next to its mistress, *I am the head of this house*. This must be understood and proper respect shown me, or, your month being up to-morrow, you may consider that you have received your notice."

The man evidently had not dreamed that she would take such a stand as this, as his pale face and crestfallen air plainly indicated.

"Maybe you think it will be easy finding an experienced butler," he retorted, trying to rally and put on a bold front.

"A butler who has previously worked

under me is at liberty, and would be glad to come to me again," calmly replied Gertrude, who, within a week, had met a man who had once been in her own family, and was now looking for a place. "But," she continued, "you are familiar with the ways of the house, you are efficient when you choose to be, and I would prefer to retain you under proper conditions; but I will not have servants who are insolent, or who cause friction. I shall expect to know your decision by the day after to-morrow."

This passage at arms had occurred in the doorway leading from the rear of the front hall into the dining-room, and, as Gertrude turned from the man, after her spirited proclamation of authority, she suddenly found herself face to face with a gentleman who had just hung his hat upon the adjacent stand, and was in the act of removing his gloves, and who could not have failed to overhear what she had said to the impudent butler.

CHAPTER IX.

"Miss Elliot!" exclaimed the newcomer, in a tone of astonishment, while his fine eyes rested with undisguised admiration upon her lovely face, which was most becomingly flushed from her recent encounter with the butler.

"Mr. Spencer!" she returned, with no less surprise, for she instantly recognized him as the victim of the auto accident that had occurred in front of Luke Fisher's home on Long Island, three or four weeks previous.

"Evidently my expected arrival has not been announced to you," said the gentleman, with a light laugh. "This meeting, however, is an agreeable surprise to me; and, judging from what I have just overheard, I infer that you are the new matron of the house of whom my sisters have written in such high praise."

"Your sisters!" Gertrude repeated, but looking greatly mystified.

"Ah, I see you are ignorant of the fact that there is a son and heir in this family," observed the young man, with an amused smile. "Allow me to ex-

plain. I am the son of Mrs. Young, who was a widow when she married Mr. Young. Isabelle and Josephine are my half-sisters, and I have suddenly appeared upon the scene at this time to do honor to the festivities of to-morrow. I do not need to inquire regarding the state of your health, Miss Elliot," he added, sweeping her face with another appreciative glance; "and I hope that good samaritan, Mrs. Fisher, is also well."

"Very well, thank you; and now, Mr. Spencer, if you have come from a distance, perhaps you would like a lunch before dinner, which will not be served for an hour yet," Gertrude observed, with her most businesslike air; for she wished him to understand that she was simply the housekeeper, and did not aspire to privileges outside the pale of her position.

The gentleman was quick to interpret her manner and her thought, and there was a slightly quizzical expression in his eyes as he returned:

"I see you are still upon hospitable thoughts intent, and I retain a very pleasant memory of an exceedingly tempting repast of which I partook at Mrs. Fisher's hospitable board some weeks ago. But thanks, no; I will wait for dinner. Meantime, I will announce my arrival to my mother and sisters."

He bowed courteously and left her, but secretly vowing that he would yet overcome the self-imposed constraint of the fascinating young housekeeper ere many days elapsed.

Hugh Spencer, a typical man of the world, had always made it his chief business to get all the pleasure possible out of life, and seldom denied himself anything he desired. Well educated, polished in manner, a great favorite in society, and with a fortune of no mean proportions at his disposal, he need not have sued in vain among the fairest women of his acquaintance; but he had never yet met one to whom he would have been willing to surrender his liberty for a lifetime.

He had, however, been strongly attracted to Gertrude during the day he had spent at the Fisher farm, and had

often found himself yearning to know her better. But the slight confusion she had manifested at the mention of Robert Dexter's name, toward whom he had long cherished bitter enmity, caused him to suspect that the two were lovers, and had aroused his combativeness and the desire to thwart the hopes of his foe, if that were possible.

He was now greatly astonished to find the girl installed as housekeeper in his mother's beautiful home; though, much to his relief, it explained her reference to housekeeping and "getting settled," which he had overheard while sitting on the veranda of the Fisher homestead.

Mr. Spencer's father had been a very wealthy man at the time of his death, which occurred when Hugh was a lad of ten. A year or two afterward his mother had married another millionaire, and, later, the two daughters, Isabelle and Josephine, were added to the family. Mr. Young had died a little more than a year previous to the opening of our story, and the family had been in mourning and retirement until now. The approaching lawn-party was to be the beginning of a return to social life; at least upon the part of Miss Young, who had made her debut just previous to the loss of her father; and Josephine was to be introduced during the coming season.

Their brother had, at first, objected to being present at the *fête champêtre*, slightlying it as a "kid party"; but Josephine, of whom he was particularly fond, had appeared so hurt, he finally yielded to her entreaties, and consented to come home, "for a few days only," as he was booked for a yachting trip for July with some congenial spirits from New York.

The lawn-party proved to be all that could be desired. The day was fine; the decorations, which Gertrude had suggested and personally superintended, were unique and beautiful; the tables were artistically laid, the service perfect, and Mrs. Young affirmed that she had never before entertained with so little sense of care and confusion.

That evening, when they were talking

it all over together before retiring, the mother and daughters were enthusiastic in their praise of Miss Elliot and her perfect management—and during this conversation Mrs. Young remarked:

"Nothing definite has yet been said to her about remaining with us; she was only to stay and try to straighten things until I could do better, you know. But of course I am not going to let her go, and I suppose it is only fair to her that we come to some understanding."

"Well, everything certainly seems to be moving like clockwork, with the machinery well oiled—if it will only *keep on going so*," Miss Young observed reflectively.

"Isabelle," said her mother impressively, "I believe we have found a treasure. The girl seems to know everything. She hasn't made a slip yet, to my knowledge, and that is remarkable in one so young."

"And, mama, I think she is a great beauty," Josephine here interposed. "What a pity she lost all her money! But maybe she will yet marry somebody who has a lot, and so slip back into her old position. If she does, that somebody will get a jewel, for she would manage his house to the queen's taste."

"You are always on the watch for a romance, Josie," said Mrs. Young, with an indulgent smile. "But when a girl once gets down like that, she is not likely to step up again; money generally wants to marry money."

"Not always, mama." And her elder daughter shot a quick, sharp glance at the lady. "There are men who go wild over a handsome face and a fine figure; particularly if the girl has brains and culture to go with them. I wonder if you have forgotten Hugh's weakness in that respect."

Mrs. Young flushed and bridled instantly. "Nonsense, Isabelle! The idea of my son falling in love with my housekeeper! It is simply absurd."

"But every housekeeper hasn't the advantage of having been reared a lady and fitted to grace a high position in life," persisted the shrewd young woman.

"Well, I'm sure brother might go farther and fare worse; besides, he has money enough of his own, and doesn't need to marry money. Miss Elliot is a dear, and I, for one, wouldn't object to having her for a sister," heartily affirmed Josephine, who was exceedingly democratic in her sentiments.

"I *should*," emphatically rejoined Miss Young. "I want my brother to make a brilliant match, from a social standpoint; and if he were not going abroad so soon I should think it would be a dangerous experiment bringing him in contact with Miss Elliot."

"Well, he will be off on that yachting trip in a few days, then we all go to Newport for a month, and he will sail for Europe the first of September; so I think I will engage her," reflectively observed Mrs. Young, who evidently had been rather unpleasantly impressed by her elder daughter's suggestion. "I suppose," she added, a trifle grudgingly, "I shall have to pay her fifty dollars a month, the same as I paid Mrs. Thomas. She is young, though, to step into such a position and salary."

"Why, mama! she is worth a dozen like Mrs. Thomas!" indignantly exclaimed Josephine.

Mrs. Young smiled wearily. "A dozen like Mrs. Thomas would very shortly ruin us, to say nothing about wages. The bills she ran were simply appalling," she remarked with a sigh, then added with sudden decision: "Well, whatever I have to pay her, I am going to keep Miss Elliot for six months, at least."

When Gertrude made up her accounts at the end of her first month and handed them to Mrs. Young, that lady manifested no little appreciation when she saw to what extent she had reduced the expenses.

"And you are not only a good manager and economical housekeeper, Miss Elliot; you are also a fine accountant," she supplemented, as she ran her eye over the neatly arranged and comprehensive statement. "I wonder if, some time when you are not too busy, you will assist me with some bills, papers,

statements, etc., which Mr. Young left in confusion? While, perhaps, it is not really a matter of importance—since his cash account was found correct—some of them have not been checked off on the books or properly filed, and I do not feel comfortable to have them left in such disorder.”

“Certainly,” Gertrude replied, greatly pleased to have won such high praise. “I shall be glad to assist you in any way.”

Mrs. Young and her daughters were to leave for Newport the first of August, and Mr. Spencer was to join them there upon his return from his yachting cruise.

But the day appointed for his departure came and went, and he still lingered at Kalmia Heights.

He had, as yet, seen very little of the fascinating young housekeeper, however. They had met every day, but, beyond a formal greeting, Gertrude had attended strictly to her business, thus giving him no opportunity to cultivate her acquaintance as he was very desirous of doing.

This persistent and systematic avoidance of him only served to make him the more determined to break through her icy reserve. He thought her the most charming woman he had ever met, while her quiet dignity and self-poise were far more attractive to him than the vivacity of the typical society belle. Then, too, she was always so becomingly attired, a circumstance that did not escape the observation of Mr. Spencer's artistic eye. In the morning, while engaged in her more active duties, she wore white linen, daintily made; in the evening, black or gray, of some soft, clinging material, very simple in design, but fitting her perfectly, and having a style that sometimes made Miss Young frown with dissatisfaction over her own more elaborate toilets.

Gertrude, being very fond of flowers, took great pleasure in arranging the vases for the lower rooms, and usually attended to this duty before the family came down to breakfast.

It so happened one morning that Hugh Spencer, rising earlier than was

his custom, found her thus engaged; and, secretly chuckling over his “luck,” he proceeded to make himself both agreeable and useful to her.

The next day he again appeared upon the scene at the same hour, bearing the basket of flowers which the gardener usually delivered to her. While laying them out for her use after removing thorns, faded leaves, etc., he discoursed botany with a fluency which proclaimed him very well versed in plant life; and, almost before she was aware of the fact, Gertrude found herself holding forth about *cryptogams*, *phanerogams*, *endogens*, etc., with a degree of animation and freedom which, though simply delightful to her companion, was not quite consistent with her previously self-imposed reserve.

She flushed hotly as this thought suddenly flashed upon her; and, remembering that she was now only a housekeeper and no longer a society girl, she quietly resolved that it should not happen again, then hurriedly completed her task, and went about other duties.

A smile of amusement curled the gentleman's lips as she disappeared, for her flush and prompt resumption of her more formal manner, followed by her precipitate departure, had given him an inkling of her thought.

“Patience,” he murmured softly to himself. “You are a mighty fine specimen of womanhood, my queenly Gertrude, and I am well content to lose an hour of sleep in the morning for the privilege of spending it in your refreshing society.”

When, a little later, he took his place at the breakfast-table, his mother turned to him in surprise and exclaimed:

“Why, Hugh, this is the 10th of the month! I thought you were to leave on the 8th to join your yachting-party.”

“True, mother mine; but I neglected to tell you that my cruise is postponed for the present,” glibly replied this artful dodger, who had been careful to say “my cruise,” and who had written his friends that, owing to unforeseen circumstances, he would be unable to join

them. The unforeseen circumstances were Gertrude, and his determination to cultivate more friendly relations with her.

On the third morning when he descended for the anticipated flower interview, the "queenly Gertrude" was nowhere visible, and all the vases had disappeared from their accustomed places. She had taken them to her private sitting-room, where she filled them at her leisure, and then directed Letty where to place them.

Mr. Spencer was quick to comprehend the situation, and experienced no little chagrin in view of the obvious facts. Miss Elliot knew her place; meant to keep within proper bounds, and intended to prevent him, also, from overstepping them.

But opposition had never failed to strengthen his determination to gain his point, and he now resolutely vowed that he would yet win the friendship—yea, more than that, perchance—of Gertrude Elliot, provided she were not already, as he feared, pledged to Robert Dexter. And—if she were? Well, possibly he had it in his power to destroy her interest in him. The sudden hardening of the lines about his mouth, the aggressive tilt of his chin, proclaimed that for some reason he might even take a grim satisfaction in so doing.

As he had stated to Gertrude, when

he had first met her at Luke Fisher's home on Long Island, Dexter and he had been students at Yale at the same time, Spencer having been a sophomore when Dexter entered as freshman. The two had that year engaged in a desperate contest which had resulted not only in making them bitter enemies, but had never been forgotten by any member of either class.

It had occurred on the afternoon of the interclass track-meet, and both track and stands swarmed with students. It was a purely college affair, with none of the formality of assigned meets.

The classes clumped together roughly, but now and again there would be a rush in which all would mingle—there, to the finish of the two-twenty-straight-away; here, to the corner giving the best view of the high jump.

The excitement increased from the first, for all could see that the final result of the meet would de-

pend on the two-mile race, which, according to custom, was the last event to be run off. If the sophomores could take first, they would beat the juniors by a point, and the meet would be theirs.

Spencer, the sophomore representative, was the strong hope of his class, for, as a freshman, he had taken the event from his more experienced competitors, and so made a name for himself in the meets of that year.



She took pleasure in arranging the vases.

Relying on this reputation he had shirked fall practise, and had not entered the handicap games which closed the season's work.

In those games an unknown freshman named Dexter had astonished all observers by the ease with which he had won the race, and Spencer was immediately warned that he would find in the stranger a rival who would give him a tough fight for his laurels. But the sophomore merely smiled with a superior air, and bade the croakers wait for the test of the interclass meet, and see what he would do with "that kid freshman."

The day and hour arrived. The starter's gun flashed its signal—the eager runners were off, and the crowd settled themselves to watch. At first the runners kept well together; now and then one spurted ahead for a lap or so, but the onlookers had eyes only for those two men, near the middle of the bunch, between whom most of the spectators believed the race lay.

Gradually they came to the front; a lap or two more and they took the lead. Spencer, the foremost, plodding with unvarying stride, while Dexter followed almost in his tracks, running easily and well within his strength.

Cries came out from the crowd: "Sprint, Spence, sprint!" "Lose that kid!" "Come up, Dexter! Pass him! Run, run!"

As the two started on the last lap Dexter's stride began to lengthen; he gained Spencer's side, passed him, and then pandemonium reigned.

Spencer, running as he had never run before, began to feel a strange sinking at his heart.

Great Scott! was he going to be beaten, after all his boasting?

Not he; by hook or by crook he must win for his class, and for his own reputation as well.

"Yes, sir"—gritting his teeth savagely, an ugly glare in his eyes—"I'll make it if I have to kill that freshman."

But how could he make it when he was every instant losing ground?

Like a flash came the thought:

"I'll sprint and—*spike* him. They'll say it is dirty, but—I've got to win."

Gathering all his waning energies for this coup de grâce, he sprinted, and reduced the distance between them to a yard. Another spurt, then, stretching his stride, he swung his spiked shoe mercilessly down on Dexter's calf.

Dexter had felt those pounding feet coming closer and closer, and he, too, had spurted, but not quick enough to save himself; and had he been one whit less resolute, he would have lost the race then and there.

In spite of the pain from that cruel spike, he wrenched himself free, ripping open an ugly flesh-wound from which the blood poured profusely.

This powerful wrench broke Spencer's stride, causing him to stumble; then, weak from overexertion and unable to recover himself, he pitched headlong to the ground, amid hisses and yells from the crowd—"Throw him out!" "Mucker!" "Dirty trick!"

Dexter also was nearly done for, but, though panting and bleeding, he bravely persevered over the last few yards, and finished a winner in the record time of nine-fifty.

The goal won, he sank exhausted upon the earth unmindful of the victorious shouts of his class, and where friendly hands soon bound up his streaming wound, after which they bore him off the field in triumph.

After dinner that evening he encountered Spencer on the campus. He had been on the watch for him, and, though he cringed and limped with every step, he now sprang directly in Spencer's path, thus barring his way.

"Well?" demanded Spencer sharply. "What's wanted?"

"I have an account to settle with you," Dexter curtly announced, and, striking out savagely from the shoulder, he dealt the man a terrible blow in the face that felled him to the ground and gave him a black eye, which he carried for weeks.

"Served him right," was the general verdict among the students, and life in college for Hugh Spencer was not es-

pecially comfortable for some time afterward. He swore he would never forgive Robert Dexter that blow; nor for winning the race, nor for the contempt and ostracism which followed the event; and, "some time," he swore he would "get even with him."

The memory of this affair had been vividly revived upon his meeting with Gertrude and learning of her acquaintance with and supposed interest in Dexter; hence he secretly resolved that he would break up any romance which might have grown up between them, and begin to "get even" in that way.

After breakfast on the morning of Gertrude's marked avoidance of him, Spencer sat upon the veranda smoking until he saw her drive away to market, when he ordered his horse saddled, and leisurely followed in her wake.

Half an hour later, while she was in the midst of giving her orders, he suddenly appeared before her and courteously lifted his hat in greeting. Gertrude was both amused and annoyed by his persistence in seeking her society; but after the first shock she calmly went on with her business, waiting to see her meats cut and weighed, as usual, and tried not to mind his presence, although he perseveringly followed her from counter to counter.

"How wise you are!" he said, after listening attentively to some directions she had been giving. "I believe I would like to become an expert in the mysteries of marketing."

"That would take time and experience," she returned, somewhat absently, for she was making an entry in her memorandum-book.

"Well, I am perfectly willing to devote all the time that is necessary, if Miss Elliot will give me the benefit of her experience," he quickly retorted, as he shot her a smiling glance.

"That belongs exclusively to Mrs. Young for the present," Gertrude threw back at him half-saucily, but flushing as she wondered if he intended to follow her to market every day and play the cavalier.

"To Mrs. Young and her family collectively, does it not?" he persisted.

"The family are entitled to the results, perhaps, but Mr. Bracket"—turning abruptly to the dealer—"I nearly forgot my lettuce; please send three nice heads, and I will also have two boxes of those tomatoes. That is all, I believe, for to-day; good morning."

Then without looking to the right or left she walked directly out of the store.

A vivid spot of red glowed upon Hugh Spencer's cheeks, and there was an ominous glitter in his eyes as he sprang after her and assisted her into the waiting trap. But he lifted his hat courteously when she thanked him, then stepped aside for the man to drive on.

The next moment he was in his saddle and trotting alongside, chatting as affably as if he had not just been unmercifully snubbed; while Gertrude, feeling that she must not rudely ignore him in the presence of the driver, forced herself to politely maintain the conversation.

When they reached the entrance to the Young estate, instead of turning in with the trap, Mr. Spencer made Gertrude a formal salutation, and kept along the main road.

Almost every day after that he managed to come up with the team somewhere on the way, and Gertrude, finding herself helpless to prevent him, had to endure his companionship with what grace she could.

He made himself most agreeable, and was so invariably a gentleman there was not the slightest cause for criticism, while, as she gradually grew to know him better, she found that he possessed a fine mind and many noble traits of character. All the same, she knew it was not good form for the aristocratic son of her employer to be paying marked attention to the housekeeper, and she eagerly looked forward to the day set for the family fitting to Newport.

It dawned at last, and when Mrs. Young took leave of Gertrude, she observed with hearty appreciation:

"Miss Elliot, I believe I never made ready to leave home with so little confusion. Before this, I have been worn out with the excitement of preparation;

but you have relieved me of so much care and made everything run so smoothly, I feel ready to have a good time, instead of being utterly wilted and in need of absolute rest."

"Miss Elliot, you are a dear!" broke in Josephine impulsively. "I'm almost sorry to go, it is so lovely here. I hope you won't be lonely." And she slipped her arm around Gertrude's waist and gave her an affectionate hug.

Miss Young bowed in her stately way, and with a quiet "Good morning, Miss Elliot," went down the steps to the carriage. Josephine's gushing ways annoyed her, and, besides, she had recently heard a whisper regarding her brother's frequent rides with the housekeeper, and was furious in consequence.

Mr. Spencer was the last to leave. He extended a cordial hand to Gertrude, standing with bared head before her.

"I shall miss our trips to market more than I can tell you; may I hope for your sympathy?" he said, in a low tone, intended only for her ear, and which, in spite of her self-poise, brought a vivid scarlet to her cheeks.

This was exceedingly embarrassing, for she was conscious that Miss Young was watching them with somber eyes.

"I certainly hope you will enjoy

your month at Newport, Mr. Spencer," she coldly replied, and loud enough for all to hear. Then, releasing her hand from his detaining clasp, she deliberately moved away from him.

The man's teeth came together with a sharp click at this decided rebuff, but he bowed with his habitual courtesy, then ran down the steps, joined the family in the carriage, and the next moment they were gone.

A couple of days previous to Mrs. Young's departure, Gertrude had suggested that the house be thoroughly renovated, from attic to cellar, during her absence.

"I know it is early for fall cleaning," she remarked, "but I find so much that needs to be done—ceilings to be whitened, painting and varnishing here and there—carpets, rugs, and draperies to be cleaned, etc.—I long to get about it, and I can manage it so much better when you are all away."

"That is well thought of, Miss Elliot, and I have seen enough of your management to know that you are equal to whatever you undertake," Mrs. Young replied, whereupon the two at once proceeded to make their plans for what should be done, and Gertrude was given carte blanche to carry them out.

TO BE CONTINUED.



YOU'LL do to fall back on," said the girl at the winter resort to the hotel clerk, and then she proceeded to faint in his arms.



GENEROUS PAPA!

AGNES—And when we became engaged a year ago Algy's father said he'd put twenty dollars in the bank for us every time Algy put in ten, toward furnishing our flat.

GLADYS—How perfectly generous! And how much have you now?

AGNES—Well—well, you see—Algy hasn't begun to put any in yet.



THE DEADLY PARALLEL.

PROSPECTIVE MISTRESS—Why did you leave your last place?

COOK—I was only after getting eighty dollars a month, an' all me fri'nds is getting a hundred, an' I couldn't endure their taunts.

HOW TO LOOK YOUNGER THAN YOU REALLY ARE

By Augusta Prescott



OVERCOMING THE DEFECTS OF FACE AND FIGURE WHICH ARE
BROUGHT OUT BY THE MERCILESS RAYS OF
THE SUMMER SUN

THE summer-time is particularly hard upon the woman who wants to look young. She is lined up alongside of the buds, débutantes, fresh young matrons, and professional beauties. And it is then, if any time, that her defects become apparent.

The woman who is getting along in years and who shows it is in a peculiarly painful position. Her clothing, which is the light fabric of summer, makes her look mummylike; her pastimes, which are those of the summer-girl, do not become her; her very attitude, that of wishing to be a frolicsome miss, is one that brings out her discrepancies.

The woman who is getting old must do one of two things: She must either resign herself to the inevitable and grow old as gracefully as she can; or she must resort to such

beauty aids as will enable her to hide her years and so keep young forever.

The voice is the first thing that betrays a woman. When a woman has reached middle age—and many women are middle-aged at thirty—a curious change takes place in the voice. It seems to lose its middle register. And from that time on it is either the high, squeaky voice of age or the deep voice which some old women possess. The

woman of fifty is seldom if ever able to converse in middle tones. She either growls or squeaks.

The remedy for this is deep breathing. The lungs should be exercised each day in the open air; an open window will do for fresh air. And the voice should be pitched rather low and soft. Singers who must keep the voice young will tell you that they practise the soft, low, middle tones.



TRY TO TOUCH THE CEILING WITH YOUR FINGER TIPS

The voice betrays a woman when the face may deceive.

But it is not often that the face really deceives. The average woman shows her age. To her friends and relatives she may be perennially young and charming. But to the world at large she is growing old. Each year lays its burden upon her face and figure.

The woman who keeps her face young is wise. For it cannot be denied that a young face is more pleasing than an old one. The lines of care and of suffering may be heroic lines. But, all the same, it is pleasant to have a face that is free from these harrowings.

The secret of a young face is the steam-kettle. Hot water, heated until the steam rises, will keep the pores open. And, when the pores are open,

the rest is easy. Skin food is rubbed into the face and rubbed off again. The cheeks are massaged until they are pink and the nose is pinched into its right shape. The lines in the forehead are rubbed across until they disappear. And the awful nose-to-mouth creases are massaged away in the same thorough manner.

The woman who has not a great deal of time to put upon her creases will quickly master the trick of rubbing them out in a hurry. She will dip her fingertips in some warm skin food. And she will run over the lines, going across them, instead of right in them. And she will work gently and rapidly, all the while keeping her finger-tips wet with the food, which plumps out the skin and makes it smooth.

The matter of keeping the face free from lines is such a simple one that it is a wonder that there are any women in the world with wrinkled faces. Still, there are some. And to these there is this advice: "Go to work upon them!"

It is in the figure that women grow old. And here comes the most serious difficulty in keeping young. A woman, as she grows old, goes to extremes. The belle of forty feels herself upon the horns of a dilemma. She finds herself either growing thin and slabsided, drawn, and bent; or else—what is much worse—she finds herself growing stout. The thin woman can pad out a little, and so manage to keep up



AN OPEN WINDOW WILL DO FOR FRESH AIR

an appearance. But with the fat woman it is different.

To keep your figure after you are forty is the most arduous beauty task of a woman's life. Up to that time her form has some semblance of youthfulness, naturally. But after forty the figure degenerates. It takes on the lines of age. And it is only the clever woman who can manage to keep herself looking young.

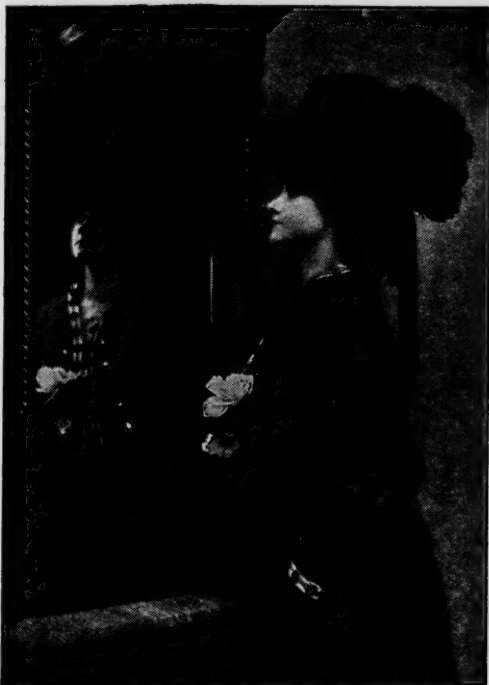
Yet there are plenty of women who do it. There are actresses much over forty who still rank as "young." And there are women in society life who have forgotten how it feels to have been forty, yet who are still classed as among the most charming of the younger set. It is all a matter of will-power, you see; will-power and self-denial!

The woman who finds herself growing fat must exercise. This means that she must keep her feet in good condition so that she can walk; and it means that she must keep up her interest in outside things. As soon as she limits herself to a routine she is lost, speaking from a beauty point of view.

The middle-aged woman, growing in weight, is usually too complacent to care. Her love-affairs are settled; her financial worries, let us hope, are at an end. Her sphere in life has been pointed out to her. And from forty on she has nothing to do but follow a routine—and get fat.

Still, she would like to be young. She would enjoy freshness of looks and freshness of figure. She would like to get out into the world to see and to be seen. She would love to feel the thrill which belongs to a woman who feels that she is well dressed, and who knows that people are admiring her. Fat, fair, and forty has her pangs, after all.

The fat woman should walk one mile



HAVE A MIRROR—AND TAKE NOTES DAILY

to-day, she should walk two miles tomorrow; the next day she should walk three miles. Then she should go back and begin all over again.

And the fat woman should diet. There are dietaries that are planned for her; and there are foods which she can eat without plumping up. She need not think that she must starve just because she wants to get thin. On the other hand, she can eat five meals a day and still keep on losing flesh. It is all a matter of knowing what to eat.

But the woman who is growing old, and who *looks* it, and who is getting thin at the same time, is, you will say, in a worse condition. Her figure begins to bend. And when that awful bend comes in the back it is the beginning of the loss of beauty. No artist ever admired a woman with a crook in her back and a gaunt frame.

Putting on fat is sometimes a difficult matter. There are various ways of doing it. The Japanese advise the eating of hard-boiled eggs, bananas, and soup. The Berlin dietarians say to eat all you want and to select the food you like best. The English beauty-padders tell their thin patients to sleep as much as possible. And in this country they advise them to eat sweets.

Anyway, it is easy to put on fat unless one is really ill. And the woman who is too thin, unless she be deformed or otherwise afflicted, can grow fatter if she tries. If one method does not work the other one will.

Ill temper will make and keep a woman thin. The food does not seem to nourish the nerves and the system.

The woman who wants to look a little younger than she really is must take note of certain things. She must learn that there are things she can do and things she cannot do. Among the latter can be classed the things that belong peculiarly to youth. The middle-aged woman who wants to look young should not be kittenish. Nothing makes a woman look as old as her efforts to be playful. It is much better to sit quiet than to distort playfully.

The girl of sixteen may grimace, dance, prance, laugh, and toss about; and it is all pardoned and put down to the account of the schoolgirl. One watches her as one watches the antics of the playful kitten. But let the woman of forty attempt to imitate her, and the result is painful. Better to cultivate a sweet and fetching dignity, a magnetic expression, and a graceful

manner, than to attempt to go back into the realms of girlhood. For once sweet sixteen has passed, it will not return. No amount of kittening will ever bring it back.

But the mature beauty of to-day is really charming in herself. In a race for popularity, for attractiveness, for real love, she wins out. If she has studied the beauty arts and knows how to make the most of herself, she is delightful, no matter how old she may be. And if she has carried her beauty study

far enough and high enough, she is really lovely. And it is not the loveliness of old age, either. It is real, visible beauty.

There is an actress who is sixty years old.

But no one knows it but herself. She keeps her weight precisely where it was when she was twenty-four; she keeps her figure just as rounded as it was at twenty-five.

Her voice is as lovely as it was at eighteen, and her color is the peculiar rose-and-silver tint of twenty. She has kept her freshness. It would

take Father Time with a microscope in his hand to find a wrinkle in that fresh, fair face. And there are others!

The other day there was a great society wedding, and the bride was written up far and wide as a beauty. No one asked her age, and the family Bible was kept out of sight. If it could have been produced, it would have told the tale of forty years; yet none could find a trace of anything over twenty-five in that sweet, magnetic face.

The hair gives one away from a beauty standpoint. It grows gray upon the temples. The woman who is un-



REMEMBER THAT YOUR COIFFEUR IS
THE FRAME FOR YOUR FACE

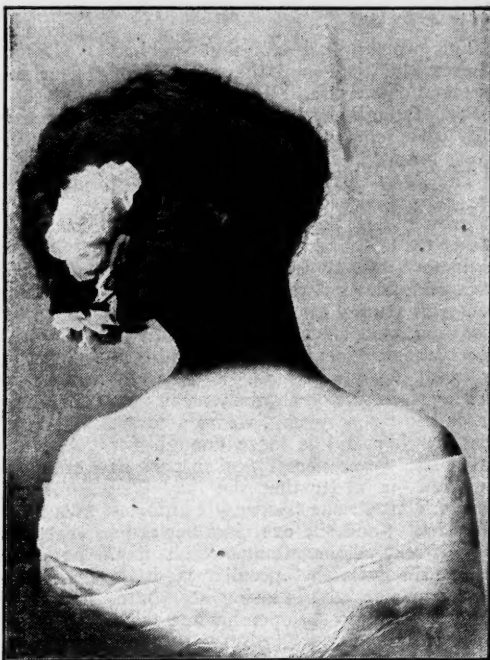
fortunate enough to bleach her hair now begins to look aged. For the bleach gives an unnatural coppery tone to the hair which brings out the yellowness of the skin. Dyeing is just as bad, or almost, unless one is careful to dye the hair just the same color it was before.

The way to keep the hair young is to massage the roots with a good tonic. This keeps it from getting gray. Then the hair should be sunned, ventilated, and made to bloom. The hair of forty is dull, whereas the hair of twenty-five is sparkling. There is all the difference in the world between young-looking hair and old-looking hair.

The "hair-line" also denotes age. There are high bald spots upon the temples which show experience. These should be rubbed with a good lotion to make the hair grow. Little by little the hair should be coaxed back along the hair-line until it is nice again; as nice as it was at eighteen.

Doing the hair up in papers or curling-irons at night will destroy the hair-line—that boundary between forehead and hair. The temptation is to twist the paper too tightly, or to give the iron one last tweak. And in the morning the roots of the hair are sore. The hair has been injured right at the root. And this means that it will begin to crinkle up, and in a day or two it will fall out. Once a hair has fallen out it is gone forever. It will not come back again. True, another may grow in its place. But whether it is going to do so or not is a matter of question. Often the root is so injured that it will not send forth another hair.

The woman who wants to look a little younger than she really is will practise gymnastics every day. Bernhardt fences; Patti climbs mountains; Lillian



KEEP YOUR THROAT AND NECK SLENDER

Russell rides; Langtry walks, and Julia Marlowe, though still young, takes systematic exercise. What would happen to any of these women if they were to grow stiff in their joints and old in their motions?

Coming into the realm of society beauties there is just as strenuous a story to be told. A certain New York belle rows a stationary rowboat for an hour each day; a lovely titled American woman fences in a private gymnasium; another pretty woman, noted for her graceful carriage, stretches her muscles with an elastic arm-exerciser, and another one gets out and digs in the garden.

It is easy to exercise if you really want to do so. A woman wrote not long ago to say that she had begun to take exercise.

I make the folding-bed (said she). I shake my own rugs. I oil the floor, and I

am getting ready to do my own window-washing.

This woman had said that she had neither the time nor the money for systematic exercise. But it begins to look as though she had both. Incidentally she reports wonderful progress along beauty lines.

The loss of grace and the lack of it are very noticeable when one begins to grow old. The woman with a tight corset on, with her neck done up in a high, lace, wired stock, with her feet encased in shoes that tire her, and with her arms stuffed into armholes that are too snug, will soon grow awkward in her manner. Her muscles get no exercise at all.

The graceful woman, the woman who keeps her figure young, wears a corset that fits her and is loose enough for ease; she wears a soft necker part of the time, in order that she may take chin exercises; she has very comfortable sleeves; and she exercises her arms for fifteen whole minutes each day. When she feels that peculiar lassitude of the woman who is losing her youth, she gets out into the open air and takes deep breathing.

The woman who finds herself growing old, and who really wants to keep young, should memorize the following rules. It would be no harm if she were to cut them out and frame them for her daily eye.

Keep your hands young; manicure them daily, and plump them with glove paste nightly.

Dress your hair becomingly; remember that your coiffure is the frame for your face.

Study your expression; force your mouth to bow; practise a smile.

Massage your wrinkles away every night.

Straighten your shoulders, bend from the waist, touch your toes, stand up and try to touch the ceiling with your finger-tips.

Don't weigh over normal; any good

scales will give you the correct proportions for your height.

Don't complain; nobody cares where your pains lie.

Keep your teeth nice; one can forgive a great deal if the teeth are good. Your breath is important, too.

Dress your neck modishly, neatly, and in soft, becoming tints.

Let your gown be perfect as to bindings and buttons.

Try to be pretty. Have a full-length mirror, and as many other mirrors as you can afford. Nothing helps a woman to be good-looking like a full-length mirror. Take notes daily.

Cultivate sweet thoughts; they will make you hypnotic. Don't quarrel. Don't grow selfish. Don't get crabbed.

Avoid the turning point of thirty. At thirty a woman begins to get cranky; and crankiness means age.

Don't look old; your lame feet and your bony hands will betray you. But meet them half-way. Cure the lameness and cover the bones.

And remember that youth is life and springtime. Old age means the things you do not want.

Keep your throat and neck slender.

Lastly, reflect that you can keep young if you want to. It is all a matter of being willing to try. Make a study of the subject, and you will never be sorry that you did so.

Answers to Correspondents

We enjoy SMITH'S very much, and I enclose a subscription. Can you send the magazine to me while I am traveling? I do not feel as though I could be without it. Please mail me the Berlin dietary for weight reduction. MRS. J. H. G.

I am mailing you the new Berlin dietary, which is better than the old one, I think. It is more complete, and tells you exactly what you can eat. I am glad you like SMITH'S. I am sure the magazine will be sent to you wherever you go.

Thank you a thousand times for your recipe for soap jelly. It is the best thing I ever used for whitening the hands and arms. I made a big jar of it, and shall make another very soon. Have you a wrinkle food? DOROTHY O.

I am sending you a recipe for wrinkle cream. You will find it excellent. I knew that you would like the soap jelly. It is very fine when used as a shampoo. Try it the next time you wash your hair.

NOTE.—Mrs. Prescott will be glad to answer, free of charge, all questions relating to beauty. Women who want to improve their looks may address her. She will give advice upon matters of physical culture, beauty, deep breathing, diet, and health. Enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope for a reply. Your name will not appear, and your letter will be regarded as strictly confidential. Address: "Mrs. Augusta Prescott, Beauty Department, SMITH'S MAGAZINE, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York."

What the Editor has to say

THE most important knowledge that a young woman can acquire is that of the best manners and thought of the present time. She finds that knowledge best expressed in the books and magazines of the day, and she goes to them with an unerring instinct that is never affected in the least by what the critics have to say about her and her tastes. The editor who realizes this, and who feels that the getting together of the best creative work of the day is infinitely more important to the world than any amount of criticism and study over the work of a past generation, will in all human likelihood get out a good magazine. We are interested more in the authors who are writing to-day, and who are going to write in the future, than in any who have written in the past, and we are spending our best efforts to give you their highest and most representative work.

WE feel that we are doing this more and more with each successive issue of SMITH'S. A book publisher charges \$1.50 for a novel that you may or may not like. We give a complete novelette—a novel in everything but length—with each number of the magazine. And we have a broad field to choose from. We spend a great deal of money in a systematic search for the best writers, and, as a consequence, we have a great deal of material to choose from. It may interest our readers to know that each month 5,000 manuscripts are examined by our editors. You read the best of these in the magazine each month. Each story and novelette must be distinctly above and out of the ordinary to find a place in the magazine.

EVERY once in so often some individual addicted to statistics compiles a tabulated list which shows just what the people of the country, and more especially the women, are reading. The list is generally followed with a few pessimistic remarks to the effect that the taste in letters is degenerating, and that the public neglects the classics and devotes its time to the consumption of modern novels and short stories.

WITH all due respect to the pessimistic critic, we are strongly of the opinion that this is just what the public should do. The fact that people are interested more and more in the literature of the day—the stories and novels which reflect most accurately the life of the day—is the best possible sign not only for the readers of present-day stories, but for the writers thereof. There are a few eternal verities in prose and poetry, in painting, sculpture, and music. These things will last for all time, and every well-educated man and woman will have some acquaintance and appreciation of them as a part of his or her education. Beyond this there is no particular merit in old things. A great many poor books are written nowadays, but a great many poorer books and more of them have been written in the past. The keener the interest we take in literature of the present day the better that literature will become. No art can preserve its vitality and strength unless it contains some expression of the time and feeling of its period as well as of the personality and attitude toward life of the writer himself. We have no great poets now, because, as a race, we are not interested in poetry. The

strongest and most forceful personalities are always busied with the things which are of the greatest moment and interest to the generation in which they are born.

EVER since the invention of the printing-press there has been a great deal of trash published. But at no time in the history of printing has the proportion of trash been so small in the general bulk of periodical literature as at the present time in America. The critic who bewails the time of Dickens and Thackeray, and forgets the horde of lesser novelists and the tons of dreary, three-volume novels which have since sunk into a well-merited oblivion, is really a worse educated, more affected, and far less practical being than the young woman who reads a book because she likes it, and likes it because it represents life around her as she sees it, without any critical pose or affectation whatever. A critic is usually very clever at giving reasons as to why we ought to do things or why we do them. A woman is very slow at giving such reasons, and the reasons generally seem strangely inadequate for her determination in any course which she follows. A woman has a gift that only one or two critics who were great men as well as critics have ever possessed. This is what amounts to a positive genius for doing the right thing at the right time without ever considering her motives and springs of action.

WE know that the novelette, "The Fighting Edge," with which the present issue opens, is a vivid and stirring presentment of the conditions around us. We know that the first of the "Human Boy" stories, by Eden Phillpotts, which you have read or will read in this number, is the best thing of its kind published in ten years. We have already secured the rights to all of the stories along the

same line which this author puts forth. We have retained the right to reject any of them which do not come up to our standards. We can guarantee you all the best, and only the best, of the Eden Phillpotts stories for a year to come.

THE Red Barn," a complete novelette, by Emma Lee Walton, will appear in the August SMITH'S. It is the story of a girl whose father was accused of defaulting with funds placed in his care, and of the man who stood by her in her time of trouble. In the same number there will be a charming series of animal pictures; another article about "The Girl Who Comes to New York Alone," by Annette Austin, and a vitally interesting discussion of the railroad question, and how the President's attitude toward the railroads is going to affect our welfare.

NEXT month we will introduce a feature in SMITH'S which we have been planning for a long time. This is to tell, in narrative form, the stories of the successful plays of the season. The drama is taking a more and more prominent place in American life. The great majority of our readers cannot hope to see all the plays that they would like to see; or, indeed, that they should see. We will remedy this defect as far as is physically possible. Each month you will be able to read a play in story form. Each story will be illustrated with photographs taken from the play itself—and so fully illustrated that you will lose little of the effect of the drama as it is enacted on the boards. An attempt like this costs money, but we believe that you will appreciate it. In the past, publishers have been offering the stories of plays in book form for one dollar and fifty cents. This, we believe, is the first time it has been regularly attempted within the limits of a magazine.

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From The

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It is estimated that the average man is worth \$2.00 a day from the neck *down*—what is he worth from the neck *up*?

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Telephone Engineer
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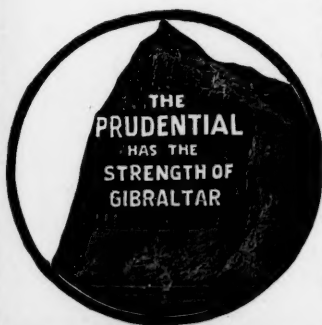
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President.

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is to be awarded by photographs alone. This contest is being held by more than a score of great newspapers in as many States. Thousands and thousands of pictures are entered. But in picking the handsomest woman from each State, and in finally selecting the most beautiful of all, the decisions will be based on **merely what the photographs show**. In other words, a really beautiful woman's most winning asset—**her clear, fresh, velvety skin**—cannot be counted at all. A fine complexion makes beautiful even the woman who is otherwise plainest.

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It softens skin and muscles, increases the facial blood circulation, and brings roses to the cheeks.

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EDISON RECORDS *for* JUNE

AN unusual number of good hits makes our June list one that every owner of an Edison Phonograph should hear at once. Look over the list below and notice how many things there are that you want to try on your own Edison Phonograph. Then on May 27—don't wait a day longer—go to your dealer's and hear these hits and buy those that you find as good as they promise.

Here is the June list—every kind of music and the best of each kind to suit every taste:

9554	Golden Rod—Intermezzo (McKinley).....	Edison Concert Band
9555	With You in Eternity (Solman).....	Irving Gillette
9556	Cavalleria Rusticana—Intermezzo (Mascagni).....	Vocal Imitation of a Violin, Edith Helena
9557	Pretzel Pete (Durand) Banjo	Vess L. Ossman
9558	In Washington (Hoffman).....	Billy Murray
9559	Reed Bird (The Indian's Bride) (Reed).....	Collins & Harlan
9560	It's a Long Way Back to Dear Old Mother's Knee (Mohr) . . .	W. H. Thompson
9561	The Telescope March (Seltzer).....	Edison Military Band
9562	School Days (Cobb & Edwards).....	Byron G. Harlan & Chorus
9563	Sometime We'll Understand (Granahan)	Anthony & Harrison
9564	Mrs. Clancy and the Street Musicians (Original)	Edison Vaudeville Co.
9565	The Dreamer Waltz (Keith).....	Edison Symphony Orchestra
9566	Monte Cristo (Snyder)	Bob Roberts
9567	In the Wildwood Where the Blue Bells Grew (Taylor)	Harlan & Stanley
9568	You'll Have to Get Off and Walk (Reed).....	Will F. Denny
9569	Petite Tonkinoise (Scotto)	Edison Concert Band
9570	Ephraim Johnson (Greene & Werner).....	Arthur Collins
9571	The Last Rose of Summer is the Sweetest Song of All (Sidney) . .	Harry Anthony
9572	Becky & Izzy (Original)	Ada Jones & Len Spencer
9573	Dainty Dames (Blake) Bells	Albert Benzler
9574	Lulu and Her La, La, La (Von Tilzer)	Helen Trix
9575	Flanagan's Married Life (Original)	Steve Porter
9576	The Land League Band (J. W. Kelly).....	J. W. Myers
9577	Poor John Medley (Original).....	Edison Military Band

KEEP posted on the new Records for the Edison Phonograph as well as the old. There are three books which will be sent free on the 27th of May to anyone who asks for them, who cannot get them at a dealer's or who would rather write than go to a store and ask for them. They are the Phonogram, the Supplemental Catalogue and the Complete Catalogue. They are sent on request. Write today.



THOMAS A. EDISON

NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH COMPANY, 37 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N.J.

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

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We have opened this classified advertising section, and invite all reputable advertisers to come in—no display—all must be set in uniform type—no objectionable advertisements accepted—minimum space, four lines; maximum space in this section, thirty lines. Our aim will be to eliminate all questionable advertisements, and we bespeak our readers' assistance to help keep this section clean and profitable to all. Rates, \$2.00 a line, which includes AINSLEE'S and THE POPULAR Magazines, making a total of 4,000,000 readers—the cheapest and best Classified Advertising medium on the market. Next issue closes June 8th.

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UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY for active men in every locality to enter business without capital. No traveling, simply supervision of men. We train you by mail in industrial and financial salesmanship and management of men, appoint you our special representative, help you secure customers, co-operate with and assist you to earn from \$2000 to \$5000 annually. Write for free booklet. Interstate Commercial Sales Co., 33 Phelps Building, Scranton, Pa.

A FEW DOLLARS will start a prosperous mail order business; we furnish catalogues and everything necessary; by our easy method failure impossible. Milburn-Hicks, 755 Pontiac Building, Chicago.

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NO MATTER WHERE YOU LIVE or what your occupation is, we can show you how to make a big, steady income raising mushrooms. Requires very small capital, little time, practically no labor. We are extensive growers and our years of experience as the most successful Mushroom Growers in America enable us to give practical and profitable instructions in this big-paying business. Valuable book and full particulars free. Write to-day. Visitors welcome at farms. Vaigrard Mushroom Cellars, Box A.K. 397, Ramsey, N. J.

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AGENTS wanted to sell our Stylographic and Fountain pens. Write for Catalogue and Agents' discount. J. X. Ullrich & Co., Manufacturers, 607 Thames Building, New York, N. Y.

Agents and Help Wanted—Continued.

SALESMAN, \$1200; Draftsman, \$1300; College man, \$700; Manager, \$5000; Bookkeeper, \$936; other high grade openings for business, professional and technical men. Write us to-day. Hapgoods, 305-307 Broadway, N. Y.

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WE WANT one lady or gentleman to take orders and deliver for us. Rapid seller, highest quality goods, sales in almost every house. Best of pay and no money required to carry on the work. We will send our proposition in writing and hear from you. Also sample pair of 6 inch shears for 28 cents,—stamps or silver. Write at once. The United Shear Company, Westboro, Mass.

PURIFICO CURES CANCER, Tumors, and all blood diseases. All the proof you want. If you are interested in securing the exclusive agency for your territory, we have a proposition that will be a money-maker for you. Purifico Mfg. Co., Agency Dept., Ashville, N. Y.

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BUY NEW YORK CITY LOTS, AT LIBERTY HEIGHTS before subways open. The small investors' opportunity to share the profits of New York City's rapid growth. Elevated and Surface lines now with 5c. fare to City Hall: \$450 and upwards: 10% down and 1½% monthly or discount for cash; cement sidewalks and curbs, trees, water, gas and electricity. Title guaranteed. Bank references. Maps and Booklets. Bastress, Vought & Co., 350 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

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FOR SALE—Stelwyn Upright Piano having a remarkable tone, original cost \$1000, worth at least \$600, will sell for \$200. W. J. D., 1923 Tribune Building, New York City.

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SILVER. Buy stock in a producing Mine. Recent shipments of our Ore to Smelter averaged \$80.86 per ton. Mine located at Fall River, Col. We offer a small amount treasury stock, at \$1.00 per share. Will bear fullest investigation. Write for particulars. Almaden Mines Co., 132 Nassau St., New York.

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101 RANCH offer a delightful outing on the largest ranch in the world; real ranch life and a general good time. Horses, saddles, private rooms, and comfortable accommodations for ladies and gentlemen. For beautifully illustrated booklet address Miller Bros., Riverside Camp, Bliss, Okla. (If ordering booklet through curiosity enclose 10c. stamps.)

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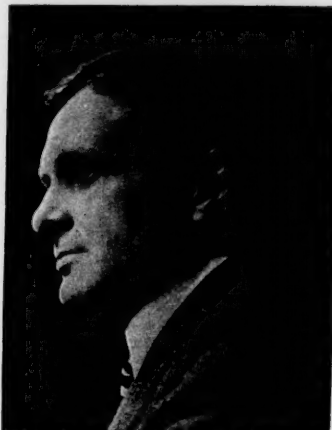
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"Barbary Sheep"

is the title of a new story by Mr.

Robert Hichens

Since the publication of "The Garden of Allah"—now in its fourteenth edition—Mr. Hichens has been flooded with requests from almost every quarter of the world to do for other localities what he did for the African desert in that story, but he still lingers upon the southern shores of the Mediterranean, yielding again to the mystical charm of that alluring atmosphere. Since it became known that Mr. Hichens was at work upon another book dealing with the same wonderful region it is not strange that the news should have stimulated intense interest. The new story will appear first in



ROBERT HICHENS

Author of "The Woman with the Fan," "The Garden of Allah," "The Call of the Blood," and "Barbary Sheep."

AINSLIE'S MAGAZINE

Mr. Hichens' extraordinary gifts of character analysis and delineation, of imparting vital and harmonious color effects, together with his consummate craftsmanship, made "The Garden of Allah" and "The Call of the Blood" nearly perfect works of art. "Barbary Sheep" shows the result of his experience in his previous writing. The conflict between the senses and the spirit, so sharply defined by the curious influence of the desert, and its subtle effects upon usually normal people are described with wonderful power. The dramatic transformations of which human nature is capable are shown most convincingly.

The story will begin in the July number of Ainslee's Magazine.

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Former U. S. Senator John F. Dryden has returned to Newark, fully recovered from the illness which prompted him to withdraw from the Senatorial contest, and has actively resumed business relations. When asked today for an expression of opinion as to the effect of radical insurance legislation enacted by the different States during the past few months, Senator Dryden said:

"There has been much new legislation upon the subject of life insurance, and many important measures have been passed, while many others are still pending. While it is too early to forecast the future effect of the new laws, The Prudential may be relied upon to meet the situation in a spirit of the utmost fairness. Not only has the Company always done what it was legally required to do, but it has gone far beyond the mere letter of the law, and in the most liberal spirit has extended to the policyholders the privileges and advantages of one concession after another. In other words, the Company has always tried to do more than the law required, and it may be relied upon to continue so to do. In its final analysis, statute requirements at the best are a declaration of a broad and general principle of administration, and in the execution of details a successful company must necessarily be governed by a higher law than a statute—a moral obligation which calls for the most liberal treatment of the insured, compatible with safety.

"In pursuance of this policy it has been my pleasure to sign to-day an order in conformity with a resolution passed by the Board of Directors of The Prudential Insurance Company granting concessions this year to Industrial policyholders in The Prudential who have attained the age of 75 years which will result in relieving holders of a great many thousands of policies from the payment of any further premiums, costing the Company over \$750,000 and a continuance of this policy during the next ten years, it is estimated, over three and one-quarter millions of dollars. These concessions, I understand, will affect proportionately more policies than a similar change in any other Industrial insurance company. Other voluntary concessions in the form of increased benefits, cash and mortuary dividends, more liberal paid-up policies, etc., not called for by law or contract, have been made, aggregating over eight million dollars and this large amount will be necessarily greatly added to in the future."

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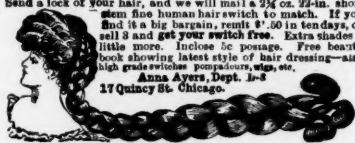
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Send a lock of your hair, and we will mail a 2 1/2 oz. 22-in. short stem fine human hair switch to match. If you find it a big bargain, remit \$1.50 in ten days, or sell it and get your switch free. Extra shades a little more. Inclose in postage. Free beauty book showing latest style of hair dressing—also high grade switches popular, wigs, etc.
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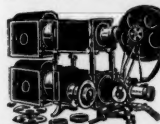
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Rio Grande Land, Water & Power Co.

YOU know, or can easily learn from United States Government Reports, that irrigated lands in the Great Southwest, in selected crops, will net \$300 to \$1,000 a year per acre over and above the entire cost of cultivating them.

Anyone who knows the country will tell you that absolutely the surest, safest way in the world to gain a large and permanent income for a small outlay is to get hold of a few acres of irrigated land in the Great Southwest.

But always before it has required at least a few hundred dollars and it has been necessary for the investor to live on the land and develop it.

Now, my company makes it possible for you to get ten acres of the finest irrigated land in the world if you can save \$2.50 a week.

You can go and live on it—absolutely assured of an income from it alone of \$3,000 to \$10,000 every year without fail.

Or you can remain in your present position and add that much to what you earn.

For my company will cultivate your property for a small share of the crops.

You don't have to know a thing in the world about farming.

Now, I can and will prove all this from the highest authorities in the land.

All you have to do is—write me and say—

"Prove to me that ten acres of your land will net from \$3,000 to \$10,000 a year above all cost of cultivating it."

I have the proof, so read what my company will do for you.

I will deliver to you at once a Secured Land Contract for ten acres of irrigated land in the Rio Grande Valley.

You must pay my company \$2.50 a week or as much more as you like.

Instead of your having to pay interest on deferred payments, I agree, for my company, to pay you 5% per annum on the money you pay in.

I also bind my company to fully irrigate your land and turn it over to you under full cultivation whenever you desire to make your contract.

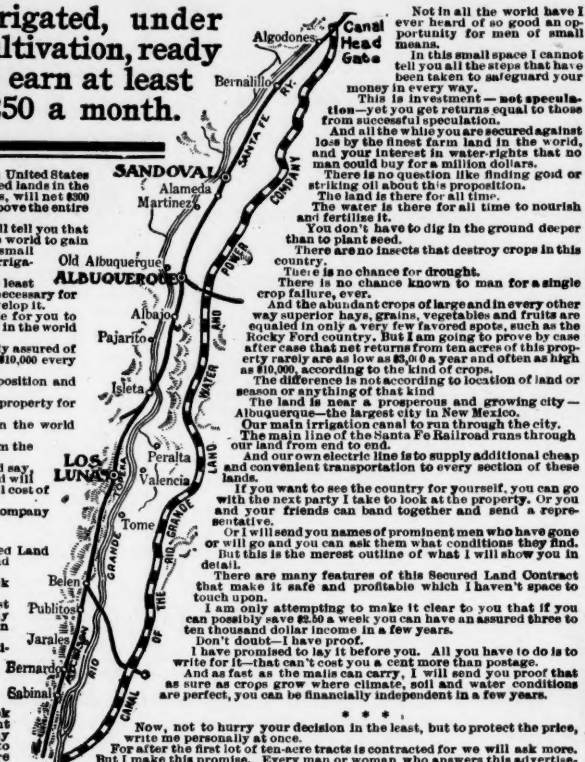
\$2.50 a week will mature your contract in 10 years.

But after you have paid \$2.50 a week for three years, or the same total amount in a shorter time, I agree and bind my company to loan you enough money to make all future payments and mature your contract.

Remember, the land will be fully irrigated and completely under cultivation, so your first year's crop should net you enough over and above the cost of cultivating it to fully pay your loan.

You would then own your land outright and have an assured income of from \$3,000 to \$10,000 a year.

Can you hope in any other way as safe and sure as this to have so large an income in a few years?



Not in all the world have I ever heard of so good an opportunity for men of small means.

In this small space I cannot tell you all the steps that have been taken to safeguard your money in every way.

This is investment—not speculation—yet you get returns equal to those from successful speculation.

And all the while you are secured against loss by the finest farm land in the world, and your interest in water-rights that no man could buy for a million dollars.

There is no question like finding gold or striking oil about this proposition.

The land is there for all time.

The water is there for all time to nourish and fertilize it.

You don't have to dig in the ground deeper than to plant seed.

There are no insects that destroy crops in this country.

There is no chance for drought.

There is no chance known to man for a single crop failure, ever.

And the abundant crops of large and in every other way superior hay, grains, vegetables and fruits are equal in only a very few favored spots, such as the Rocky Ford country. But I am going to prove by case after case that net returns from ten acres of this property rarely are as low as \$3,000 a year and often as high as \$10,000, according to the kind of crops.

The difference is not according to location of land or season or anything of that kind.

The land is near a prosperous and growing city—Albuquerque—the largest city in New Mexico.

Our main irrigation canal to run through the city.

The main line of the Santa Fe Railroad runs through our land from end to end.

And our own electric line is to supply additional cheap and convenient transportation to every section of these lands.

If you want to see the country for yourself, you can go with the next party I take to look at the property. Or you and your friends can band together and send a representative.

Or I will send you names of prominent men who have gone or will go and you can ask them what conditions they find.

But this is the merest outline of what I will show you in detail.

There are many features of this Secured Land Contract that make it safe and profitable which I haven't space to touch upon.

I am only attempting to make it clear to you that if you can possibly save \$2.50 a week you can have an assured three to ten thousand dollar income in a few years.

Don't doubt—I have proof.

I have promised to lay it before you. All you have to do is write for it—that can't cost you a cent more than postage.

And as fast as the mail can carry, I will send you proof that as sure as crops grow where climate, soil and water conditions are perfect, you can be financially independent in a few years.

Now, not to hurry your decision in the least, but to protect the price, write me personally at once.

For after the first lot of ten-acre tracts is contracted for we will ask more. But I make this promise. Every man or woman who answers this advertisement at once can have at least ten acres on these terms unless, of course, all our land should be already contracted for from this one advertisement.

Now, write at once. I can say nothing more in this advertisement except that, if I could, I would not tell you all you can confidently expect from this investment. For you would not believe it without the proof which I cannot put in an advertisement. Address me personally, and believe me sincerely,

E. W. SHUTT, President Rio Grande Land, Water and Power Co.

635 Houser Building, ST. LOUIS, MO.

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

AutoStop SAFETY RAZOR

This is the ONLY Safety Razor and Automatic Strop in One Piece

The trouble with all Safety Razors all the time was—
How to Maintain a Sharp Shaving Edge.

You've Got to Strop Any Blade To Get a Satisfactory Shave

That's the issue in a nutshell—no getting away from it, for an **Always Sharp Edge is the Essence and Life and Purpose and Value** of a razor. You know that!

—Because the AutoStop is the first and only Safety Razor yet invented that fills perfectly and completely ALL Razor Requirements.

—Because the AutoStop is the only Capable Shaving Razor with every blade of **Continuous Shaving value.**

—Because the AutoStop is at its Best when you first get it and is **Everlastingly at its Best.**

It's the AutoStop "against the field"—against all "Theory Razors."

Now observe the illustrations:—

—the triple Silver-plated AutoStop Safety Razor—Simple—Complete—Perfect—Built for Service.

—the Plan of Stropping or Cleaning WITHOUT REMOVING BLADE OR ANY PART—Isn't it Simple

and isn't it a Supreme Solution of ALL the Safety Razor trouble.

—the handsome compact little leather case $2\frac{1}{2} \times 3$ inches including strop and 12 certified blades. An ingenious outfit. Thus the AutoStop is the **Simplest** of all Safety Razors and plainly the **Best** of any.

CONVINCE YOURSELF of this and you can do it in five minutes if you read

"Common Sense About Shaving"—FREE

This Book not only states **facts** but it tells the **truth** concerning Razors and Shaving also fully explains why you can pin faith **always** in the AutoStop Safety Razor.

It behooves you to write **today** if you wish to secure an early copy of this **FREE** edition. Your name and address on a postal will do if you mail it **NOW**. Write the postal before you lay this publication aside.

The AutoStop Safety Razor with complete outfit exactly as described in the illustration will be sent you (charges prepaid) if you will remit the price, \$5.00. OR, if you prefer to tell us your dealer's name (Cutlery, Drug, Haberdasher or General Store) we will send it through him.

THIRTY DAY TRIAL—your money will be refunded **AT ONCE**.

AutoStop Safety Razor Co., Dept. 63

Now at 341 to 347 Fifth Ave., New York City

• Opposite Waldorf-Astoria Hotel.

BANK REFERENCE: The Colonial Trust Co. New York.

DEALERS We have a special proposition to offer the

first dealer who writes from each section.

Direct orders are now coming in by thousands. You should

and could be taking your share of profit from these.

Write our **SALES DEPT.** immediately

for particulars.

RAZOR—12 Blades and Strop



In Leather Case.

Size $2\frac{1}{2} \times 3$ in.



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YOU CAN EASILY OWN A DIAMOND OR WATCH, or present one as a gift to some loved one. We send on approval whatever you select from our beautiful catalog. If pleased, pay one-fifth on delivery, balance in 8 monthly payments. Written guarantee given. We make \$6 or \$10 do the work of \$50. A Diamond is a good investment. It increases in value 10 to 20% annually. Catalog free. Write to-day

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The W. H. Mullins Co.,
325 Franklin St., Salem, Ohio.



Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."



That's what counts

*Brand Names Mean Something
But the "Triangle A" Means More!*

YOU'VE heard smokers speak of "finding" a good cigar—usually they consider it a real discovery—rare good luck. That's because cigar-buying has always been such a game of chance—a "lucky-if-you-win" proposition.

You've often been puzzled to know what cigar to ask for, which cigar to choose—haven't you? Nowadays there's a way of knowing good cigars *before* you buy—*every time*.

We have made it possible simply by stamping the "Triangle A" merit mark on the boxes of the best cigars made. The "Triangle A" marks brands of different names so you can ask by *name* for what you find best suits your taste. But

The "Triangle A" on the box is what counts

It distinguishes the *best brands* of cigars, all of them the product of our modern methods of cigar making; all of them benefit by our new scientific processes of refining and blending tobacco, which have brought such a noticeable improvement in cigar quality.

As representative "Triangle A" brands we mention

The New Crema
Anna Held
George W. Childs
(Cabinets)

Buck
Spanafiora
Tarita
Stickney's New Tariff

Continental
(10c. and 4 for 25c.)
Chancellor } 10c.
Caswell Club }

Royal Bengals
(Little Cigars, 10 for 15c.)
The Unico
Benefactor
Palma de Cuba

Book of complete cigar information sent free

A postal request will bring you a copy. Send for it today.

Department 102.

AMERICAN CIGAR CO., Manufacturer, 111 Fifth Ave., N. Y.



Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

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THE FAVORITE OF THE BEAUTIFUL
AND THE REFINED.

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60
YEARS

THE OLD FAMILY DOCTOR

MENNEN'S

BORATED TALCUM

TOILET POWDER



"YOUTHFUL ENTHUSIASM"

reckons little the cause, but suffers much from the ill effects of an otherwise health-giving outdoor life. No mother should neglect the daily use of *genuine*

MENNEN BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

MENNEN'S gives immediate relief from **Prickly Heat, Chafing, Sunburn**, and all skin troubles of summer. After **bathing** and after **shaving** it is refreshing and delightful, and indispensable in the nursery.

Put up in *non-refillable* boxes the "**box that lox**"—for your protection. If MENNEN'S face is on the cover it's *genuine* and a *guarantee of purity*. Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial No. 1542. Sold everywhere, or by mail 25 cents. **Sample Free.**

GERHARD MENNEN CO., 9 Orange Street, NEWARK, N. J.

Try MENNEN'S Violet (Borated) Talcum Toilet Powder. It has the scent of fresh cut Parma Violets.